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Our Changing Human Nature

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

HUMANIZING EDUCATION

WHY WE MISBEHAVE (*Fifth Edition*)

SEX IN CIVILIZATION: A SYMPOSIUM (*Seventh Edition*)
(Edited in collaboration with V. F. Calverton)

A MENTAL HYGIENE INVENTORY
(A Contribution to Dynamic Psychology)
Under the name of S. Daniel House. In the Archives of Psychology, Columbia University.

THE WOODWORTH-HOUSE MENTAL HYGIENE INVENTORY
A Personality Test, founded upon Professor Woodworth's pioneer Study known as the "Psychoneurotic Inventory".

Our Changing Human Nature

by SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN

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To
V. F. CALVERTON

the most vital and
revolutionary of
America's critics

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Was ever an insect flying between two flowers
Told less than we are told of what we are?

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON
Cavender's House

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PART ONE

SEX UNDER THE PSYCHOSCOPE

Why are we made
So restless, and insatiable in change,
That we must have a food that is not ours?
And having poured the vinegar of suspicion
On food that once we found so appetizing,
Why in the name of heaven are we amazed
To find it not so sweet? And having soiled
Ourselves illustriously enough to serve
As migratory landmarks for the town,
Why must we look so viciously for spots
Where we must find them, even if we must make them?
The spots you found on me would have surprised
A leopard.

—Edwin Arlington Robinson,
Cavender's House.

I

SEX AND HUMAN NATURE*

Behavior appears to follow the rhythm of a pendulum swinging not too tranquilly between taboo and license and recurrent taboo.

In that pre-human phase of Nature which we call animal life there seems to be a nice rhythmic balance between desire and fulfillment, in response to a glandular rise and fall, a biological periodicity. What we may refer to as a racial rhythm moves tidally through Nature at the simpler animal level.

Not until we confront on the pre-historic stage our reluctant cousins, the monkeys and the apes, do we observe a distortion of the racial rhythm and the intrusion of sexual overtones of a more eccentric and erratic kind.

Two rhythms now appear creating a dissonance in behavior. The racial rhythm clashes discordantly with an egocentric pattern of desire. The perverting of the more fundamental racial desire to the urgencies of the egocentric moment introduces a new chapter in behavior that drags a long train of conflicting consequences through the entire history of human nature.

Interestingly enough, the play element in sex takes its origin from this pattern of perversion. A loose anarchic energy is available at the higher reaches of

* A paper read at the Third International Congress of The World League for Sexual Reform, London, September 1929.

individualization which is spontaneously transformed into sexual playfulness, under the exhilarating influence of a desire that overflows the rigid bounds of reproduction.

Thus, among our playful anthropoid progenitors, sex undergoes a sort of bifurcation, one tendency embodying itself in recreational activity, the other tendency crystallizing itself in procreational activity. The troubled history of human nature is the narrative of the ambivalent responses of a creature that cannot decide how to apportion its libidinous energy, how free a range to give to the playful recreational impulses and how solemn and ceremonial a fulfillment to accord to procreational urge.

A most informative paragraph on the playful aspects of sex is at hand in a significant study entitled *Sex Development in Apes,* by Dr. Harold C. Bingham: [1] "These young animals merely repeated over and over the copulatory adjustments without copulation. The relations, it seems to me, may quite properly be termed copulatory play. . . . Repeated observations involving both males have convinced me that sexual manifestations are asserted in situations which elicit various kinds of excitement, including both agreeable and disagreeable experiences. . . . This copulatory play, years before reproductive maturity, is the most surprising behavior I have ever observed! There was remarkable coöperation between the pair. The functional adequacy of their behavior is astounding. I never expected to see such preadolescent behavior. Morever, I am surprised at the front to front position.

"So far as I know, the lying ventroventral position in the anthropoids has never been reported. . . . Presently

[1] From Comparative Psych. Monographs, Baltimore, Vol. 5, May, 1928.

they took the standing position of quadrupeds. . . . Following the initiation of mutual sex play, there were many repetitions and variations. Conspicuous differences appeared in ventroventral and dorsoventral adjustments. Other variations of significance were noticeable in the social situations that fostered copulatory play. Moreover, the variability that occurred in the sexual behavior itself appeared to be only a continuation of that which prevailed in the sources of such behavior. A heterogeneous group of variable activities, including both primitive responses and recent acquisitions, seemed to contribute in varying degrees to these sexual foci. Excitement—revealed by romping, teasing, petting, fleeing, eating, fighting, tantrums, and commonly by mixtures of these and other activities—was a consistent forerunner of sexual responses."

In human history, in so-called savage societies, we find a surprising indulgence of the recreative mood in sex as a promiscuous preparation for marriage and a reasonable sobriety. Whereas, in so-called civilized societies, there is a powerful tendency in favor of procreative concentration and responsibility, especially under paternal dominance, accompanying a rather suspicious repressive attitude to emotional flirting and sexual playfulness. Only on very special ceremonial occasions is promiscuity indulged and generally authorized.

Out of these rather mixed and overlapping tendencies, latter-day civilization finds itself caught in a network of contradictions, the great unsolved problem still being the sane permissible relation between procreative and recreative modes of love.

We must no longer shut our eyes to the logical implication of the recreative psychology in sex and love. The

concentration upon love as pure passion and stimulation quite inevitably leads to an obsessive love of stimulation at the farthest reach of sensationism.

Who can deny that in recent years we have been witnessing precisely this degradation of erotic desire, love undergoing swift transformations in the direction of a passional simplicity, beauty and sacredness and loyalty and dignity being derided as sheer excess baggage of ceremonialism and silly superstition, contraceptive candor increasingly accepted and honored as the truth about sex and love?

At least among that conscious minority that thinks out loud for mankind in general, the view is rather frankly accepted that sex needs no other or further blessings or safeguards or responsibilities than its own inherent intensity provides. To the extent that this attitude is regnant, the recreative psychology assumes a quite new and powerful ascendency in modern behavior. A wide flexible range of "perversions" is included in an adequate psychosexual theory of life. Procreation becomes a parenthetical episode, rather light-heartedly envisaged. An ancient rhythm of desire running its primitive and animal roots into a geologic past is suddenly obstructed, aborted, repressed, outraged. The more incidental and casual rhythm of playfulness superimposes itself upon human desire and hectically precipitates a "jazz" rhythm in behavior. An old stability is lost in the triumph of a new instability. Normality fades out into queer patterns of abnormality.

At the conscious level of desire, playful recreative indulgence promises satisfying fulfillment. At the unconscious level of desire a deep restlessness dwells hinting at a distortion and perversion of biologic impulse.

The maternal impulse, finding small outlet for itself, in a blind and half-revengeful way seeks solace and compensatory fulfillment in a cult of *experience* that defies all the more triumphantly the repressed unconscious yearning.

Women are trying the experiment of being content with the rôle of casual female. What, one may gently inquire, is happening to their motherliness? The emergence of what I shall call the *fractional female* is a phenomenon of considerable interest and bafflement in contemporary chaotic civilization.

The conflict of rhythms and of goals already alluded to expresses itself neurotically in pre-nuptial and post-nuptial promiscuity embracing a range of behavior from experimental nibbling to secret adultery (openly connived at) and eventually to playful perversion, varieties of experience that fulfill with a kind of pathologic intensity an original profound yearning that can no longer get itself expressed in the biologically adequate mating of the sexes loyal until death do them part.

If we could with a reasonable certitude depend upon two major rhythms in sex behavior, as among the more light-hearted and psychologically naïve primitives, for example, the Samoans, a pre-marital recreational rhythm and a marital procreational rhythm, we might salute the luminous chaos that is our contemporary scene in sex and morals as promising a renascence of primitive joyousness in the springtime of youth and a reaffirmation of the civilized depth of loyalty in the maturing years.

Perhaps we are in the midst of what may not inappropriately be thought of as a philosophical transvaluation of values in the life of the sexes. Whether we approve or disapprove, are happy or unhappy in its

presence, we do confront a pluralism in behavior that challenges the keenest wits and finest hopes of men and women urgently in search of dignified and esthetically lovely and humanistically sincere solutions of the problem of sexual love.

There is a paradox deep entwined in the riddle of sex. If sex is accepted quite simply, who can value it greatly? If sex is not accepted quite so simply, how can we mechanized moderns recapture that mystic poetical overevaluation of sex and love: the inspiration of true lovers?

Science is reductive. Contemporary philosophy is prosaic and disenchanted. Sex becomes a study appropriate to the kindergarten lisping the A. B. C. of behaviorism. Our current philosophy prides itself on its instrumentalism. By a contagious irradiation of discourse sex is conceived quite objectively and pragmatically as instrumental. The individual's human nature is envisaged so reductively, it is difficult to differentiate between his human nature and his sexuality.

Can we, remembering a complicated culture, surrounded by a subtle network of significant values, be content with the innocent, strangely impersonal, naïvely mechanistic-behavioristic sexing of the light-hearted youths and maidens in far-off Samoa?

Behold the irony of civilization. Science, in achieving its modern miracles of extraverted grandeur, suddenly perturbs the mind of man with a vision of his personal insignificance. He feels desperately the loss of his soul, his individual essence, his unique self's importance. Copernicus and Darwin, Einstein and Freud, present him with a picture of Nature in general and of his own human nature in particular that reduces his self-esteem and his

self-love and his high mood of confidence (Man was created in the image of God!) to a purely mythological status of significance. Science holds up a mirror to modern man and cunningly inquires: Where art thou, O Lord and Master of all thou surveyest?

Squeezed out of the living universe by the mechanistic mass pressure of science contriving marvels of machinery, man, disillusioned and disenchanted, robbed of his personality, suddenly discovers a principle of salvation in renewing his acquaintance with the life of instinct, the primitive promise of his outraged human nature. His impulses cry: Back to the South Sea Isles! Trapped in a vast machine, his civilized human nature in a straitjacket, man seeks a way of escape from a living death by loving again, as in the childhood of the race, naturalness and simplicity and sexual joy.

The mind of civilized man, weary of the monotony of mechanics, tired of thinking his way through a jungle of fact, weary of philosophies without vision and sciences without soul, plunges hectically and heroically into the stream of life, questing there forgetfulness of the jangling chaos that is his conscious heritage, loving with a desperate impulsiveness the childlike freedom of simple instinctual desire.

Civilization has become a burden on consciousness almost beyond endurance: sex is the promise of glad relief from that too oppressive burden. And sex can reaffirm in every humblest individual the electric sense of his personality, so shamefully violated by science and civilization.

Sex is an instrument. Agreed. Who is to teach modern mechanized men and women how to play exquisitely on

so crude an instrument: an instrument too easily accessible and familiar?

To overcompensate for a failure in individuality, to forget a lost sublimity, man listens eagerly to the call of love more abundant as the true essence of the good life. Hence, the psychosexual import of a communal conception of society that would radiantly restore to each lost soul a new sense of importance by the magic of a social love. Sexual communism appears to be a therapeutic remedy for the ego's scientific sense of insignificance.

May we not wonder whether this boon of social love may not hide within its lovely promise the gnawing worm of a greater and more bitter disillusion with sex and love and human nature?

For out of the exhilarating illusion of the sweet love of comrades (quaintly homosexual?) may emerge the realization of the final reduction of men and women, first to the simple biologic status of males and females, and then to the simpler mechanistic status of erotic robots capable only of skin-deep stirrings and contactings.[2]

In such a communized system of reflex relations, does it really matter who the female be or who her comradely consort? What then becomes of the most unique and most creative achievement of evolution, I mean, the human individual as such?

Puritanism and promiscuity have in common, psychologically and spiritually, a degradation of sex and love: the squeamish puritan degrades sex by denying it

[2] 'Ich heisse
Mohamed und bin aus Jemen,
Und mein Stamm sind jene Asra,
Welche sterben, wenn sie lieben.'
From Heine's *Der Asra*

happy indulgence because of its shameful sinfulness; the uninhibited impuritan degrades sex by denying it any special importance and simultaneously pleading for its most informal and casual and promiscuous indulgence.

In both attitudes we find a painfully transparent contempt for, or indifference to, the profounder resonances, the subtler potentials of the specialized human nature called woman.

We might sum it up by saying that the typical puritan degrades sex by word and thought, while the typical impuritan perpetrates his degradation of sex by act and deed. Cynics both, impatient of the slow maturation of love's fulfillment, eager to give their true devotion to some ambitious purpose that will not brook the time-consuming compassionate cultivation of deep affection. To give one's self profoundly is not very congenial to human natures under the dominance of egotism and narcissism. The bright future of sex in love must be whole-heartedly implicated in the humanism of behavior.

Two self-conscious egotists are hardly in a frame of mind to make life happier for one another. The narcissistic psychology that finds it so difficult to be emotionally generous is not a very promising basis for sexual or marital adaptation. The greater number of cases of so-called frigidity in women are psychologically reducible to a narcissistic pattern of response (often accompanied by unconscious incestuous or homosexual fixation) that obstructs generous and friendly heterosexuality.

Self-love thwarts mutual love.

The traditional and still prevailing egocentric pattern of the male is a quite ruthless conception of sex as a mere matter of relief. "Montaigne represents the more exalted aspects of the Pagan-Christian conception of

morality in marriage which still largely prevails. But that conception lent itself to deductions, frankly accepted even by Montaigne himself, which were by no means exalted. 'I find,' said Montaigne, 'that Venus, after all, is nothing more than the pleasure of discharging our vessels, just as nature renders pleasurable the discharges from other parts.' Sir Thomas More among Catholics, and Luther among Protestants, said exactly the same thing in other and even clearer words, while untold millions of husbands in Christendom down to to-day, whether or not they have had the wit to put their theory into a phrase, have regularly put it into practice, at all events within the consecrated pale of marriage, and treated their wives, 'severely and prudently,' as convenient utensils for the reception of a natural excretion."

These enormously revealing sentiments are quoted in Havelock Ellis' precious work *Little Essays of Love and Virtue.*

How man endowed even with a feeble imagination, capable of even a little tender compassion, could view woman in this absurdly and humiliatingly crude manner is not at all easy to understand—if your mind happens to be somewhat sensitive.

The obdurate fact remains that man's easy and recurrent victimization by a passion too localized makes it congenial for him to think of the sex act as a simple problem in the physiology of ejaculation. I do not wish to imply that sex even in its simplest and crudest manifestation is in any sense morally low: it is rather a problem in esthetic range of responsiveness. Why is man so crude an artist?

When sexual behavior is envisaged from the point of

view of the female, the simple and almost equally crude notion obtains of sexual response as being nothing profounder than release. The imperiousness of male stimulation and urgency is generally absent in the female, thanks to a graphic and vital difference in anatomical configuration and glandular intensity. Inasmuch as response must generally be evoked from the female organism by a fairly complicated and circuitous technic, we are reasonably right in thinking of the response of the female as a problem in release.

I should like to suggest a conception of sexuality that does not despise the volcanic urgency of male relief or the subtle necessity of female release but, for all that, seeks a wider horzion for sexual desire to contemplate. I shall therefore speak of *the psychosexual need of realization* as that humanly finer and deeper attitude toward sex love that dwells with at least an equal emphasis upon the love component and does not too crudely and mechanistically underline sex as the be-all and end-all of erotic yearning. Adoration and tenderness make sex love profoundly human.

As moderns once for all rejecting theologic damnation and shaming taboo, candidly accepting the science of sex as itself creative of poetic beauty, we agree to divorce sex from sin. The omnipresent question for thinking moderns is, I venture to suggest, this: Is the sex act merely sexual?

There is if anything far too much evidence from the pre-anthropoid and the post-anthropoid record affording a terribly impressive affirmative answer. But not for that reason must we be blind to the infinite untapped resources for beauty and adoration and tender loyalty that belong somehow in a history of human nature. In all

genuine passion—I was going to say in all passion, if it be passion and not "cold lasciviousness"—there is a winged impulse toward a beauty and a reverence for love and life that gives intimations of the healing presence of compassion.

Not even at the simplest biological level of desire—certainly in the human relation—can sex love be construed as unmitigatedly sexual. The very presence of the concept, love, hints at something more complicated, more human, more social, and therefore more profound than mere contactual mating.

So far from true is the mindless assumption of sex love as being simply sexual that a most elementary acquaintance with the torturing disharmonies of men and women in marriage makes us aware of the overwhelming influence of the subtler psychic factors in mating. One need not cite the instance of the introverted neurotic type of lover to realize that the very presence of two human natures capable of rhythms and moods and imaginations argues the prepotency of the psychic factor in harmonious sexual love.

Love may catch fire in the sex organs, but it flames radiantly toward the unattainable skies: where dreams allure.

Is the sex act important? In an offhand manner most nice persons will answer: why, of course, very important! I wonder whether we are sufficiently aware of the conspiracy of forces in the contemporary overly civilized (and underly humanized) world against the sustained mood of love's significance.

An overconcentration on the details of sexual adjustment: a too-conscious manipulation of instruments and devices: a sophistication on the part of young persons

that smartly derides privacy and reticence: an incredible reduction of the mystic poetic mood of yearning to a simple smiling chemistry of casual desiring: the oppressive burden of an unlovely civilization inviting the body to a kind of jazz rhythm of flippant indulgence in sheer stimulation and sensation mongering: and (possibly) a forced pre-mature acquaintance on the part of curious young things with the biology and sexuality of love—opportunities and provocations to thoughtless physical experimentation at a very young age setting up a gay empty-hearted rebellion against the patience and sustained beauty of a more lyrical love:—all of these conspiratorial agencies of a typically sophisticated and blasé ultracivilization surely contribute their evil quota to the degradation and automatization of the sex act.

In a final evaluation of the importance—or lack of importance—of the sex act, temperament will most likely be the deciding factor. Those who are more sensitive to *values* will constantly seek to read into sex multiple meanings, elaborating and enriching sexuality until its wings can preen themselves for astonishing imaginative flights. These more subtle and lyrical hearts will dwell on sex as a *leit motif* in a symphony of human natures seeking exquisite attunement not only as lovers of the intense moment but as full-statured humans poignantly concerned about their life together with its far-flung intimations of mutual realization.

For emotionally deep human beings it is human nature in its idealized ensemble that orchestrates sexual love.

For more casual and emotionally superficial human beings (not less lovable in the eyes of God!) sexual love creates its own melodic music. For these light-hearted extraverts sex is syncopation. The jazz rhythm in mating!

In this intricate matter of the evaluation that intelligent persons are to place upon sex love, temperament is of the essence of the case.

How shall we explain the laughing paradox (a most ingenious paradox!) that out of the virginal mind of Dante the most golden poetry is born and out of the sensual mind of Casanova no immortal beauty is begot? For a modern instance of this quaint paradox we have the creative virginity of Saint Bernard Shaw matched against the feebly imaginative sensualism of Frank Harris. . . .

If we may speak of a fundamental problem underlying the nature of reality whether conceived from the physical or the psychological point of view, it is the still obscure problem of tension. If we understood the nature of tension in the human organism we should undoubtedly be in a position to speak with a very great scientific authority about the otherwise abstruse problems of desire, drive, disquiescence, seeking movements, exploratory behavior, goals, the restoration of equilibrium to a satisfied organism, the subtle interrelation between wish and fulfillment: we should be in possession of a psychology enriched by a fairly perfect knowledge of the emotional determinants in human nature.

For our present purposes we must limit the inquiry to a discussion of the two patterns of tension-appeasement in existence: the pattern of behavior that proceeds with a concentrated uninhibited directness from desire to the goal promising fulfillment; and the pattern of behavior that proceeds by an inhibited indirectness from desire to appeasement.

Without committing the fallacy of loading terms with a specialized intention, I think it may fairly be said that

the direct method of bringing quiescence is properly labeled the *infantile-primitive* mode of solution and the indirect method of appeasement is then to be characterized as the *mature-civilized* mode of solution.

The central fact is the presence or absence of a significant time interval between desire and appeasement.

What I should like to suggest is that, for reasons biological and psychological, the simple direct method of "getting rid" of organic tensions somehow prevents the organism from pursuing those complicated desires and dreams and goals that apparently are possible only for a human nature that knows inhibition, emotional pause, intellectual substitution, a wide shunting of organic impulse, a considerable capacity for replacing mating with sublimating.

If in this view it is permissible to conceive imagination as a kind of sustained tension, we can readily understand that the great gifts of emotional depth and intellectual brilliancy and spiritual stamina are not the free gift of primitive nature, but the beautiful tragic achievement of suffering hearts and haunted minds.

How shall there be great cultures, how shall life cultivate unique individualities, unless human nature, eschewing the direct infantile-primitive method of resolving organic tensions, accepts as ultimately more evocative of the deepest potentialities resident in men and women, the circuitous neurology of desire and the indirect psychology of fulfillment?

If our disciplined minds account as good, imaginative desire, emotional depth, unique personality, tragic profundity of vision, surely we must avert our invidious eyes from those primitive paradises where innocence,

contriving natural joy, disports itself so wantonly, so seductively.

At once the question arises: Can human behavior shift its central axis from repression to expression without inviting a chaos of consequences more troubling in the sequel than the original inhibited way of life?

Life knows little of naïve alternatives between good and evil. The choice before human nature is not simple and clear-cut. Since we cannot undo that complication called civilization, since we cannot delete from the historic record the complexity called culture, what we may look for is the possibility of a genuine progress from an external and cruelly coercive repression to an internal and tolerably consenting discipline.

It is clear to those of us who cannot welcome a behavioristic regression to crudity or a psychoanalytic regression to "polymorphous perverse" indulgence, that the sanest outlet for disquiescent desire must be tributary to acceptance of the principle of repression newly conceived to include biologic selectivity, significant choosing, esthetic sensitivity: in other words, impulse deepened by genuine choice and vital values.

We cannot, except by doing violence to human nature in its totality, dispense with the psychology of repression in any really civilized and humanistic conception of behavior: what we can do is to deny the authority of those accessories to repression that come to us out of a vicious theologic and moralistic tradition saturated with sadism.

Human nature, naïvely envisaged, represents desire seeking immediate, direct appeasement. Culture, on the other hand, is profoundly concerned with the dream and its realization. The plight of civilization consists consequently in the rooted ambivalence whereby the pre-

tence honors the dream while the raw reality dishonors the dream in primitive pursuit of desire. Civilized men dream of culture but desire savagery. Hence, their neurotic wobbling between innocence and guilt, between desire and remorse.

Psychoanalysis must continue its researches into the variety of possible significant relations and harmonies between culture and libidinous desire.

Straightway we bump our weary heads into the hard problem of the rôle of impulse in civilization. No one who has not a vested interest in the religion of sadism will want to deny the creative and life-enhancing power of impulse. Impulse is the live electricity in human behavior. Hence its perilous presence.

The challenging question is: How free a latitude shall impulse enjoy?

Which brings us to the larger problem upon the more abstract features of which the Gestalt psychologists are focusing their keen microscopes: I refer to the configurational pattern of behavior, the totalistic context prerequisite to adequate and sane experience.

Psychology and psychiatry reaffirm one another persuasively in their emphasis upon the wretched neurotic nature of conduct when it represents a segment of the total personality in compulsive dominance over the whole, and the psychologically adequate nature of behavior when a fragment of personality harmonizes with, or at the least, does not over-ride, human nature in its dynamic totality.

By analogy we may reason that impulse must somehow or other learn to make its peace with the complex configuration called total personality. Hence, any psychology or sexology that separates out from the whole

context of human motivation a specialized drive, for example, sex, and sets it apart as though it were legitimately in dominance over the personality, is giving us a false and dangerous conception of life.

It becomes increasingly clear to flexible-minded psychoanalysts that the riding of human nature by one intense drive throws out of equilibrium the personality as a whole.

To put it somewhat graphically, we may speak of ego-exhibitionists as well as sex-exhibitionists: ego-maniacs and eroto-maniacs; sadistic egotists and sadistic sexualists. More ironically, we certainly must take into consideration that vast amount of seemingly sexual behavior which upon further intimate analysis reveals itself as egocentric and self-projective in motivation, not primarily sexual at all.

The ego uses sexual situations exploitatively, in behalf of power and prominence and a pathologic increase of prestige. Sex serves the ego astonishingly.

We need as a sane corrective of that recurrent unbalance which human nature manifests, a more complicated knowledge of human possibility, an increasing respect for the variety and subtlety of human motivation.

The outstanding defect (hence the possibility of "Schools" of psychology) is oversimplification in theory and excessive dogmatism in practice.

We yet must find psychologists whose knowledge and vision and imaginative reasonableness will combine to create a wisdom about human nature that honors the underlying *principle of interrelation.*

Because human nature, being contextually more important than any one of its motivations or urges, is the basic datum, we are the more justified in asking whether

the scientific and mechanistic partiality of the age, the behavioristic and psychoanalytic overspecialization of our thought, are not accomplices in that spreading experimentalism which threatens to undermine whatever stability human nature is capable of.

The great fact of our time that perturbs is the reduction of romance to routine, of love to erotic technique, of man to an organ, and woman to a vessel—sex love being finally thought of, thanks to scientific enlightenment, as an unstable series of skin-reflexes.

> Have you not heard yet, anywhere, death-bells ringing
> For Love and poor Romance? Biologists
> And bolshevists are ringing them like mad—
> So loud that Love, we're told, will soon be lost
> With dodos, dinosaurs, and pterodactyls.[3]

Those who look upon themselves as scientists of sex had better trouble their matter-of-fact composure by asking and answering such questions as these: Can human nature, nurtured since the innocent dawn of imagination on reverie and dream of myth and hope and ideal and fantasy, be expected to live by facts alone? Must we not wisely and poetically reckon with values and dreams?

Scientists love facts. Philosophers love values. Poets love dreams. Why do we not envisage the possible perfection of human nature not only as scientists, but also as philosophers and poets?

Surely life in its present mechanistic and disillusioned phase unwittingly faces a real danger: human beings becoming passionless puppets: copulating casuals: sensual serfs.

[3] *Cavender's House,* by Edwin Arlington Robinson.

An acute dilemma of our neurotic age is the struggle within the soul of woman that takes the insecure form of playing at being a sexualized female when in her deepest self there is a powerful yearning to play rather in the rôle of the humanized female.

The swift destruction of all hindering bars to sex experience at all ages, whatever be the conventional or unconventional status of the experimenter, makes for a powerful sexualization of behavior, of thought, of discussion.

Within this sexual milieu (the traditional sharp difference between marital and pre-marital status having been rubbed clean out of contemporary existence) there comes about a quite inevitable reduction and evaporation of the human aspects of life.

This new accessibility of woman (the quite respectable ones!), in and out of marriage, to the chaste call of man's nature for light-hearted love making almost dispenses with man's deep-lying reverence for woman as the mother of the race.

His mind can hardly be expected to continue thinking of woman as in some intimate and fine sense the protector of life, the tender guardian of human beings, when the vivid evidences all run in the direction of a technique of deportment that is certainly not derived from the experiences of woman as wife and mother. Quite the reverse.

The type of woman who through the ages has instructed man in casualness and emotional flippancy and human irresponsibility was the type of female whom he separated, if anything, too clearly from the mother type.

I doubt whether the modern mind of man knows how to reconcile the irreconcilable experiences and evalua-

tions that he keeps traditionally sorted out, for the sake of his peace of mind and soul's salvation, under the contrasted categories of the mother type and the prostitute type. Rightly or wrongly, men still carry within their emotional and intellectual attitudes this neurotic ambivalence toward woman.

Yet it is precisely the reconciliation of these seeming irreconcilables that challenges our psychological wisdom to-day.

Woman must somehow manage to build up a self worthy of respect and then work out a human equation in which the subtle reality of self-respect will not jar too palpably against the deep reality of her new freedom.

The simple choices, quite unsatisfactory to contemporary experimenting womanhood, are: personal dignity with a minimum of casual experience or a happy-go-lucky disreputability with a maximum of casual experience. There is a growing impressive evidence of woman's talent for playing at casual courtesan, pretending the while that she cares not a whit sincerely about life's deepest values. It is not foolish conjecture to surmise that a lot of this female "fooling around" with experience has very little to do with sex, but has everything to do with woman's desperate desire to prove that she is as "good" as man: that she too can play the game, can be a good sport, can raise hell, be a regular guy.

The female of the species now aspires to be the she-male of the race. Enter woman's "masculine protest"! (Not, however, trailing clouds of glory.)

We know so little about the true psychology and inner pathology of the human heart, we play our parts right dangerously if we insist too dogmatically on the way of life that we consider essentially right or good. If we knew

with a more secure knowledge the whole undiscoverable truth of the subtle differences that set apart human natures, if we could speak with a more eloquent certainty of the temperament that is primarily introvert and the temperament that is essentially extrovert, we might have a better scientific right to discuss with a kind of finalistic insight the shallows and the deeps of human behavior, especially as it interlaces with the sexual motif.

A swift glance around and about the contemporary scene in sex and morals affords the quick evidence for the judgment that some of the most influential of the pattern makers in the life sexual are men and women who are woefully defective emotionally. Of their deep defects—which only a probing psychoanalysis can fathom—they are innocently and arrogantly unaware. Think of the illuminating instance of the distinguished (and notorious) woman who almost at the close of her sexually obstreperous years writes unwittingly in her autobiography of the experience at age twelve when she was violently raped. One need not be versed in the somewhat esoteric wisdom of psychoanalysis to realize the intimate shadowing life-long presence of such a traumatic event.

We must beware of those dangerous guides in theory and practice whose hearts are shallow: whose wisdom is too extraverted. The mechanistic and behavioristic tendencies of our age are full of a mischievous perilous shallowing intelligence.

Havelock Ellis, who by general enlightened consent is looked upon as the one outstanding person of our time who has written both scientifically and poetically of sex and love and marriage, writes these important words:

"We often hear it said that since the impulse of sex

may become so mighty a force, we must do all we can to drain away force from it, so that it may become the harmless routine of a pleasurable sensation without any disturbing influence. It is certainly possible for this to be achieved by persons whose temperament is suitable for the achievement. And it may be added that the people whose lives are thus free from the disturbing influence of sex are not likely to be themselves a disturbing influence in the world's routine—which may be an advantage. It is certain that in the individuals who have been the great civilizing influences of the world, and in the periods which we regard as the great epochs of civilization, the impulse of sex, active or sublimated, has been very 'disturbing' indeed. . . .

"The savage has realized that in his own sexual functions he has the key to the whole generative process of nature; and the orgy of sex and the asceticism of sex are blended in awe with all that he can divine that is high or deep in the universe as known to him. In savagery, as in civilization, man has felt himself in sex at the heart of his mystery: it may be reasonable, it may be unreasonable, there it is. . . .

"Sex, we see, is an ever-living fire that nothing will extinguish. . . . To-day, as the present work [4] testifies, we do not hesitate to approach the miraculous flame of sex as nearly as we can. But the reader will hardly be in a position to do so profitably unless he first puts off his shoes."

Lorine Pruette, a literary talent and trained psychologist, in discussing the perturbed problem of sex and the new woman adds these interesting remarks: "It may

[4] *Sex in Civilization,* a symposium with an Introduction by Havelock Ellis.

easily be that while we are rendering lip-service to love as an art, we are hoping to render it safe, as no art is safe, by a scientific reduction to a simple matter of tension and release. Men have married in the hope of eliminating sex as a nuisance by channelizing its expression into one stereotyped form; now science appears to some to offer even better possibilities of eliminating the nuisance by reducing all forms of expression to a stereotype. A delightfully ironic commentary on this method is given in Nathan's *The Bishop's Wife,* wherein the good bishop seeks to reconcile his bride to what he must do by assuring her that it is indeed of little importance and chiefly a matter of hygiene. Such an approach is not uncommon among many of our sociologists, who seem almost uniformly distrustful of the more vivid flights of fancy which result in poetry and fiction. One of our abler young sociologists recently asked for my reaction to a chapter of his on love. When I remarked in response to the chapter that love inevitably used up a considerable supply of energy and that there was a quantitative impossibility of directing it upon innumerable objects in rapid succession, he gravely rejoined that love experiences should not use up any appreciable amount of energy.[5]

The civilized question abides: Shall we moderns go in for casualness or selectivity? Irresponsibility or devotion? Exploitation or compassion? Narcissism or humanism?

Who is to write the pain-haunted Odyssey of Modern Woman more homeless far than ever Ulysses was on that wine-dark tempestuous sea?

[5] From a review of *Sex in Civilization* in the *Modern Quarterly,* Spring, 1929.

Perhaps we shall soon be discovering, if we take sex as significantly and devotedly as we quite easily take egotistic ambition or money-making or social climbing, that the erotic equation containing passion and compassion is alone worthy of human, that is, of humane, natures. Sex and wonder belong beautifully together.

Just as there is in modern mechanized man a perversion of deep biologic hunger to the sensual extravagance of appetite, so we may speak of sex as wholesome when it is a food (manna from heaven?) and pathologic when it is a drug.

There are powerful present tendencies in the direction of perverting sex to the uses and abuses of drug addiction.

Civilization moves toward culture and beauty. The necessity called eating is ceremonialized until the esthetic and social and glad aspects of dining achieve a status of significance all their own. Eating becomes a fine art. The festal element adorns a simple necessitous process. In the crudest of instincts there is an unborn beauty.

Sex life, more particularly in America (the classic land of mechanistic madness), tends to follow the habit pattern of the cafeteria, and for diversion's sake the more peppy pattern of jazz.

The newer type of psychoanalyst, increasingly preoccupied with the expression neuroses rather than with the orthodox repression neuroses, will want to ask himself whether the experimental psychology in sex and love and marriage does not reduce to a study in compulsion neurosis. Where no stable or traditional or socially authorized or ethically authenticated rhythm of behavior exists, there neurotic instability, constantly on edge because of brief appeasements that never adequately appease, slides by gradual process of emotional disintegra-

tion into obsessive and compulsive behavior that is in all vital ingredients akin to pathology.

A new toy is something that children love to play with. After a long period of emotional inhibition and erotic repression, woman is now attempting to enjoy a type of feeling which for centuries she hardly knew the existence of, let alone experienced in her private person. If sexual play is civilized woman's new-found prerogative, if erotic intensity is a rather new sensation for her, it is not so surprising that experimental feminists a little undiscriminatingly nibble at desire's varied fulfillment; as though, reawakened suddenly from a long twilight sleep of the senses, woman now seeks to make up in a hectic brief interval for what she imaginatively knows has been so preciously lost.[6]

Nor is it a thing to be wondered at that the playing with this new toy takes on the character of the search for many sensations, a quantitative eagerness for felicity. And, inevitably, the qualitative aspect of experience is slighted, even derided as no longer meaningful—when such a riot of pleasurable opportunity for sensationism is newly at hand.

Now that woman learns to accept sex as play, she becomes a more friendly and intimate participant in those more light-hearted behaviors that men for so long had reserved for secret half-hours with complaint (and paid) mistresses or demi-mondes: the picturesquely labeled *filles de joie.*

[6] "Thus Acton, who was regarded half a century ago as the chief English authority on sexual matters, declared that, 'happily for society,' the supposition that women possess sexual feelings could be put aside as 'a vile aspersion,' while another medical authority of the same period stated in regard to the most simple physical sign of healthy sexual emotion that it 'only happens in lascivious women.'"
—Havelock Ellis in *Little Essays of Love and Virtue*

The modern mind, woman's even more perturbedly than man's, is racked by alternatives that bring nothing but neurotic malaise: the desire's the thing: the dream's the thing: which is the road to human fulfillment?

Would it be necessary to be as vividly conscious of the status (and stature) of sex and love in our age, if through the brazenly courageous explorations of the critical consciousness we had not become aware of the multitude of differences and divergences and intimate disharmonies that pervade the life of the sexes, try as they will to attain to harmony and love's perfectioning?

The ultimate irreducible disharmony of the sexes looms up menacingly in an emanicipated and (therefore) egocentric world.

This aliency of the sexes, as I prefer to characterize it, makes plausible those incredible violations of the intimacies which men more particularly have been guilty of as blind-hearted sadists. Man has not known how to be simultaneously human and sexual in his attitude toward woman.

At any rate, it is clear that a psychoanalytic approach to human nature (the profoundest at our disposal) cannot content itself, as orthodox analysis does, with an over-specialized attention to the sexual component and with an incidental appreciation of the ego component: an enriched psychoanalysis will study all the other vital components in human behavior, particularly the *interrelation* between the more purely sexual and the more purely human elements in emotional response, including, of course, the seemingly sexual. But, most important and necessary of all, the newer psychoanalysis will give a vast attention to society as the shaper and re-shaper and mis-shaper of behavior. What will emerge will deserve

to be called a *psychosociological science of human nature.*

In our neurotic age the children of light (O hapless progeny) confront two roads for heart's fulfillment: Samoa or Calvary: happy-go-lucky felicity or tragic intensity! . . .

> Only—but this is rare—
> When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
> When, jaded with the rush and glare
> Of the interminable hours,
> Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
> When our world-deafened ear
> Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed,—
> A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
> And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
> The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
> And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.
>
> A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
> And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
> The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.
> And there arrives a lull in the hot race
> Wherein he doth forever chase
> The flying and elusive shadow, rest.
> An air of coolness plays upon his face,
> And an unwonted calm pervades his breast;
> And then he thinks he knows
> The hills where his life rose,
> And the sea where it goes.[7]

[7] From *The Buried Life,* by Matthew Arnold.

WHY WE MISBEHAVE

"Continuous confinement of one male with one female resulted in a marked diminution of sexual enthusiasm in both, particularly in the male, a condition which the animals sought to remedy by special stimulations; vigor was immediately restored by supplying each with a new mate."

—From a study by Dr. G. V. Hamilton:
Sexual Tendencies of Monkeys and Baboons.

II

THE PSYCHOLOGY AND PATHOLOGY OF SEX

(A PREFACE TO THE NEW SEXOLOGY)

THE more sympathetic one becomes toward the positive merits of psychoanalysis, the more convinced is one, in a broad and realistic fashion, of the existence of two omnipresent components in human nature; the ego and sex components. So sweeping a generalization cannot be accurate in a quantitative laboratory sense. Human nature is admittedly highly complex. In a precise analysis, scientifically cautious, every available element in its composition would be assigned its proportionate significance in determining total reactions. Of course, But, for good or ill, a rougher analysis serves the practical and dynamic purposes of everyday life.

One may even hazard the assertion that the more minute and precise an analysis of human nature is, the more sterile it tends to become when applied to the broadly human problems of life in a crude world where fine discriminations are conspicuously absent from behavior. This is not an argument against the logical beauty of perfection in thinking; it is merely a realistic reminder of the gross and wholesale modes of thinking and acting that are prevalent in society as we confront it clinically, practically.

There is a gulf between the logic of thought and the logic of action that cannot be securely bridged. Thought,

precisely because it is not under the hard limitations of concrete action, just because it can escape through imaginative flights the brute limitations of matter and practical determinism, is relatively free and unfettered. Thought, indulging itself overmuch in the wine of speculation, gloriously drunk, moves with an exhilarated sense of freedom toward reverie. Thought may substitute dream possibilities for real ones. We may say that thought has many choices.

Action, by contrast, is fettered and grossly limited in its options. For the most part, the logic of action moves clumsily between two practical alternatives: for and against. Hence the cruel insistence of practical men, whether in matters concerning statesmanship or business or politics—these three are fundamentally one—that if you are not for a given proposition, you are certainly admitting yourself as against it. They cannot understand the subtle logic of suspended judgment, intellectual neutrality, a flexible variety of choices, alternatives congenial to the speculative logic of thought.

Men of action tend to be men of iron will, hard, dogmatic, determinist, enthusiastically pragmatic, shrewd. Men of thought tend to be men of feeble will, dreamy, detached, vague, spinning around in a mock-real universe propelled by an intangible force called free-will, idealistic, poetic. Philosophers are more akin to the tribe of poets than to the tribe of statesmen.

On the reasonable assumption that for the gross purposes of daily life a broad analysis of human nature into its large fundamental elements is both useful and desirable, therapeutically wise, let us proceed to view human nature as dynamically a product of two powerful drives: ego and sex.

Speaking in a large and general way about human nature as we confront it habitually in life, what else is man concerned with so urgently, so engrossingly, if it be not those activities and possibilities that promise inordinate fulfillment of his ego and sex yearnings?

No other components of human nature, dynamically conceived, can match these two in potency. To be sure, a nice survey of the specific facts involved in these very broad concepts would take note of a variety of definite facts and behaviors which deserve to be understood as important in themselves, ingredients with a status of their own, though originally lumped in wholesale fashion under the more general designation of ego or sex.

My proposition is that a combination of the Adlerian and Freudian approaches to human nature—Jung's being a variant of these two, none the less original and brilliant for all that—constitutes the most illuminating psychology available at present.

Because Adler specialized in problem children, he keenly observed the root of their maladjustments to lie in their helplessness, their natural dependence upon elders, their almost inevitable sense of inadequacy and therefore of inferiority. He could not help observing how powerfully the lack of self-confidence, springing from fear, infected their young personalities even in such episodes as would superficially be labeled sexual. I consider this insight of Adler's a most illuminating, and from an educator's point of view, a most significant contribution to dynamic psychology.

Because Freud found himself specializing in the problems of adults, he was less impressed by the relevancy of the Adlerian factors in psychoneurotic behavior than the terribly real existence of sexual disharmony and com-

plication. Nor do I doubt the wisdom of Freud's high-power emphasis on sex as a fundamental determinant of human behavior, especially in its compulsive and anxiety-ridden aspects.

Though Freud was surprisingly slow in making up his mind about the great importance of other determinants in human nature than sex libidinously conceived, he finally did make a contribution of the greatest originality and therapeutic importance to what might be called the new phase of psychoanalysis, only a few years ago, when he published his little classic *The Ego and The Id.*

Freud, finding it necessary to widen the scope and applicability of the concept of the libido, challenged by the specialized neuroses of the war period to discover a more plausible explanation of psychoneurotic perturbation than the traditional one of sexual frustration, reconceived the libido as energizing not only those mechanisms and drives of human nature grossly alluded to as sexual but also the more intangible and subtle components of human behavior that go by the name of the ego.

The better to distinguish between interrelated and yet analytically autonomous components, Freud speaks of the ego and the super-ego, and in graphic contrast, the Id. The Id is the genetic term for the instinctive motivations that lie buried in the unconscious, with long roots trailing off into racial history and a conceivable racial unconscious. What the conscious civilized mind cannot welcome and morally approve is deposited in this dark envelope of the unconscious called in the newer terminology the Id.

The ego represents a level of maturing personality sprung from the instinctive Id, with the more than half-concealed springs and urgencies of which it cannot help

being profoundly intertwined and implicated. It is as though out of an ancient ooze and slime the primitive human animal, undifferentiated from the gregarious herd, as yet unacquainted with, and even hostile to, personality, carrying within its own psychoembryology many of the pre-moral and pre-civilized characters and residuals, finally in the course of social evolution gropes toward individuality: the cultivation of personality, the affirmation of the ego. Thus, whether conceived psychologically or sociologically, the ego and the Id are intimately interlaced. A good deal of what passes for ego projection and ego fulfillment is undoubtedly a rationalized presentation of the yearnings and compulsions and determinations of the instinct-laden Id.

The super-ego or ego ideal is the quite spiritualized product of a sensitive ego in tormented conflict with the obscure painful promptings of the Id, rejected and repressed as unworthy of a self-regarding ego.

The ego ideal might be compared to a mirror of perfection in which the vain and troubled ego, casting retrospective glances at the far from beautiful Id, seeks by a false adoration to behold only the ideal image of its innermost self.

Hence the familiar neurotic overvaluation of the ideal and the equally familiar neurotic undervaluation of the instinctive basis of human nature. The compensatory and fictional thinking of the neurotic can be accounted for keenly not only on Adlerian grounds but also on Freudian assumptions and insights.

The neurotic must resort to compensatory idealizations and fictional goals because some sensitive response system (of his introverted human nature) is at home only with idealized situations, such as the dreaming ego reach-

ing out among the stars of its ideal super-ego can contrive for his mind's happy escape from the impact and invasion of the unideal Id.

In this connection we may stop to discuss briefly the relation of narcissism to this newer contribution of Freud's. The libido invests the mechanisms of sex most powerfully, as we have been taught to believe and observe. But, again and again, the libido, for reasons compulsive and pathologic, uses its fund of erotic inclination for a special investment of the ego. This charging of the ego with Freudian libido is the essence of narcissism.

Thus, the keen-witted orthodox analysts were able to reinterpret the war neuroses in terms of the narissistic psychology. The ego is in love with itself and will of course put forth amazing efforts, normal and abnormal, to save itself when danger threatens.

In relation to the neuroses of peacetime, every analyst has now focused an increasing attention upon the narcissistic components. Narcissism may take the form of an ego-maniacal vanity or it may take the form of an ego-deprecatory melancholy, depending upon temperamental predisposition.

Narcissism is possibly the profoundest fact in distorted human nature, the recurring obstacle to psychoanalytic therapy. The narcissist has become emotionally and egocentrically fixated so that he (more often she) cannot form intense attachments and transferences beyond his own autoerotic and libido-invested body, out upon other lovable objects (preferably human beings).[1]

[1] Dr. Fritz Wittels, the official biographer of Freud, has written very illuminatingly on this theme. Read his article in *Sex in Civilization* (1929). Edited by V. F. Calverton and S. D. Schmalhausen.

Freud's penetrating study of human nature in relation to the subtler ego components will surely increase the scope of analytic therapy and multiply the educational and reëducational uses of psychoanalytic thinking.

As students and teachers we need not trouble our minds over the many futile controversies that divide these schools. It is enough for our realistic purposes that we greatly realize the prepotent significance in human conduct and misconduct of the ego and the sex components in human nature, dynamically and clinically conceived.

The ego, in the Adlerian psychology, is a useful abstract term for indicating those desires and tendencies in human nature which have as their goal the attainment of superior status in a competitive world where personal inadequacy, whether organic or psychologic, and social inequality, conspire to keep the individual in a perpetual state of *self*-consciousness—in the bad sense of untiring preoccupation with activities that will once for all cancel out of existence the haunting sense of inadequacy. The sense of inferiority with its compensatory desire for superior status underlies almost everything vital and important in typically human behavior, from childhood to the grave.

Since I have already discussed this fascinating theme at great length in my essays on The Freudian Emphasis on Sex, The Role of Inferiority in Human Behavior, Psychiatry to the Rescue, I shall content myself with its discontinuance at this point.[2]

Sex, in psychoanalytic parlance, is a useful abstract term for all those desires and tendencies in human nature

[2] Consult the writer's volume *Why We Misbehave* (1928): Introduction by Dr. William A. White.

that cluster about the erotogenic zones as centers of stimulation and potential perversion. For example, Freud has worked out a schematic analysis of the evolution of libidinous desire that includes four definite stages in sexual development: the first earliest and most infantile stage he labels "polymorphous perverse"; the second, autoerotic; the third, homosexual; the fourth and final stage, heterosexual.

To avoid time-consuming excursions into unlit fields of speculation, let us at the outset agree to consider these stages as relevant and significant in a general way rather than as precise and inevitable in a kind of evolutionary sense which comes close to being a species of predestination or fatalism. The concepts of inevitability, inexorableness, rigid determinism, stage-by-stage evolutionism, are not in good standing among critical-minded students of science. Without further ado, we may take up these dogmatic categories and assign them the significance they indubitably deserve in a sane psychoanalysis.

Twenty-five years ago it would have been quite impossible to find a parent to acknowledge openly that his baby daughter—or her baby son—possessed even the faintest acid trace of sexuality. The little angels, the dear little darlings, the sweet innocent things, had somehow been born sexless. This myth had its uses in hiding from the unclean minds of the parents the painful sense of having perpetrated a guilt in the conception of a child.

The theologic and moralistic shame attaching to the mature sex relation was unconsciously projected out of its original context and by the subtle mechanism of evasion and concealment got itself converted into the grotesquely exaggerated belief in the immaculate conception of the child. Thus a beautiful compensatory behavior was

enacted to the great satisfaction of parent and child. The child was charmingly assumed to be innocent, pure, sexless. This assumption of purity somewhat neutralized, as only a psychoanalytic solvent can, the poison of guilt that had infected the sex relation of the progenitors.

With the painful triumph of Freudian truth, the childish compensatory faith in innocence has had to go the way of all fairy tales and nursery myths. The infant, as experimental demonstration conclusively indicates, is capable of erogenous stimulation and characteristically erotic response. Not only has the clinic yielded up a mass of material proving infantile sexuality, but more specific sexual behaviors of an auto-erotic and masturbatory character are richly in evidence among little children, even as young as age two.[3]

The surviving reason why many otherwise fairly intelligent parents cannot swallow this drastic revelation is their inability to cope with their own mature sex problems, including unhappy and shameful memories of adolescent masturbation. In short, fear rules their minds shockingly. They commit the understandable blunder of translating the relatively innocent and innocuous behavior of their offspring into the emotionally surcharged terms of their own sophisicated experience. When the problem of infantile sexuality is cooly and scientifically probed, it is seen to be a rather simple study in hygiene. The parent needs to be reëducated.

The child may be said to be polymorphous perverse in the sense that many parts of its body are capable of erogenous pleasure, and a variety of objects can serve as

[3] For a still younger case, read Dr. Watson's clear-cut Behavioristic chapters in the excellent Symposium *Psychologies of 1925* (Clark University).

stimuli for satisfying responses. In Freudian terms, the primacy of the genital zone has not yet been established. Hence the occurrence in earliest childhood of sexually colored behavior in relation to anal and oral activities. The child, not yet burdened by morals, can afford to be a quite innocent-minded "sexual pervert."

The great point for parents and priests and pedagogues (God's police) is to remember that children are children and are not to be hounded or suspected or misjudged or sermonized because their heavy-hearted guardians are mistaking the simple sexual behavior of the child for the guilt-laden misbehavior of the adult. Children are not angels, nor are they pure: they are merely human. Which is perhaps the most intelligent and healing discovery that anyone can make concerning anyone else.

The auto-erotic phase in the evolution of sexuality is rather important. Playing with their sex organs is a characteristic behavior of children. If it were merely unconscious playfulness, we should not be considering the matter very seriously. What converts the situation into a problem is the likely formation of habits that, persisted in, may produce fixations and inhibitions of personal development that are sure to mar the personality of the victim of these auto-erotic practices.

Masturbation is an important problem, but not in the old-fashioned sense of being terrible, shameful, wicked, morally indefensible. It is important in the sense that we want, as wise mental hygienists, to surround the growing child with as many happy and wholesome and unconcealed modes of expending its energy as we can possibly devise for its delight. The great enemies, now as always, are fear and shame, those irrational tyrants who know how to usurp the sovereignty of reason and tolerance. If

parents will be humble, the first important lesson in sane guidance of the young will have been learned.

Let us not dodge the demonstrated proposition that even very young children are enormously interested in sexual phenomena, or, speaking very cautiously, in behavior and experience that are destined to deposit in their half-remembered reminiscences suggestive implications of a definitely sexual character. As every analyst knows, as every parent, grown wise in psychoanalytic lore, will ere long likewise know, *being human means being sexual.*

More difficulty arises when we look a little sharply at Freud's category of homosexual attachment which he includes as an inevitable stage in the unfolding of the libido. Homosexuality still has the power, like some dark magic among the primitives, to frighten our minds. Its pathologic status seems to keep it at a remote distance from the normal affairs of mankind.

And yet, how very strange is our affrighted reaction in the presence of a reality, in truth, of the very word itself, if we are seriously convinced of the weird abnormality of such behavior. There is a subtle contradiction in the attitude of the puritan who on the one hand is quite certain of the universal nature of normality, and yet is horrified by any reference to abnormality.

The contradiction is resolved once we become aware of the unconscious source of his aversion. He may, to be sure, be defending his own human nature against obscure desires and winking temptations that from time to time beset his peace of mind. A more relevant explanation is simply the deep-lying fear that abnormal behavior may fasten its hold upon the very young to whom unnatural and unusual possibilities of experience are presumed to be fascinating.

In other words, despite our supposedly stable faith in the universality of normality, as if it were guaranteed by Nature eternally, we really fear the rivalry of abnormality. Our fear is intelligibly and intelligently grounded if we appreciate the factors of childhood conditioning, habit patterns, habit distortion, sexual experimentalism, as powerful forces shaping conduct during the plastic years. More succinctly put, what we so glibly call normal behavior is not by any means the assured gift of nature, but is very largely a conventional creation of man living in a society that gives its collective approval to certain habits and customs which it experimentally finds to be good.

There is nothing in the nature of life as such that guarantees forevermore the subordination of pathologic behavior to the status and stature of shame and fear.

To apply the concept of homosexuality to definite relations of members of the same sex whose behavior can readily be discovered, at least by the psychoanalyst, to be clearly of an abnormal nature, is perhaps the most permissible use of that term. But when it is indiscriminately applied to "crushes," adolescent friendships, occupational associations, intellectual preferences in companionship, we move speedily into a world of complication and indistinctness. If we bear in mind that Freud specialized in pathological material, and then proceeded to overgeneralize his significant findings as if they were of necessity precisely as applicable to human beings at large, we can understand the elements of melodramatic exaggeration in psychoanalysis and be critically equipped to apply the sane logic of limits to the Freudian insights.

The only known corrective for the inveterate tendency to overgeneralization is the cultivation of a genuine

respect and regard for the individual case. *The variety of human behavior is the primary fact.* Uniformity, however important, is a secondary fact. It is pleasant to generalize and thus to achieve the wonderful sense of having uttered the perfect truth. It is necessary to check up generalization by conscientiously seeking out exceptions, limitations, contradictions.

It is a most tell-tale commentary upon the critical inadequacy of the mind that its capacity for perceiving limitations in antecedent theories and in previous thinkers is so very great compared with its really pitiful incompetency when the equally important matter of self-criticism, of honest criticism of one's own theories, is at stake. The mind of man is not fundamentally very honest. The great test of intellectual honesty resides in the clarity which perceives inadequacy and in the courage which announces it, however painful to egocentric esteem and make-believe omniscience.

That a considerable amount—if not from a statistical, then surely from a dramatic and human point of view—of overt homosexuality exists in institutions where there is a definite absence of heterosexual relation is no doubt true enough. Whether we have in mind the English "public" schools or the army and navy or prisons or certain war situations, we are up against the troubling existence of behavior that is explicitly or implicitly shadowed by homosexuality.

The orthodox analyst who insists as a dogmatic evolutionist upon the inexorable presence in libido unfoldment of a stage possessing the definite characteristics of homo*sexuality* is certainly not honoring the facts but blindly worshipping a dogma.

Viewed statistically, that is, "normally" and sanely, the amount of homosexuality in the world is insignificant.

The real importance of the psychoanalytic emphasis on homosexuality lies in the fact demonstrated scientifically among apes and children and adults—but not by the speculative Freudians—that the behavioristic process of conditioning can "artificially" produce homosexual attachment.[4] Hence the true origin of the general fear among so-called normal people that abnormal behavior may become a source of contagion and fascination with wide powers of spreading among the hitherto normal creatures.

The disquieting discovery has been but recently made that heterosexual attraction is not the natural and seemingly inevitable sex behavior the majority of human beings still naïvely take for granted that it reliably is.

Monkeys and men are loaded with an undifferentiated sexuality that seeks primarily merely relief of tension, and only by the way, specialized objects and modes of achieving such release satisfyingly.[5] Thus the chief determinants will be the available opportunities of a hedged-in environment and the behavior patterns set by early conditioning.

In this drastically scientific sense, any kind of sexual behavior, however pathologic, may become a relatively normal pattern acceptable and congenial if the environing opportunities permit nothing else and if earlier sexual

[4] Surprisingly Freud has not yet securely accepted the generally held position that homosexuality is more often than not *acquired.*

[5] The special student will want to read Dr. G. V. Hamilton's important Monograph "Sexual Tendencies of Monkeys and Baboons" (J. of Animal Behavior Oct. 1914); also the splendid summary of all the work in this field by Dr. Gerrit S. Miller Jr. (in the J. of Mammalogy Nov. 1928).

conditioning has already provided models for abnormal response.

In the work of Freud, we read that successful adaptation to the requirements of civilized sex life in maturity depends upon object love which ultimately means the unfettered attraction of the male and female mutually desirous of intercourse. That this morally good accomplishment shall come to fruition with a minimum amount of difficulty, the first three stages in sexual evolution must have been properly outlived. In other words, the stages defined as polymorphous perverse, autoerotic, homosexual, must have been transcended on the grounds of their infantile and immature status.

The biologic goal is presumably reproduction. Whatever sexual behavior thwarts reproduction is regressive, infantile, inadequate, neurotic. The sexual behaviors labeled polymorphous perverse, autoerotic, homosexual, are all perversions of the true biologic goal which in normal mature men and women is—of course!—reproduction. The psychoanalyst speaks of infantile fixations, by which he means arrested sexual development at one of these pre-mature stages. Only the mating of the two sexes for the purpose of reproduction can be construed as biologically normal. Every other kind of behavior belongs to the category of the abnormal, the pathologic: and should biologically be looked upon as "perversion."

A problem which it is perhaps too late for the great Freud to delve into and brilliantly elucidate is the emergent problem of what I shall call the new pathology in human behavior.

The conviction grows upon me that the next absorbing chapter in the history of human nature will deal almost exclusively with the astonishing spread among so-

called normal human beings of abnormal and pathologic conduct.

We are being whirled into an age of perversion. Like it or not, we are being carried at a shockingly swift speed by an uncontrollable undertow of desire toward behavior that is clearly perversional in the biologic sense of being conscious evasion of reproduction as the "summum bonum" of the life sexual.[6]

If normality in sex means the mating of men and women for the sake of reproduction, we are already living in the midst of a post-Freudian era in which sexual behavior is rapidly taking on a variety of patterns, the quintessential character of all of which is a light-hearted repudiation of the ancient natural—and until the advent of our Jazz Age, most sacred and profoundly moral—obligation of reproduction. Self-indulgence in matters sexual is the new goal and the basis of the new pathology.

Shame and fear, the powerful moralizing forces in the long evolution of civilized sex behavior, have been well-nigh canceled out of love-and-lust's universe. No wonder those of us who have been habituated to the sanctimonious restraints of fear and shame are inordinately perturbed by an age that is frankly exhibitionistic, sexual, and tolerant toward erotic expression in every variety and pattern.

The new attitude toward masturbation lights up rather brightly exactly what has occurred in the supersession of shame and fear by candor and courage. Not even the old maids of the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. any longer religiously believe masturbation to be a shameful sin. To a mental hygienist it is neither shameful nor

[6] *Cf. Why We Misbehave* and *The Sexual Revolution* (in the Symposium, *Sex in Civilization*) by the author.

sinful: it is merely natural and necessary under certain physicochemical strains and stresses that are periodically quite natural to every organism that is capable of genital desire. Biology supplants theology. Mental hygiene takes the place of moral platitude. Wisdom triumphs over superstition.

What has been ignored in this bit of hygienic progress is the transfer-effect of the attitude of shamelessness and naturalness. The ease with which masturbation, for so long a period thought of as morally degrading, has been incorporated in human behavior as a perfectly legitimate and even desirable form of conduct has rendered possible that loosening of the bonds of self-control which civilization, under the watchful auspices of shame and fear, had depended upon for innumerable centuries in its efforts toward stability.

This new shameless, natural candor, affecting not only pre-marital but intra-marital conduct, introduces the race to an unremitting instability in behavior, the upsetting and bewildering direction of which no wise observer can foretell. Instability that makes a mockery of all norms has crept into every civilized behavior. No one knows as yet how to reckon with the costs of shamelessness.

How far is the leap from the complaisant acceptance of masturbatory activity as a good to the disquieting reflection that the mating activity is not so wonderful after all?

There is a growing discontent among men and women with the demonstrated inadequacy of the sex act as a dishearteningly simple experience. Not only is masturbation often praised as more zestful than sexual intercourse, but it has been lauded because it entails none of the

risks and complications and possible consequences of the sex act.

What we are witnessing is an increase of what may legitimately be called masturbational technique in sexual intercourse.

Thus married people, wittingly or unwittingly, are practicing a sex behavior that can be distinguished from masturbatory activity only by a competent student of metaphysics. In sober truth, may we not define the sex act, especially under contraceptive auspices, as masturbation in an exquisite milieu?

In Dr. Wittels' official biography of Sigmund Freud, in which he discusses with stylistic charm and psychological sophistication most of the interesting ideas in the psychoanalytic and allied schools, we are treated to the following explicit remarks:

"The working of the imagination is the quintessence of sexual intercourse, and classifications of the types of intercourse in which this feature is ignored lead us hopelessly astray. If two people love one another, any conceivable form of sexual intercourse they have a fancy for is normal and ennobling—if we must pass ethical judgments at all. On the other hand, what is termed 'normal sexual intercourse' is a masturbatory act if the participants do not love one another. Inasmuch as human beings have an intense need of love, such intercourse is always accompanied by fantasies. The fact is familiar to every reader of Goethe's *Elective Affinities*. Each of the partners in such a coitus is picturing an imaginary happiness, and is annihilating the actual companion. In these cases it is assuredly better and more economical to masturbate. The imagination can work more freely when one is alone."

I doubt whether students in this field have been wont to give an appropriate attention to the relation between sex and the imagination. If we agree that the sex impulse, when love is present, climbs radiantly toward a dream world where fantasy and poetry and lovely make-believe adorn and deepen the relation, it is not difficult to understand the swift arrival of infelicity when for one reason or another the happy imagination feels its wings weighted down by leaden disappointment or sheer emotional frustration.

If we are to have the courage of our psychoanalytic logic, we must bravely face the fact that sensitive human beings cannot find sex love inspiring unless there is a vast stimulation of the imagination. Marriage might be said, from this point of view, to have as its most difficult problem the refreshment of the more subtle powers of the mind if mating is to be more than a habit routine.

Our tolerance widens toward those men and women who at many hazards violate the loyalties and the fidelities—which they once perhaps held sacred—in obscure, restless attempts to solve a most painful problem: running away from an intimacy which can no longer evoke lyrical response or magical make-believe but has unfortunately slid into a kind of automatism that for all its biologic validity brings to the more exquisite participant neither peace of mind nor joy nor any exulting sense of something fine accomplished.

In discussing marriage, Elsie Clews Parsons, a brilliant writer with an anthropological point of view, says:

"In civilization, too, intimacy is apt to be localized or concentrated, as strictly perhaps in marriage as in prostitution. By this concentration all the psychical activities of sex are naturally affected. Uncalled for, they

flag and dwindle, and the relation between husband and wife becomes as unthrilled by the radiations of sex as if both were of the same sex. Under these circumstances they may have in fact less in common than if they were of the same sex, for the usual sex barriers may assert themselves, leaving each indifferent to many of the feelings or ideas of the other, arousing in both a reluctance or shyness about referring to certain topics or a disinclination to listen to each other or even look at each other—a kind of conjugal deafness or myopia."

In another place, she writes significantly:

"But whether divorce occur or not, marriage appears to accomplish what is expected of it, only in some cases it is for a season, in others for a lifetime. Like other important social institutions it provides companionship immune to the influences of personality. Moreover it eliminates the extraordinary fears with which passionate contact with another personality is beset. It gives safety to passion, formalizing and limiting its demands. Then, too, it serves as a barrier not only against one person of the opposite sex but against the whole sex. By advertising the need of restricting the impulses of sex to a minimum it helps actually to restrict them. Moreover, by fully satisfying those impulses of sex which most readily become a habit, the physical impulses, it curbs and dwarfs the impulses which are erratic and which are prone to upset habits, the habits of self and of others. Truly marriage is all its most ardent supporters believe. It is an incomparable protection to society—as society has been constituted." [7]

[7] From *Fear and Conventionality,* a pioneer work that deserves much more attention from students of the contemporary scene in morals.

If we conjoin what Mrs. Parsons says about the reduction of sex love to a simple habit formation (without anarchic or erratic spontaneity) with what Dr. Wittels tells us concerning the high function of the imagination in sexual love sweetly consummated, we become keenly aware of the kind of problem that love in our age confronts. If the major emphasis is upon sex as simple biologic fulfillment, most adequately provided for in the sacred ritual and routine of marriage, how shall the more intangible and temptingly beautiful incitations be embodied in genuinely spontaneous acts of affection? If, on the other hand, the drastic emphasis in the quest of erotic joy, is upon love as ecstasy, how shall human nature, overly responsive to the anarchic and undisciplined impulses, attain to profounder experience possible only when the human and the sexual factors are in some surprisingly interesting sense harmonized?

The imagination exacts of experience what experience but rarely can yield: exquisiteness in reality as well as in fantasy.

In our too drastic and bitter criticism of marriage as traditionally perpetrated (such incisive criticism is necessary and desirable toward clarification and humanization), it is only fair to note that we know almost nothing scientifically or psychologically adequate about sex or love or human nature.

Therefore it is permissible to believe that the impulse toward profound attachment symbolized in genuine marriage can be saved and realized in a newer type of marriage in which a vast increase of knowledge—now at our lyric and therapeutic disposal—of facile and subtle erotic technique, of the harmonies and happinesses in human natures joyously mated, coupled with a deeper

realization of the potential beauty of love that honors the impulse toward permanence, will be the gift of lovers for once sufficiently at ease, psychoanalytically, to make an abundant use of their erotic technique and wisdom.

The newer type of marriage will overwhelmingly devote itself to the significances resident in sex and love in all their playful experimental variety and fullness. "The working of the imagination is the quintessence of sexual intercourse, and classifications of the types of intercourse in which this feature is ignored lead us hopelessly astray. If two people love one another, any conceivable form of sexual intercourse they have a fancy for is normal and ennobling—if we must pass ethical judgments at all." These courageous and wise words of Dr. Wittels' express simply and quite perfectly the slant and import of the newer sexology: the liberated experimental humanistic view of sex and love that rules out dwarfish apologetic shame and adolescent sick fear, encouraging in a neo-pagan artistic sense the glad cultivation of the life of the emotions, serenely and buoyantly accepted, whole-heartedly.

What, in the days of our tongue-tied ignorance and prurient modesty, under the evil auspices of Christian concealment and distortion, we, in anger and fear and troubled fascination, referred to as abnormal, immoral, disgusting, shameful, degrading, lustful, perverted, meting out torture-penalties to human beings, even innocent little darlings, "caught" in this un-Christian, most immoral behavior, has become the clean, vitalizing, permissible normality in the intimate life of the sexes.[8]

[8] It is of no little importance that Dr. Robie, typical orthodox Christian and moralizing elder, summoned the rare courage (in a

For those endowed with sufficient intellectual curiosity and emotional vitality to enjoy all the available knowledge and speculative insight which life and the newer sexual psychology are presenting for our sane instruction, a contemporary tendency that might be termed sublimated homosexuality will be intriguing.

Laughing paradox abounds. Just as human nature—thanks in large part to experimental science invading the intimacies, and Freudianism providing reason and rationalization for the love-life, sex seemingly free and at ease in a congenial naturalistic environment—was ridding itself of the incubus of neurotic anxiety, behold a paradox! Let me quote a competent student of anthropology in clarification of this strange paradox.

Dr. Edward Sapir in his thoughtful and inspiring article, *The Discipline of Sex*,[9] writes: "A further consequence of an uncritical doctrine of sex freedom is the lack of true psychological intimacy between lovers and between husband and wife. Abstract freedom is poor soil for the growth of love. It leads to an unacknowledged suspicion and watchfulness and never-satisfied longing, which in the end kill off the finer and the more sublimated forms of passion. The modern man seeks to save the situation by analyzing sex attachment into the fulfillment of sex desire plus such intimacy as constant companionship can give.

"This is, of course, totally false psychologically. It is merely a feeble synthesis of dissociated elements arrived at by an inadequate analysis. The easy physical acces-

sterilized New England milieu) to write and in conferences to communicate permissible erotic technique running the whole gamut of the "perversions". In all tender lovers there is a certain wild abnormal innocence.

[9] *The American Mercury*, April, 1929.

sibility of the sexes to each other at an early age, the growth of a spurious 'pal' spirit between them, with sex itself thrown in as a bribe or as a reward—all this, so far from bringing the sexes together in a finer intimacy, has exactly the opposite effect—of leaving them essentially strangers to each other, for they early learn just enough to put a more intuitive seeking and longing stupidly to sleep. Is it a wonder that the sexes unconsciously hate each other today with an altogether new and baffling virulence?

"In extreme cases—one dreads to acknowledge how frequent these extreme cases are becoming—the constantly dampened, because never really encouraged, passion between the sexes leads to compensation in the form of homosexuality, which, if we are reliably informed, is definitely on the increase in America. This surely is a strange point of arrival for a gospel of delivery from repression, but it is a perfectly explicable one. Love having been squeezed out of sex, it revenges itself by assuming unnatural forms. The cult of the 'naturalness' of homosexuality fools no one but those who need a rationalization of their personal sex problems."

I do not agree with the rather hostile judgment of Dr. Sapir to the effect that "the sexes unconsciously hate each other to-day with an altogether new and baffling virulence." To a sympathetic interpreter of the contemporary luminous chaos in sex and morals it is translucently evident that the sexes both consciously and subconsciously like—almost love—one another with an altogether new and baffling virility.

But I do agree that a certain tragic intensity of desire and affection may undergo a dulling and muting with the consequence that love, sexual love, may become too

informal and friendly and all too human. There is deep psychological insight in the perception of a thinning out of erotic eagerness when comradeliness and palship achieve a wide dominion over the sexual scene.

I should like to suggest a very special possibility which I am alluding to as sublimated homosexuality. The unwonted chummy accessibility of the modern girl, the informal athletic approximation of the sexes, the boyishness of girls, the masculinizing of women, the effeminizing of men, the slipshod wise approach to fundamentals, the white candor of speech (that not so long ago was fit subject matter for a clinic—or barroom), the informal intermingling of the sexes in the office, the factory, the obscene subway, the coeducational institution, the equal availability to the sexes of erotic and erratic and neurotic and psychotic literature—these ultra-modern habits and attitudes and contexts tend to geld sexual intensity: the sexes are too casually and chummily in contact to feel impulse profoundly. The relation of the sexes tends to become quite literally skin deep.

Except for a few minor humorous differences of an anatomical nature, the sexes are undergoing a transformation—I was almost going to say a transmigration—in the direction of a neutral norm. Factual knowledge and smart sophistication and illimitable friendliness bring their own deep human and emotional compensations, but they simultaneously exact an enormous penalty: the elimination of surprise and shy, keen expectancy and imaginative surmise. Knowledge, fortunately *and* unfortunately, destroys magic. How lovely can love remain if it becomes a simple laboratory study of glandular reactions?

With an equal reductive knowledge of sex as it func-

tions in reality, with experimental playful opportunities for contactual chumminess and nibbling, with conversational stimulation draining the profounder impulses of their utter intensity, with an increase of experience, original and vicarious, along the open road of informal good-fellowship, what astonishments or imagination-intriguing expectations can men and women bring to each other in love and marriage?

Since under the reductive scientific regimen the normal intensities of dream and desire and passional eagerness are frittered away in observations and curiosities and tentative experiences that are far removed from profundity or heart's appeasement, why is it a thing to be wondered at that the sincerer experiences of love in marriage shall require an added dimension of stimulation for the adequate fulfillment of sex biologically and lyrically?

Why is it surprising, then, that so-called abnormality and playful perversion shall play an increasingly important rôle in the erotic life?

Not only does the experimental mood of modernity invite the dark fascinating possibilities of perversion and pathology, but the introduction of a pagan pre-marital sexual expressiveness compels—in the absence of the stabilizing goal of reproduction—a rhythm of desire and fulfillment that clashes violently with our hypothetical conception of normality.

I do not wish to commit the unpardonable blunder of communicating too much wisdom to a mankind that feels at home only among pretences and platitudes and concealments and evasions. But the fact grows daily transparently clearer that sexual practices among the most moral and normal men and women take on the character of "pathology" and "perversion."

Since we are on the subject of masturbation, it is greatly worth our while to examine into its psychology with a view to discovering its inner inadequacy. I shall offer a rather original interpretation that strikes me as enormously relevant.

Sexual satisfaction is intimately bound up with the triumph of the ego. If a lack of sexual satisfaction as, for example, in the sex act imperfectly performed, did not invariably drag with it a wretched personal sense of ego-frustration, human beings would not suffer as keenly as we know they do when their sex life is out of gear. We need not deny the organic disquietude that provokes the mood of physical wretchedness when sex desire is for some reason or other outraged or rebuffed. The great point is that experiments in sexing that produce upon the participants the feeling of inadequacy reveal how intimately the ego component is implicated in erotic activity.

If masturbation always produces a residual sense of dissatisfaction, a sneak feeling of humiliation often mounting to the heights of red guilt, I suggest that the real reason for this unhappy state of mind is the practitioner's true knowledge of the shabby egocentric accomplishment involved in so self-limited an experience as "self-abuse."

Speaking psychologically rather than morally, masturbation is painfully enough, an abuse of self. Certainly! Sex is exhilarating when it yields a sense of triumph, disheartening when it produces a sense of defeat. How rich a mood of triumph can a person experience when his sex activity is so circumscribed as to be limited to himself in some secret and dark and obscure corner where no

happy fellowship is, where love looks into no glad mirrors, but averts its flushed face in shame?

The mood of triumph by its very nature implies something or somebody to impart the sense of triumph, outside of self. Sex is pleasant when it is flavored with social participation. Loving another human being, whether wife or sweetheart or child, expands the ego, thereby inviting the invigorating mood of something significant achieved.

If this be so, we may rest assured that sexual intercourse will know how to triumph exquisitely over simple masturbation, its great youthful rival, by opening out incentives and charms that can flourish only in the relation of two human beings who are magnifying one another's egos by a happy mutual experience.

Perhaps that is why an awakened Younger Generation has decided to sail courageously and candidly into full-fledged sexual love as radiantly superior in humanistic import either to the dwarfing experience of masturbation or the degrading experience of prostitution.

Freedom in love, under auspices of dignity and scientific sagacity, may do two remarkable things to the life of the sexes: it may create wholesome and satisfying modes of sex expression and simultaneously cater to ego-fulfillment by supplying honest opportunities for the mood of triumph. Both masturbation and prostitution, which have ruled the life of youth for so long are evil psychologically because they humiliate the sense of personality, they wound the ego in its most sensitive nucleus.

The great unsolved problem of the sexes is the devising of methods of mating which will make increasingly possible a surviving mood of triumphant satisfaction. To

hold in leash and, finally, utterly to defeat the sick tendency to tragic-self-pity—the ancient accompaniment of love experiences suddenly ending—will of itself be a wonderful achievement in sexual sanity and in poise of personality.

As wise physicians of the soul, let us ask ourselves whether freedom in love, if it succeeds in reducing to an insignificant status the once terrifying facts of masturbation and of prostitution, will not prove itself, for all its as yet undisciplined experimentings, one of the most magnificent triumphs of sanity?

Since this study is intended to touch only the high lights in the theory and practice of psychoanalysis critically reconceived, I shall not dwell too much upon any one point however significant, nor shall I deem it necessary to pursue too rigidly any particular outline of events. The whole fascinating field of analytic knowledge and wisdom is so rich and various as to make difficult an adequate condensation of material such as this presentation purports to be.

A key reality in psychoanalytic thinking is the concept of repression. Many difficulties arise if we too faithfully follow Freud in his discussion of this concept. On the one hand, he postulates an infantile "I" in earliest childhood and simultaneously asserts the birth of repressions that produce after-effects in maturity that constitute the dilemma and disharmony of the psychoneurotic. Freudian psychology insists upon this not too obvious correlation between childhood repressions—of the utmost importance for the proper understanding in adulthood of psychoneurotic malaise—and the existence of an "I" too feeble and immature to do anything about them.

The general concept of repression is plausible and of

the first importance in an analytic history of personality. Let us try to envisage the situation in as simple non-mystifying psychological terms as possible. Precisely because the young child has not yet built up a restrictive code of morals, a system of taboos, it may be assumed to be able to pursue without shame or conscience-pangs a variety of behaviors, a style of life, that must be adjudged by adult ethical standards to be "immoral," "disgusting," "shameful."

The playfully loving interest of the amoral child in its excrementa, body exhibitionism, candid curiosity about the other sex, thumb-sucking as a source of quasi-sensual gratification, auto-erotic habits, an attachment to the mother that is colored with incestuous longing, may all be accepted as reasonably characteristic of the child's Freudian repertoire—even when the parents are puritans.

The parents, being properly shocked by this animal naturalness of their little darlings, perplexed as to what to do with these emphatic evidences of dawning sensuality, turn policemen and frighten the young offender out of his wits with a system of physical and moral threats that come into painful conflict with the untutored innocence of mere natural guilt.

The child is caught in the wretched dilemma of continuing to be its amoral natural self and yet somehow taking over, without comprehending why, the repressive ethics of the elders.

This contradiction and conflict between infantile naturalism and adult coercion registers itself in neurotic-mindedness, the instability of believing one thing and practicing another.

Hence the genesis of the lifelong perturbing problem of good and evil. Evil comes to embody natural behavior

of an impulsive kind, especially as it relates to sexual interests, and good comes to denote a rather unnatural behavior of a reflective kind, particularly as it refers to the denial and inhibition of sexual desires.

This familiar antinomy, dramatizing the conflict between the so-called good and evil natures of man, is translated in the psychoanalytic Book of Knowledge into the neurotic conflict between the "I" and the "It," the "Censor" and "Repression." It seems to me more clarifying as well as more accurate to think of the censor as the power of the moralistic elders to frighten the child into accepting a system of taboos and admonitions which are submitted to as orders from a respected and therefore feared policeman. *The origin of repression lies, not within the child, but outside of him.*

If repression actually takes place, it is in reference to this fear of the elders who have the power to impose painful penalties for any detected infringement of *their* code of morals. The child's personal code of morals being mostly non-existent can hardly be said to be the center of censorship. In short, if we agree that the infantile ego is incapable of commanding taboos and repressions, if we understand that the Freudian repressions of childhood are superimposed, we shall not be guilty of repeating the orthodox doctrine to the effect that *childhood* repressions are the "fons et origo" of adult psychoneurotic involvement.

The child does not repress (that is why the self-conscious and sex-perturbed parents are always on moral edge): it is suppressed by an outside agent. That is why it develops a dual attitude toward experience: the naturalistic and the moralistic. I should go further and assert that it is precisely the *failure* to repress, coupled

with the highly artificial conscience-pangs induced by a troubled obedience to the superimposed code of morals of the meddling elders, that underlies the twisted unhappiness of the typical psychoneurotic.

When we analytically dismember the concept of repression, we observe that it consists of the processes of concealment, evasion, flight from reality, emotional perturbation, linguistic incoherence and inadequacy, shame and fear. Thus, as always happens when we patiently analyze a wholesale concept, we perceive the large complexity of its true content. In terms of a nice psychological analysis, these Freudian repressions that are superimposed upon the natural child by the unnatural parent, are to be broken up still further into the several ingredients just mentioned. What the psychoanalysts call repression turns out upon more minute study to be essentially a problem in evasion and concealment.

What happens to the so-called repressed material? According to orthodox assumption, it slinks into the subbasement of the mind where The Unconscious strangely dwells and there pursues a most wicked underground career among its outcast fellows, indulging periodically in an orgy of incestuous longing, a shameful debauchery that must at all costs escape the watchful eye of the censorious guardian at the gates of consciousness.

This anthropomorphic way of thinking has helped more than any other one thing to subject Freudianism to the sarcastic criticism of those psychologists who, having been—with great pain!—finally weaned from animistic habits of thought, are bent upon proving their maturity by scathing denunciation of such subjectivistic doctrine.

If any experience of the mind had ever been gen-

uinely unconscious, it is simply inconceivable that any technique whatsoever should ever make it conscious, for in that event there would be no living reporter on hand to tell us with reliable authority about the truly unconscious nature of an experience which he for the first time recognized as existent when presented to his consciousness.

If the term unconscious is to have any reputable meaning, it must be understood as referring to behavior that had once achieved a status of significance for the personality as a whole but under awkward limitations: namely, the distorting limitations of shame and fear, evasion and concealment, linguistic inadequacy, self-deluding rationalization. If the process is to be referred to as unconscious, we must understand that unconscious is equivalent to *unacknowledged,* unaccepted, unverbalized, unintegrated.

If we run a curve of acknowledgment and acceptability through all the recoverable experience of an individual, we discover that some of his experiences belong at one end of the curve as possessing a minimum amount of recognition, while others of his experiences belong at the upper end of the curve where recognition mounts high. The curve of consciousness never runs down to a point where it is possible to say with perfect accuracy that there is complete unconsciousness; nor does it ever run up to a point where anyone can speak of the existence of perfect realization.

Viewed in this light, we look upon the Freudian Unconscious as a dramatic term for a series of experiences that never had been clearly acknowledged by the person as acceptably his in the sense of frankly admitting their

status—of shame or fear with their accompanying pains and humiliations—and of comprehending them critically.

Consciousness is a study in critical-mindedness. The Freudian Unconscious is primarily a study in flight from critical-mindedness. Hence the Freudian therapeutic emphasis on: Know Thyself. Consciously know thy Unconscious! [10]

[10] This theme will be elaborated in a subsequent volume, discussing in more analytic detail the various significant problems in Psychoanalysis.

THE MAID'S THOUGHT

Why listen, even the water is sobbing for something.
The west wind is dead, the waves
Forget to hate the cliff, in the upland canyons
Whole hillsides burst aglow
With golden broom. Dear how it rained last month,
And every pool was rimmed
With sulphury pollen dust of the wakening pines.
Now tall and slender suddenly
The stalks of purple iris blaze by the brooks,
The penciled ones on the hill;
This deerweed shivers with gold, the white globe-tulips
Blow out their silky bubbles,
But in the next glen bronze-bells nod, the does
Scalded by some hot longing
Can hardly set their pointed hoofs to expect
Love but they crush a flower;
Shells pair on the rock, birds mate, the moths fly double
O it is time for us now
Mouth kindling mouth to entangle our maiden bodies
To make that burning flower.

—Robinson Jeffers

III

SEX IN THE NEW SOCIETY

Is THERE any word that stirs spontaneously more hope in the hopeless mind of man than the beautiful word *freedom?* And yet, one need not be cynical and trivial-hearted to ask: O freedom, where is thy liberty?

What ails freedom? Its ancient fetters.

There are lovers of freedom and lovers of freedom.

The philosophic error on the part of all those who obstreperously champion freedom is their weird assumption that freedom is a thing in itself, a disembodied joy, a radiant reality defying the Newtonian laws. Freedom is misconceived as somehow divorced from human nature, human nature that drags in its train of inevitable sequences habits and values and reactions and memory deposits and emotional conditionings that obstruct most triumphantly the march of freedom towards liberty.

Do not the champions of liberty more abundant assume, without further ado, that freedom inherently and automatically engenders fineness of behavior?

But in historic and fiercely predeterministic reality, do we not observe that freedom is linked to a human nature that has had a million years of experience as a cruel animal, a dirty beast, a sadistic hunter, a vicious warrior, a shameless robber, a merciless exploiter, a cunning flatterer and liar and four-flusher and charlatan?

Man is a savage bent on canceling humor from the world by encasing his hairy self in evening clothes and

learning to manipulate language (the etiquette that makes villainy plausible), a queer child full of tyranny and tantrums and egotism and provincialism.

Man is a creature properly called Homo Apiens, who only the day before yesterday, possibly a day before that, was known as Pithecanthropus Erectus, a simian simpleton, who has suddenly been persuaded by a few exquisite-minded men and women, saintly variants, wonderful mutations, beautiful mistakes on the part of evolution, to practice an unrestrained freedom, an uninhibited *laissez faire,* to go forth and do with life what the impulse of the moment surreptitiously invites.

Impulse is the most beautiful force in human nature—when it is. It is the most evil force in human nature the rest of the time.

Why are we under a necessity to plead so eloquently for freedom's wider sovereignty if it be not because the life of man is the endless narrative of his neurotic bondage to idols, mostly false, the most misleading of his idols being self-love?

Freedom is inextricably interwoven in a crude historic setting. Freedom nestles in a human context. Freedom is falsely conceived as a mere lovable abstraction. The contexts of the concept of freedom are exactly as varied and numerous as the kind of mind and personality that gives birth to them.

Language tends to be misleading. It conceals the vital differences that truly distinguish human personalities all of whom may be constrained to use the identical linguistic symbols for their heart's desires.

If we survey such a varied list as the accompanying one, we gather a pretty sprightly notion of the dynamic and elastic quality of freedom and are better prepared to

understand how unlike one another in personality and human philosophy freedom-lovers can be. Our exemplary and somewhat queer list of champions of freedom includes such interesting names as these: Mary Wollstonecraft, George Eliot, Hendrik Ibsen, Grete Meisel-Hess, Ellen Key, Havelock Ellis, Edward Carpenter, Emma Goldman, H. L. Mencken, Margaret Sanger, Kropotkin, Dora Russell, Dr. Freud, Dr. William J. Robinson, J. William Lloyd, Clement Wood, Crystal Eastman, Robert Briffault, C. E. M. Joad, Bernard Shaw, Charlotte P. Gilman, Dr. W. F. Robie, H. G. Wells, Mary Ware Dennett, Floyd Dell, Freda Kirchwey, Maxwell Bodenheim, Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Trace the zig-zag curve of freedom from Mary Wollstonecraft to Dora Russell and you will get a startling sense of the significant differences between concepts of freedom as pronounced by one temperament and another.

The danger inherent in the advocacy of freedom, as in every other unfettered idealistic allegiance, is the old bad habit of making a fetich of it.

At this point it might be worth our while to pause to consider a number of challenging questions that run their dark roots deep into the tangible earth of contemporary reality. For example:

Shall we oppose freedom because it is subject to abuse?

What type of mind still needs to think of sex as sinful?

Why does the moral mind shun experience?

Is passion less honorable than love?

What sex behavior shall we sanction during adolescence?

How shall we dignify sexual intercourse except it be by honoring it as pure?

What shall we do with the disconcerting discovery that women want to be as sexual as men?

How shall we resolve the deep contradiction between man's conception of woman as female and his mystic evaluation of her as female *plus?*

If the choice realistically lies between marriage, mitigated by prostitution, on the one hand, and freedom in love, on the other hand, which is the more civilized acceptance?

If traditional marriage is psychologically bankrupt, can we create a more lyrical type of marriage?

Suppose an absolutely perfect contraceptive were soon to be available: what, most likely, would be the effect on sex behavior and Christian morals?

Underlying these questions and their experimental answers is the never-to-be-solved problem of freedom. We are up against a painful fact, discouraging to those who want to believe profoundly in wide stretches of freedom in the personal life: that painful fact is the crude and brutish history of freedom in actuality, especially as practiced in the vital field of economics.

Laissez faire tells a gruesome story of man's abuse of a theory of behavior very inspiring, as originally conceived, outrageous in reality.

Man's experience on earth is the narrative of botched behavior, unimaginative, loveless, cruelly competitive, animalish in instinctive blindness and ruthless self-assertion. Exploitation: parasitism: cunning; irresponsibility: insincerity: acceptance of the superior-inferior relation: rationalization of his dirty and dishonest con-

duct by actually propounding the compassionless ethic of—Getting something for nothing.

Man has used his fund of anarchic energy not for the beautifying of life or the happy building of congenial fellowship, but wickedly and blindly for the exploitation and cunning aggrandizement of everything material and spiritual in sight.

If the innocent libertarian doctrine of *laissez faire* has wrought what must surely be considered an illimitable havoc in the affairs of men, substituting wilfulness for responsibility, egotism for fellowship, cruelty for justice, hate for compassion, how can we too swiftly accept that tempting philosophy of behavior for a field of conduct where the problems of human nature are even more subtle and sensitive and liable to wounds?

The blunt pivotal question is: How will *laissez faire* work out in the sphere of sexual relations?

A Talmudical point that troubles my mind is this: Man's experience of spontaneity and freedom in relation to intimacy has been largely associated with prostitutes, almost never with women whom he honored and loved and married. This psychosexual conditioning has given the average man a set of emotional determinants that predispose him to think of sexual joy in rather a low context of associations.

A very important query in sexual and social hygiene is whether man, for so long conditioned by experience and tradition and barroom jests, to associate the recreational aspect of sex love with vulgarity and silly obscenity, will not proceed quite automatically to transfer his old habits and unclean values to the new erotic relations which a wider freedom, economic and passional, permits, and greatly encourages to-day?

Prostitution has been the form of *laissez faire* congenial to man's emotional nature through the moralistic centuries.

Will not the prostitute psychology and ethic almost inevitably be incorporated in the new experiments in sexual freedom, inasmuch as (O pathetic fact), sexual freedom and fun have not been part of the sacred and humorless and pain-saturated conception of holy matrimony?

Since the history of human behavior is primarily the story of determinisms and compulsions, why should we —who dream beyond the conventional order of reality— accept so hopefully the finer potentials presumed to be resident in personal freedom, particularly as applied to the intimacies?

By means of the social pressures of compulsion, coercion, limited opportunity for fulfilling spontaneous desire, shame and fear, herd mores, punishment, parental responsibility and sobriety:—if it be true that only under these powerful constraining social pressures did men (and women) build up a community of interest and obligation and sympathetic interaction, how can we ignore the historic relevancy of constraining forces in the conduct of men and women?

Can civilization now dispense with all of these social pressures?

We can take heart from our knowledge of the direction of what is civilizing in civilization as being due to the increasing substitution of consent for coercion, in every realm of activity, from the most impersonal to the most personal.

Freedom magically exhilarates us because it widens the boundaries of consent and simultaneously confines

coercion within narrower limits. Freedom is the precious thing it is, abuse or no abuse, because it takes up arms against the tyrant, coercion.

The subtle point for sceptic philosophers of freedom is the perception that civilization can't possibly dispense with rules and regulations and hindering bars to personal *laissez faire* (group life cannot possibly exist purely by anarchistic cement) but, on the other hand, civilization as it evolves toward humanization, can get rid of the more gross and irritating forms of *external* coercion and compulsion and constraint, relying with increasing intelligence and social wisdom upon harmonies of purpose and performance because the groups within society are working out their psychological salvation by means of *internal* bonds and acquiescences that, however seeming-compulsive, wear the aspect of voluntary say-so, of genuine consent.

Freedom is not the wild antithesis of coercion.

We live within a predetermined social situation impinging upon our individual lives none too smoothly, constraint being of the essence of the case, the precarious balance between compulsion and liberty being solved for every special problem, not by naïvely ruling out relevant compulsions, but by ruling in acquiescences and reasonable acceptances of social necessity.

What we have learned to accept as in furtherance of our well-being we do not interpret as unwelcome coercion. Hence the vast amount of acceptable paternalism in the modern world, agreeable coercions, pleasant compulsions, reasonably happy bondage.

We might say that when a man, through ignorant habituation or intelligent acceptance, gets used to liking the state of necessity which hedges him in—by external

or internal compulsion—he does not complain of chains and slavery—even if the cynic philosophic eye keenly notes their vivid dangling presence—but may actually glory in his freedom.

Freedom finally means acceptance, a sense of personal harmony, however motivated. To the critical mind the motivation may be a study in darkest tyranny. Pragmatically, we must be content with the judgment of those who find their chains not too irksome. Freedom cannot mean free will.

That man has developed many external drives toward fair play is true enough. Under certain favoring circumstances, he plays the game almost decently. But his preoccupation with externals has left little energy for the study of human nature or for the discovery and socially harmonious application of internal drives toward harmony and fellowship and civilized decency.

Nothing in man's historic treatment of woman need delight us with any assurance as to his suddenly becoming a fine fellow in his attitude toward her, under egalitarian and emotionally easy-going circumstances. Woman has been, for the greater part, a sexual serf, a human drudge.

The true explanation of woman's chattel-status is by no means only economic, but also psychological and psychosexual. Woman is still—for all her noisy aspirations toward male dominance and exhibitionistic security—in a state of ego and sex stultification, emotionally and psychologically in a state of subordination and servility and inferiority and inadequacy.

Woman is compliantly available, as of old under more coercive and loveless auspices, to the highest bidder and the shrewdest exploiter.

Woman is still a means, a tool, a way of solving a distressing problem in man's life—instead of solving her own profound problems of life and work and love.

Man, for all his rhetorical croaking about woman's rights and freedoms, does not *sincerely* accept woman as an equal, except as she consents to be a good sport and a fellowman and to dance to his music. Even when he honors her freedom, he has little compunction about dishonoring her personality. His most crafty technique for the diminution of her personality is the quasi-comradely exploitation of her sexuality—which he can now rationalize as a simple behavior of perfect equals. The trick works.

In what sense can we honestly say that human nature is equipped for freedom?

What actually do we *know* about human nature?

If we take history as a basis for judgment, we know that life has been a record of torture. The torture has had somethnig to do with intellectual ignorance; emotional insensitivity; the infinite rôle of fear and shame in human behavior; the illimitable sick sway of narcissism and egotism; the sheer congenital imperfection of the nervous system, including most particularly the brain; tainted heredity; a multitude of ailments, physiologic and psychologic; darkness physical and spiritual, throughout the squirming centuries when men and women were under compulsions utterly beyond their control to bow down to the merciless realities of fecundity and poverty and stupidity and cruelty.

The radical economists and the new psychologists are contributing an abundance of penetrating light on the hidden mechanisms of animal and human behavior (and misbehavior) that give critical pause to the mind too

eager to forget in moments of exalted thinking, the unspeakable history of human nature, its incorrigible lack of any talent for living beautifully or deeply.

If we bear in mind, as philosophers of human nature, what human beings have been so desperately incapable of realizing in their lives—though, ironically enough, even ordinary minds are capable of responding to the *rhetoric* of idealism, to the exquisite call of vain deluding hopes, to the hypnotic power of Utopian longings—how delusional it is to believe as some of us so sanguinely do that botched human nature (unless surgically healed) can contrive beautiful or humanistic behavior with an uncensored *laissez faire* in the realm of old romance or in the complex sphere of personal deportment, we shall be on our guard against fetich worship even when the beloved fetich is *freedom.*

We need most urgently a penetrating knowledge of human nature in all its ramifications and of the social milieu in all its settings as a sane scientific check on the exceeding simplicity of our dream-logic.

Does freedom spring from impulse? How dependable or noble is impulse? Does freedom spring from reflection? How much freedom does reflection allow? Shall we understand by love what men in their erotic fevers mean by passion? It becomes pellucidly clear that a widening gulf opes up between passion and love in these nibbling experimental days.

What new disharmonies, troubling the Freudian dreams of the newer psychoanalysts, will arise out of behaviors that rudely shatter the quondam indivisible harmony of passion linked to love and love linked to marriage, sex achieving its sublimation and stabilizing equilibrium in the unrevolting doom called marriage?

That freedom for personal fulfillment is the subtlest and perhaps the sweetest ideal of which human nature will eventually be capable, I do not doubt.

What troubles the ultra-modern mind is the ease with which lovers of perfection, neurotically haunted by ideals that never were on sea or land in the long dark course of human history, forget in their theoretic ecstasy the unutterable complication of life hour by hour, day by day, as human behavior and misbehavior disclose themselves to be, in raw reality.

Man has been an exploiter. Women has been a serf. Out of such a twisted historical context, what can be expected of the sudden unhindered practice of freedom, in the subtle unequal intimacies of sex?

The spiritual evolution—or is it devolution?—of woman's morals is a most intriguing theme.

In its most ethereal phase it was the kind of transcendentalism that worshipped woman as the Mother of God. Under the stress of a practical necessity, since the majority of women found themselves accepting the earthly realities of wifehood and motherhood, this excessively spiritual and subtilized conception of woman was toned down to the plane of humanism, the cult of the Virgin Mary, the adoration of the Madonna and Child, the more humble conception of woman as the Mother of Men.

Only about a century ago or so, with the courageous emancipation proclamation of Mary Wollstonecraft did a theory of woman's rights come to existence that may be called feminism. Personal practice and philosophic rationalization of her behavior made George Eliot our first true feminist. The radical essence of feminism, as conceived by so stern and moralistic a woman as George

Eliot, or by so flexible and unmoralistic a woman as Emma Goldman, is the double-headed assumption that marriage means consent, not coercion, and that love means freedom of choice, without benefit of clergy. From the point of view of one feminist this means free marriage, from the viewpoint of another feminist it means free love. The difference is by no means merely a distinction between tweedledum and tweedledee.

The theory of freedom and flexibility in marriage implies an antecedent respect and reverence for the principles of stability and permanence and loyalty in the relations of men and women. The theory of free love generally quite definitely repudiates marriage as bourgeois and antiquated, unworthy of really civilized men and women, an institutionalized experience fit only for sexual serfs and marital morons, in essence violating the glory presumed to be resident in a liberty utterly free. In the latter conception of freedom the traditional principles of loyalty and stability are rather light-heartedly cast aside as foolish hindrances to self-expression and the reign of personal impulsive happiness. The difference in emphasis is not negligible in reality.

In our freedom-intoxicated age (the compensatory search for fun as a counter-addiction to the drugged routine of mechanistic servility), we witness the interplay of both these vital conceptions of freedom in the love life.

Havelock Ellis accepts the principle of freedom as essentially good, whatever its complicating and disturbing accompaniments in a time of transition. For all that, his most eloquent emphasis is upon freedom as a more perfect architect of beautiful marriages. Whereas, Mrs. Dora Russell half-heartedly accepts marriage as a sort

of compulsory concession to a far from blessed interregnum of morality for the sake of the children, to be halted so soon as the situation permits, in behalf of variety and spontaneity and impulse-fulfillment. Her loyalty is rather to freedom as the underminer of marriage, the anarchic creator of love more abundant in recurrent episodes of sexual felicity.

Feminism as a doctrine of a woman's right (and spiritual duty?) to be primarily a sweetheart, and only incidentally a wife and a mother, finally by swift degrees, slides into sexualism.

Under the inspiration of sexualism, the young feminists —and some not so young—with increasing brazen good humor, ridicule the sacredness of marriage, the category of husband—and wife!—celebrate erotic companionship as the only really worth-while relation between men and women in a world in which economic independence for woman, political equality, biological enlightenment, psychoanalytic insight, and contraceptive wisdom are part of the realistic education of sex-conscious young women, whether flappers or virgins.

This fairly smooth downward curve from transcendentalism through humanism and feminism to sexualism represents rather graphically what might be neoscripturally called The Fall of Woman.

Whether this fall is to be thought of as genuinely traumatic in its effect upon the female of the species must be left to the expert opinions of the organic neurologist and the functional psychiatrist.

We may state as a lucid fact that woman has made a fairly speedy descent, as a sexless angel in the skies, down, down, to the coarse and inesthetic earth, as a most sexy flapper. And so habituated are we becoming to the

fascinating sight and fragrant omnipresence of this new species (a biological sport), her hectic jazzy freedom becomes increasingly a fairly sober way of living in an age like ours.

This sexual revolution is revolutionary precisely because we cannot yet accept—we may never be able to accept—woman as sex, when our oldest attitudes have been saturated with an emotional and spiritual evaluation of woman as sex *plus*.

The sex *plus* has been memorably embodied in the intricate conception of woman as the Mother of Men, not primarily as the Sweetheart of Men.

Indeed, man committed the unhappy exclusion of woman from the sacred category of mother if she showed any special gifts in the direction of sweethearting. Out of this dark cleavage of fundamental loyalties to life and love came that unclean conflict between the male's rhetorical acceptance of the mother and the wife as too good for sex, and his realistic acceptance of the sweetheart and the prostitute as not good enough for marriage.

What are likely to be the neurotic and disintegrating by-products of an ethic that stands ancient values on their head and enthrones the sexual female (the sweetheart and the whore) as man's true object of attention in lieu of the human female (the mother and wife?)

The distinguished anthropologist, Robert Briffault, raises this question in a very interesting form when he writes: "I particularly beat time to what you say on the dualism of tendencies in modern woman. But that is precisely the point which most perturbs me—I see that dualism, that antinomy, not only in woman's mind, but in the whole situation created by her emancipation, and, to be quite frank, do not see clearly a wholly satisfactory

issue. The advanced women here are overtly and undisguisedly heading for promiscuity pure and simple, and are quite logical about it, so logical that they are bound to prevail. What then is to become of the human male's biologico-cultural complex which persists in seeing in every woman not only the female, but the surrogate of the mother?

"Investigate and educate, that is the only therapeutical indication visible, but above all educate the women to see that it ultimately rests with them to solve the antinomy and to reconcile emancipation with that spiritual motherhood which is no less (? more) a psychological fact that physiological motherhood."

Woman becomes, under the reign of scientific candor and sexual experimentalism, a literally shameless female, making unabashed bids (in and out of marriage) for erotic adoration and pelvic experience. This new behavior on the part of the reputable women of the race had always, until the invasion of the sexual revolution, been the special mode of appeal only of the clandestine mistress, the free courtesan, the outcast whore, the street-walking prostitute: the "bad" woman par excellence. In short, the woman who was thought to be erotically and socially disqualified for wifehood and motherhood.

There is a notion among nice people that promiscuity is good enough for savages, but beneath the dignity of civilized folk.

There is no reliable evidence of an ethnological nature for this self-deluding superstition.

Life is inherently undifferentiated, unselective, promiscuous. Part of the problem of man in society (an engineering rather than a moral problem) is the creation of criteria, moral, esthetic, social, by the disciplining per-

suasion of which males and females, under the hypnosis of social suggestion, will consent to aspire to be men and women behaving thus and so for the greater honor and prestige of the special clan—or tribe or sect or coterie—to which they most accidentally belong.

Promiscuity is natural enough. Promiscuity manifests itself within a given range from extreme looseness to comparative sobriety. There is a decent promiscuity as well as an indecent varietism. We might even speak of civilized promiscuity and mean pluralism in behavior under dignified and esthetically enriching auspices.

If we are not under the silly dominance of static moralistic categories, if we do not take seriously the melodramatic antitheses so dear to visionless conventional minds, we know very well that behaviors are not mutually exclusive, but rather overlapping, so that a curve of distribution of human deportment will show a subtly ranging series of gradually differing reactions, each one in close affinity with its neighbors, no behavior being unrecognizably different from the others in the plotted distribution.

A pure woman must not be understood to indicate a Darwinian origin of species. Nor must a pure man be interpreted as a startling mutation in line with the discoveries of De Vries. A psychiatric survey of the behavior, real and fantastical, of the most innocent boy or girl, will make us aware of desires and gropings and experimentings that make the concept of innocence naïve and disingenuous.

In the most conventional and censorious society, by pretense and moral make-believe Puritanic to the fingertips, we discover a rather wide permissibility in relation to such delicately intimate matters as engagements,

friendships, ceremonially camouflaged flirtation, little secret indulgences somewhat sexual in coloration: of course! Nature will have its obscene triumphs even among Puritans. Fortunately so.

If this were the relevant place to do so, I could supply a few lucid clinical histories of typically moral men and women to help set at rest whatever grotesque delusions many evasive minds still cherish in relation to the presumed deep difference between monogamy and promiscuity.

There is a surprising capacity even in the most ordinary minds for compensatory reverie.

The erotic fulfillments we cannot find in reality or cannot aggressively look for in life become part of a guilty-innocent attitude that pieces out the sexual imperfection of our intimacies under moral-monogamic dominance and permits an amount of sensual dreaming and orgiastic desiring that are by now quite familiar to the sexologist and the psychoanalyst.

Nature is not moral. If man aspires to be, he comes into fierce conflict with natural forces that his constraining pretenses and moralistic poses dare not outrage without very drastic consequences in the sequel—to both Nature and Man. This desire on the part of pretense-haunted men and women to *overcorrect Nature* is for the greater part a work of folly and futility, a sad instance of love's labor's lost.

Those who speak with a certain theological dogmatism [1] (sometimes also called Christian ethics, the ethical culture attitude, the civilized way of life, and other picturesque mythological epithets) about morality and purity and monogamy, seem to have a very in-

[1] See Prof. William McDougall's *Character and the Conduct of Life.*

adequate notion of the nature of the sex impulse, especially in childhood, and of the possible outlets for that undifferentiated eagerness to experience life tumescently which the Freudians generalize under the concept of the libido.

There are the following outlets for erotic eagerness: autoerotism, homosexuality, sublimation, asceticism, art, pathology (psychoneurotic or psychotic), criminality, incest (conscious or unconscious), oral and anal fixations, "pollutions," voyeurism and exhibitionism, athleticism, nudity, religion.

To mention so varied and complete a list of outlets for the libido is to indicate the complexity of the theme, the irrepressible nature of libidinous desire, the subtle ways at the disposal of the perturbed human organism for the relief of tensions and drives beyond simple biological endurance.

To speak of such static and inflexible concepts as innocence and purity, and virtue and chastity, and morality and self-control, and monogamy and decency and "being good" is to speak a language that is no longer either meaningful or truthful even in the nursery, let alone in the post-graduate departments of life.

Promiscuity is in the nature of things the fundamental reality.

The only important problem for civilized minds is the discovery of educational and social and artistic and recreational forms of behavior that shall assist the polymorphous-perverse erotic nature to express itself with ease and dignified naturalness from the cradle to the grave.

It is not monogamy that is really important, but the harmony of the sexes, internal and external, possible of

attainment only in a society that cares infinitely less for categories (i.e., stereotyped superstitions) than for human beings.

Let us not be troubled by terms, however ancient their status. Let us simply think of human beings as worthy of psychiatric tolerance and social love. Such an attitude is sane and healing. No other attitude is equally so.

In an age like ours of luminous chaos, natural impulse lasciviously in charge of human affairs, sexual love keenly rivaling marital love, bodies shedding restraints: the strait-jacketing limitations of an unsympathetic and cruel-hearted competitive civilization, we who perceive not only the promise but the peril of the sexual revolution must repose our faith in the stabilizing influence among boys and girls of esthetic selectivity, biologic pride, social idealism, the poetry of sex, honor born of fellowship and compassion.

Fear can no longer terrify our dreaming hearts. Love triumphs radiantly in the modern mind. Why should we, as reminiscent Puritans wooing shame and dwarfish experience, bemoan this modern miracle? [2]

"The peak of a man's sexual activity is reached about the age of twenty-eight or twenty-nine. If marriage is

[2] "The longer I live the more I realise the immense importance for the individual of the development, through the play-function, of erotic personality, and for human society of the acquirement of the art of love. At the same time I am ever more astonished at the rarity of erotic personality and the ignorance of the art of love even among those men and women, experienced in the exercise of procreation, in whom we might most confidently expect to find such development and such art. At times one feels hopeless at the thought that civilisation in this supremely intimate field of life has yet achieved so little. For until it is generally possible to acquire erotic personality and to master the art of loving, the development of the individual man or woman is marred, the acquirement of human happiness and harmony remains impossible." HAVELOCK ELLIS in *Little Essays of Love and Virtue.*

delayed on account of financial considerations, the man may, and probably will, suffer through his association with undesirable women. I prefer the scheme of early marriage with contraceptive practice. I do not expect a man frequently to be with a woman he adores and yet not desire her body, or she his. I do not expect them to practice such self-control that intercourse does not occur. I would not wish them to do so. I maintain that it is a matter of urgent importance to the State and to its homes that methods of contraception that are reliable and unoffending shall quickly be devised. I do not think that it is reasonable to demand that every man shall remain continent until he can afford to have, and wishes to beget, a child, or that every woman shall dedicate the whole of her sex-life to procreation. He who holds a Bible in his hands is exalted no doubt, but the stimulus is not that which radiates from a beloved woman in one's arms. Until exhibitionism and voyeurism have been extirpated from the human female and male, so long will body call to body. The love of the senses is as wonderful and as beautiful as lovers make it; it need not be, or remain, beastly."*

Any attempt, under the bullying authority of theology or conventional morality or Puritan estheticism, to give a special status to any part of the human body must be looked upon as childish and vulgar, since the very essence of obscenity, psychoanalytically and spiritually, is this never-ending sick-obsessive absorption in a veiled zone of the human anatomy in behalf of some ultimate conception of decency and good form.

*From an essay by the English scientist, Prof. Crew, in *Some More Medical Views on Birth Control,* a symposium edited by Dr. Norman Haire.

The only decency and good form we shall learn to honor will be the happy and simple-hearted acceptance of the body in its living wholeness as good in every part. The partitive habit of mind is the quintessence of those distortions that miserably underlie prudery and bashfulness and vulgarity.

Nudity is the cleanest and sanest and sweetest of all possible conceptions of the human body.

The psychological beauty of nudity lies in that balanced distribution of attention and absorption which subtly produces an esthetic sense of symmetry and balanced loveliness: the diseased overconcentration of the visible eyes on some invisible part of the body is healed in a ventilated and candid observation of bodies in all their unconcealed natural integrity: works of art, however imperfect, worthy of love, even of adoration.

There is in nudity a liberation of exhilarated feeling and esthetic exquisiteness that promise profounder therapeutic resolutions of tension than we are yet aware of.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

—William Shakespeare

IV

THE FALL OF WOMAN

"I tried to give expression to what I believe to be a great truth, and one on which I should not fear to challenge the verdict of long future generations—that the direction in which the endeavor of woman to readjust herself to the new conditions of life is leading today is not towards a greater sexual laxity or promiscuity or an increased self-indulgence, but toward a higher appreciation of the sacredness of all sex relations, and a clearer perception of the sex relation between man and woman as the basis of human society, on whose integrity, beauty, and healthfulness depend the health and beauty of human life, as a whole. Above all, that it will lead to a closer, more permanent, more emotionally and intellectually complete relation between the individual man and woman."—Olive Schreiner, *in Woman and Labour* (Edition of 1911).

Woman's "masculine protest" is a bid for fair play.

Interestingly enough, since her experience in relation to personal freedom, assertively in contact with the opportunities of life for loose natural deportment, have been until recently mostly non-existent, woman, in the hectic attempt to prove herself a full-fledged person, endowed with a real ego, has not known how to manifest her "masculine protest" except by copying man's freer behaviors, picturesquely called vices.

An illuminating little exercise in the new psychology would be to list man's vices (special privileges self-conferred and with moral fervor withheld from woman)

and then to note—such a parallelism is not without its ludicrous pathos—the utter absence in modern woman of emotional individuality, of intellectual originality, of genuine resources sprung from her own unique needs and desires.

Woman's new freedom is a rather smudgy carbon copy of man's petty, grand, and glorious "vices": to wit, smoking: drinking: playing cards: crossing legs: dressing unconventionally: committing adultery: consorting with prostitutes: begetting illegitimate children: neglecting parental duties: flirting: playing with fire: being promiscuous: *sowing wild oats.*

The triumph of prostitute technique among the *reputable* women of the race is the most revolutionary event in the history of human behavior.

The freedom to be our natural selves—our great modern ideal—is precisely what slavery is, *in reality.* At the instinct and impulse levels of conduct, where there is little conscious guidance or control or insight, behavior tends to be automatic, compulsive, "self"-sufficient: a fraction of human nature functioning as a totality and dominating the personality obsessively.

As a consequence of this quite new pelvic dominance—to the subordination of the human nature and personality factors—in the behavior of reputable females, we witness the origin of a new species: *the fractional female.* In the history of the race, only the prostitute (or a kindred variant) was deemed "low" enough for this servile status. Wife or whore: that "choice" troubles the psyche of modern woman (free and the equal of man—who dare deny it?) more pervasively and hauntingly than ever before on earth. What a problem for the "mother-component" in human nature!

Woman is trying an experiment that must end in disaster: she acts the part of courtesan and is disappointed when man will not accept her as true mate. She yearns for the consolatory and protective status of wife, but, exhibitionist that she is,—under the new morality's uncensored incitations—plays her rôle as light-hearted mistress. She hasn't enough cerebral integrity to realize that while woman is so easily accessible, man cannot *value* her highly. The market being glutted with femaleness, any fool (gender, male) can "buy cheap" . . . "Gresham's Law" applies in sexual as in commercial transactions.

Woman lacks self-respect, for the transparent reason that she has no self to respect. Sexually she is content to be a serf—especially if she can speak with masculine braggartism of her freedom: Pathos of emancipation.

If woman continues to depend upon man's adoration of her (sexuality!) for happiness, she will never rise beyond the humiliating status—and stature—of serf, dupe, parasite, victim of the exploitative tendency in man's nature. Her true emancipation (from sexual servility: free or fettered, is the difference so great in reality?), her genuine salvation resides in a threefold dedication: to the larger aspects of life as human fulfillment: to motherhood—the profoundest source of self-development and self-respect; to ego-adequacy as the way of growth for her unique capacities; and incidentally (not trivially!) to narcissistic pursuit of male adoration. If she depends upon man alone, she woos tragedy —in the sobering sequel.

Modern woman's "magna charta" was written by her ancient lovable enemy, man. The quintessence of her bill-of-rights is her new-found male prerogative of sowing wild oats. Under male debauched inspiration, modern

emancipated woman has extended the bounds of feminism. Perhaps it may be said that woman in monkeying with sex is merely aping man. (Evolution's coming of age!)

What we dare not overlook, if we are to get our bearings in the perilous seas of modern experimentalism, is the venerable historic fact of the existence of a very special class of women, considered disreputable and quite unwholesome, who were set apart, physically and metaphysically, from the respectable and cautious sisterhood of wives and mothers, to cater in blind alleys and sometimes in red light districts, to these proverbial male vices and weaknesses, so-called with an unshakeable conviction of truth and righteousness, by both the decent men and the virtuous women of the Christian persuasion.

Where are the Christian morals of yesteryear?

A compromise had been reached between obstreperous instinct and becalming ideal which half-grudgingly permitted man a special low status in certain crises of uncontrollable maleness, and for the rest, he was expected to be a gentleman, an honorable father, a devoted husband, a contented eunuch.

Man, conceived by moralistic consensus to be the kind of beast who could not control himself in recurrent crises of passion, was secretly and sometimes openly permitted the prostitute indulgence of his irremediable low desires. Hence the strange existence of Temple Prostitution, lending a kind of religious sanctity to the tabooed passions of men.

What strikes the critic mind as rather ironical is the realization that woman's new freedom consists in the eager acceptance and exploitation of the rights and privileges and low indulgences belonging historically to man

seeking disreputable bliss in the unclean arms of prostitute types.

My intelligent guess is that the contemporary revolution in sex and morals is really revolutionary.

If our awakened minds seek further graphic proofs of the topsy-turveydom we must as historians appropriately call the sexual revolution, we might draw a lyrical parallel between the visible and invisible reality called prostitutes, vintage of 1914, and the equally appealing reality called virgins, vintage of 1929. If we compare these twain (or twins) in the following particulars, we can no longer remain innocently ignorant of the qualitative change in the very substance of human life within the unbelievably short period of fifteen years. Let us try comparing virgins, vintage of 1929, with prostitutes, vintage of 1914, in relation to these vital attributes and behaviors: dress: make-up: language: casual sexing: ethics: drink: exhibitionism: fondling: perversion: sex fixation: the cult of the body: the glorification of passion: contempt for marriage and motherhood.

Those who think of prostitution as altogether a cash-nexus affair, envisage a vast phenomenon too naïvely. Admitting that the commercial aspect of prostitution is its most nauseating side, setting off that bought-and-paid-for parenthetical behavior, generally without the refreshing accompaniment of ceremonial make-believe, we cannot content ourselves with an economic interpretation of a relation that is so human and psychosexual in its innermost context. There has been an overstress on the commercial side of prostitution-behavior as if that were the only vital point of differentiation from the more honorable and free-hearted and therefore acceptable forms of sex love.

The prostitute is usually thought of as the woman who accepts money *directly* for her favors. Is this, in all honesty, a profound characterization of prostitute deportment? I think not.

There is a psychology of prostitution that is just as important for our true understanding of human nature as is the endlessly repeated inadequate description of prostitute behavior as an economic and commercial reality.

I emphasize this point because I am interested in showing how deeply infected innocent and virtuous and respectable conduct (so called for many centuries by the moral and spiritual guardians of the race) has become in the short course of our own young lives.

The technique, the exhibitionism, the "sans souci" attitude of our light-minded and not too deep-hearted flapperish females, the brazen bids for sexual attention, and, most impressive of all, the surprisingly successful ousting of the commercialized prostitute from her status of dominance in the lives of young men, are all living evidences of a psychosexual and human transformation in habits and values that have made the sexual revolution perhaps the most original and quite unexpected phenomenon in the history of modern civilization.

Passion's Coming of Age is a good title to remember this novel phenomenon by.

The birth—possibly, the rebirth—of sex *consciousness* in woman, an inevitable by-product of the sudden withdrawal of her libidinous energy from a lifelong dedication to, and fixation upon, wifehood and motherhood and emotion-absorbing fecundity, is the underlying psychoanalytic fact in Passion's Coming of Age.

In the absence of what might be called a normal sub-

limation of female desire in lifelong fecundity, what other alternative was there available as an outlet for this tidal libido except a most intense concentration upon love as sex, sex as passion, passion as sheer stimulation?

Only one other adequate alternative is conceivable: great dedication to social aims and ideals.

If neither family life nor social consecration is persuasively present to channel off the vast reservoirs of erotic energy resident in woman, but one powerful outlet temptingly remains: sex as personal passion, the lascivious triumph of the body. The reign of exhibitionism.

It's as though the individual female, no longer being under extra-egotistic compulsion to give herself to life and society, to racial and human fulfillment, can do nothing but specialize in personal erotic states, in her private body's availability.

Psychoanalytically, it seems correct to say that woman has regressed to an infantile stage of brazenly autoerotic indulgence and exhibitionism.

Out of this colossal change in erotic fulfillment from the stability and sociality and morality of procreation to the instability and egocentricity and "immorality" of recreation springs what we shall have to accept as The New Morality.

Abnormality becomes the new normality.

The new psychology is a study in pathology and perversion.

The central axis of sexual mores has shifted perceptibly. We are living in the midst of the most meaningful and emotionally deranging transvaluation of habits and attitudes in the history of civilized life.

We confront a new world. In that new world certain

novel sexual problems exist challenging our subtlest powers of analysis and comprehension.

How to extract a certain psychiatric sanity and serenity from so much bright chaotic material is the really important problem for the new type of educator.

If we simply accept two bold facts—the inadequacies of traditional marriage and the quite inevitable spread of the theory and practice of experimentalism in intimate behaviors—we are fairly well equipped to understand, sympathetically, why the newer freedom in love and marriage must not only appear to be, but actually be, crude, unbeautiful, raw.

Life, in so deep a crisis of change and readjustment, squirms and tortures its way into novel forms that may, when in a state of happier equilibrium and internal affirmation, prove to be lovely and most acceptable.

The stink in a chemical laboratory is not a very effective argument against the wonder and utility of science.

Love is a strange subtle coalescence of wonder and disgust. The beauty of love is the triumph of adoration over nausea. Mother love illustrates keenly this truth. The newer freedom must go through its birth pangs that are anything but beautiful and delay awhile in disgusting swaddling clothes (which intense compassion and psychiatric affection can accept) until freedom in sex and love creates an individuality of its own, a fine model of spontaneity, infinitely superior to the formularized affections of the pre-experimental days.

Freedom, in the perilous chemical laboratory of life, may disastrously blow up the living universe: we cannot be blind to that anarchic possibility. Freedom may reassort the chemicals of desire and produce such marvels as life has never yet known. Qui vivra, verra.

In the cruder aspects of the new freedom in intimacy, appetite will tend to usurp the spontaneous dominance of hunger: the gourmand will undoubtedly set the pace.

The cheapening mechanistic tendency of the times will get itself embodied in the substitution of quantitative experience (there is no shallower concept than "experience" in the entire range of philosophy) for qualitative selection and beautiful intensity.

The extraverts will dominate the sexual scene. The introverts will suffer exquisitely. But that has been their separate and unequal dooms always. The typical extravert lusts for experience. The typical introvert, fearing his competitive visible inadequacy in real experience, compensates for this vital non-participation by a sensual hankering after the delights of reflection-upon-experience.

The new equations, wrought by erotic experimentalism will be largely invented by fairly unselective and experience-lusting extraverts, polished and perfected by the dreaming introvert who, enamoured of life as intensity and spontaneity, will contribute the philosophic and poetic rationalizations to cloak with charm and subtlety the crude wonderful indecency of the newer sexual behaviors.

The young extraverts of all sexes will come running in the early dawn from their stuffy rooms out into the clean open, their naked bodies still sluggish and unkempt, unbeautiful in their bed-besprinkled sleepiness, all ready for a hectic plunge into the river of life, in their crude immersion revealing no special exquisiteness of body or grace of motion as swimmers in the river of life, a little polluting the fresh dawn of day by their noisy assassination of the day's wonder and beauty, strange fishes in

awkward contortions posturing their glad way through the exhilarating waters of life.

At a comely distance, the shy introvert, looking with a not unhappy envy upon these lusty youths, crude and contactual, libidinous and raucously alive, joyously obscene, at ease in this natural milieu, will ponder many a subtle sweet thought in celebration of the crude beauty of desire, honorable even when dwarfish, a container of magic even when yearning is sordid and inert.

The extraverts will teach the magnificence of sensuality by being natural. The introverts will teach the magnificence of sensuality by being philosophers and poets of nature. . . .

When we survey the weird evolution of taboos, primitive in their potency even among civilized groups, we agree finally with Freud when he says that the unconscious motivation of taboos is the fear of indulging in behavior that humans desire with a most insistent urgency. The very superstitious respect for taboos is itself an emphatic indicator of the resistance underlying.

The ambivalent attitude which the taboo psychologically epitomizes springs from the human desire to behave in certain natural uncensored manners deemed, for sufficient tribal awe-inspiring reasons, wrong, not permissible.

We fear what we desire. The desire being strong, we must fear proportionately for the neutralization of that desire's obsessiveness. The universal taboo on incest is the most brilliant evidence of this ambivalency that roots so deep in the behavior of humans.

The taboos on sex all simmer down to one simple obstructive command: Don't indulge in sex. The radical essence of the new morality—woman having achieved

sexual personality and the prerogatived male status of playful experimental freedom—may be summed up in one sentence: *No more hindering bars to sex contact at all ages.*

The violation of taboos has gone even further. Not only is the new world dedicated to the doctrine of no more hindering bars to sex contact, but the further permissible liberation is enacted of the right to renewal in episodes of sex and love whatever the erotic status of the participants be, premarital, marital, extra-marital.

This civilized (and conceivably, civilizing) promiscuity is the touchy problem at the radiant center of the contemporary scientific revolution in intimate behavior.

To express it all melodramatically: Males and females, old and young, married and unmarried and unmarriageable, honorable and quasi-honorable and dishonorable, have all become mixed up, with a guilty innocence, in an aboriginal protoplasmic mess of desire, as in the darkest dawn of life when the first sperm looked with incest-laden eyes upon the first shameless ovum. *Back to incest!*

The danger (shall we call it that?) is not so much the renascence of an aboriginal primitive naturalness giving birth to incestuous progeny: contraceptive sagacity will take care of that traumatic eventuality; what we audaciously perceive is the growth and increased welcoming of what deserves to be characterized as an incestuous psychology, or, if you will, a psychology of incest.

We need not content ourselves with the findings of the psychoanalysts or with the desperate revelations of the clinical psychopathologists and psychiatric social workers: they know how vividly real is the experience and problem of incest. We can get some lurid light on the new cathartic candor in sexual matters of a pathological

nature by recalling certain contemporary literary tendencies and works, if we prefer our proofs from *belles lettres.*

He who does not perceive the psychopathological texture of the most significant literary works of our time must be gravel-blind, or, better yet, emotionally color-blind.

If we mention plays like *The Captive, Maya, Strange Interlude;* the poetry of Jeffers; the narratives of Joyce, Anderson, Cummings, Calverton, Bodenheim, Lawrence; —if we understand how saturated contemporary thinking and feeling and reading are with psychoanalytic and sexological and surprisingly clinical revelations, we cannot escape the conviction that the subject-matter not long since called abnormal has become quite normal. The triumph, for good and evil, of Impuritanism in literature and life!

Pathology and perversion divide the contemporary obscene between them. Perhaps, we can console our pretence-laden minds with the analytic belief that the very crudity and unabashed naturalism of these newer trends in literature and life argue a painful but necessary transcendence of the infantile make-believe of our natures in the ego's unfoldment toward maturity.

Is there inherent in the experimental mood as applied to sexual behavior a principle of audacity and irresponsibility, of trial-and-error amorality, that makes almost inevitable the playful indulgence in, and gradual habituation to, and final rationalized acceptance of, pathology and perversion?

As psychoanalytically enlightened teachers and parents and philosophizing elders (new style), we must candidly ask, and at least tentatively answer, such insist-

ent queries as these concerning the status of sexual experience in a civilization that becomes more human by becoming more primitive:

At how young an age is sex experience permissible? Desirable? Wise? How free shall the sex relation be in adolescence? In maturity? How frequently shall the sex act take place, among normal men and women? Among neurotics? Whose shall be the responsibility for the outcome and implication of sexual love, especially out of marriage? Can society be indifferent to sexual intimacy on the anarchistic assumption of its privacy? If sex no longer has as its goal reproduction and racial fulfillment, what becomes of morality as traditionally conceived? What shall be the relation between sex episode and human nature in its totality, if sexual experience is not to slide into exceedingly simple animal functioning without illumination or thoughtful loveliness?

The new psychoanalysis may give us an adequate insight into these questions and their human answers. In the meantime, we can think it over, not for the sake of morality, but for the therapeutic salvation of humanity.

A paradox that delights the ironic historian of reality is the apparently deeply contrasted attitudes toward sex of the Puritan and the Impuritan.

Measured by more analytic, and even spiritual tests, the similarity of their fundamental values can hardly escape notice, if our eyes are psychologically keen.

The Puritan reduces sex experience to insignificance by degrading its status to the level of sinful animal indulgence (sin, animalism, and indulgence all being surcharged with shame).

The Impuritan reduces sex experience to insignificance by elevating its status to the level of sinless animal indulgence.

Both agree that sex is a rather incidental most casual intrusive kind of interruption in life's major affairs and hardly worthy of the mind's serious attention. What a revelation of the dwarfish nature of morals even when they pretend to be immorals! What a revelation of the failure of men and women to grow in spiritual stature even when they fool around with freedom and the candors appropriate to civilized sophistication.

In the self-same marriage bed, strangely intertwined, half asleep, you may catch sight of Puritanism and Impuritanism, miserably wedded.

The Puritan says: Don't eat: the food is not appetizing. The Impuritan says: O boy, do have another: the food's swell. Only a mental hygienist will understand that not two persons or two philosophies are speaking, but only one, for both Puritan and Impuritan wonderfully agree that there's nothing to it.

This whole theme of latter-day Impuritanism as a sick reaction to a prurient Puritanism deserves a very considerable attention from psychoanalytic-minded thinkers.

Apparently, the poison of repressive Puritanic morality has seeped into and infected the recent neurotic attempts at liberation and expressiveness. We might cunningly put it this way: the sudden practitioners of freedom are still under the neurotic bondage that makes them, unwittingly, the sexual serfs of the new freedom. What we seek is a modern freedom in order to be slaves to an ancient desire.

In the midst of this neurotic triumph of freedom, we must perceive the central important reality which is:

woman's great acceptance of sex love as in no sense a sinful indulgence but in every sense a wonderful fulfillment.

Now that woman has been so considerably freed from fecundity, and can accept as pleasurable the cult of self-indulgence, the pose and psychology of the narcissist, she continues into her maturity her infantile demands upon life and love, never wearying of her child rôle.

Expressed a little more unceremoniously, women want to be little children, narcissists and exhibitionists at all ages, indulging their precious baby privilege of lifting up their dresses and showing off their bodily beauty. Exhibitionism, both in the sexual and the egocentric manifestations, may be considered the innermost craving of woman's soul, most especially under the liberating auspices of contemporary civilization.

Freud reminds us: "Even the most modest of girls, the one who otherwise avoids the least intimate contact with a man, once her inhibitions are canceled, as in mental disease, endeavors to entice the male by the exposure and the display of her charms." One need not be a philosopher of sex to realize that the behavior of the modern female is rather accurately described in this citation.

Perhaps, it is fairer to quote a distinguished woman, Grete Meisel-Hess, who says in her brilliant book *The Sexual Crisis:* "Dread of the witchery of love is especially characteristic of the male. Man has always been afraid of woman as the temptress, the sorceress, embodying the forces of destruction. He trembles before her for the very reason that she allures. Millions of women have been the prey of adventurers, liars, cheats, and seducers; and yet

woman has never dreaded man generically as the tempter, the destroyer. It is her mystical mission, it would seem, not to fear man, but to deliver herself up to him for life or for death. Whatever the consequences, she must and will be sexually mated. But man trembles, hesitates, takes to flight, when faced by his own desires."

The current exhibitionism among respectable females has gone as far as the custom of the country will permit.[1] It is still a violation of good form to expose the sex organs—except in the spiritually elevating and higher-grade Musical Comedies. By a mechanism of transference known to psychoanalysts as a shift of behavior from "below to above," our exhibitionistic females, incorrigibly infantile emotionally (the better to serve Nature's divine purposes), have carried the painting of the lips and the red adornment of the mouth to a point of advertising attractiveness that is a revealing study in oral eroticism, the visible counterpart of a conventionally concealed sexuality. If nice girls understood the true meaning of their exhibitionism! Nudity were, forsooth, more sane and sweet—and moral. This genitalizing of the lips tells us eloquently what we need to know about woman's natural modesty.

Our lascivious lassies in their Freudian hearts sing blithely:

> Who loves to lie with me
> Under the polymorphous tree,
> Come hither, come hither, come hither! . . .

Our libidinous ladies of the co-educational finishing schools have not in latter years been heard by bard or minstrel to sing:

[1] May we not aver that: Woman's guilt lies in her innocence?

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!

Aldous Huxley, an admittedly keen student of life, in commenting upon the contemporary scene in sex and morals, writes: "I doubt whether the kind of cold promiscuity current in youthful circles to-day is much more satisfactory than the restraints it has replaced. It is as much an expression of the consciousness's hatred for instinct and the body as was puritanism—puritanism inside out. A more fundamental change involving an alteration in our evaluation of consciousness (at present, too high) is required. . . . My own feeling about the present sexual license is that recreative love is apt to be as killing to passion as the most repressive puritanism; in a sense more so, as passion is the product of sexual impulse and some inward repression. When the repression is removed, the impulse wastes itself emptily. I have developed this idea in an article. . . . suggesting that the restraint now acceptable is the restraint arising from a mythology of Personality, in which the myth of the Personality-as-a-whole takes the place of the now incredible myth of an absolute god or good. That is to say, the interests of part of the personality are to be restrained in those of the whole. But in any case the essential thing is the restraint, without which, it sems to me, there can be no passion or love, only a cold lasciviousness."

The greatest discovery of the ages—some meticulous

minds will counter-assert, rediscovery—is the realization that woman wants sex love as men want it, desperately, preferring it, once they have tasted its compensations, to mother love. Woman, now that the choice makes her decision real, positively prefers to be sweeheart and mistress rather than wife and mother.

Of course, under the depressing compulsory regime of fecundity and loveless child-bearing and sexual shame and emotional fatigue and Christian damnation and male cupidinous control of the sexual moment and sterilizing sobriety and the wounding psychology of repression and concealment—woman could not even begin to imagine the existence of sex love, of delight and playfulness and recreational eroticism.

If love, liberated from the bondage of fecundity and fear, is to be more than a simple happy chemistry of casual desire, a reductive experience in animated mechanical stimulation: if love is to be inspiration, harmonious fulfillment of the ego and sex components in human nature in moments of felicity: we cannot dismiss as of slight significance such powerful elements in the enhancement of life's meaning as the *impulse toward* permanence and perfection; sincerity; intensity; dignity; beauty; passion; compassion; responsibility; fellowship; thoughtful freedom; joyous acceptance of life; Love as immeasurably richer than simple desiring.

Because of many forces and invitations to change which we have already sufficiently probed, we moderns have shifted from an excessive responsibility-haunted overvaluation of the relation between man and woman to an extreme irresponsibility-infected relation of the sexes.

Can casualness in the love life create profound sexual

or human values? If it cannot, will human nature be the sufferer thereby? Will love be impoverished and trivialized?

Can men and women, still children at heart, dispense with illusion and idealism, so long conceived to be divinely desirable attributes of sex and love and marriage?

Can human nature continue to undergo a civilizing, which I define as meaning a *humanizing,* development, if the casual sweetheart replaces the more permanent wife and mother types in the experience of the younger generations?

What shall be the new relation between the mother ethic in human behavior and the emerging sexual ethic if the minds of men are to remain whole, psychoanalytically in equilibrium?

What are the finer potentialities of civilized promiscuity? What are its more insidious possibilities? Can men and women, complexly organized as they are physiologically and neurologically, get along harmoniously and sanely if the principle of inhibition itself becomes subject to taboo?

What possibilities for new kinds of servility and ego-humiliation reside in the new freedom? What must be the relation between instinctive desire and reflective realization if civilized men and women are not to convert life into a tortured chaos of emotionalism by a light-hearted, mindless participation in so-called free behavior at the naïve instinctive level of reaction to novel and persuasive stimuli?

Is there, in the paradoxical nature of reality, a genuine contradiction between experience and wisdom? The mass of men want to "live." They do not want to think. Living to them means active behavior, participating in the

turbulent stream of events. Shaw reminded us long ago of the opportunities of the corner policeman to be in the very radiant midst of "life" and of the fact that he does not know anything about life, his chances of becoming a dramatist or a philosopher or a poet being dishearteningly small.

Thinking implies and requires a certain amount of detachment, aloofness, non-participation in experience, detached reflection upon what the participants call life.

Almost without exception, the very great men and women who have for the past hundred years or so recreated the world anew by their libertarian wisdom have been emotionally sober, abstemious rather than sensual, —philosophers of life rather than personal participants in it. Whether we mention Ibsen or Strindberg, Olive Schreiner or Ellen Key, Bernard Shaw or Havelock Ellis, Bertrand Russell, Judge Ben Lindsey, Sigmund Freud or Carl Jung or Alfred Adler, John Stuart Mill, Karl Marx, Nikolai Lenin or Albert Einstein, we are in the presence of men and women whose love of life expressed itself not in the exploitation of emotional opportunities but in the analysis and philosophic redirection of the blind life of instinct and impulse.

Whatever is therapeutically valuable in psychoanalytic technique depends upon the analyst's affectionate detachment from the temptations and ofttimes perturbing possibilities of the analytic relation, a relation that is charged with sex and longing and love. An interesting question really is whether those who would be psychiatrists to life, compassionate friends of humanity, must not somehow content themselves with being maternal-minded rather than sexual-minded.

Life is wounded by passion. Life is healed by compassion. . . .

Because our ultra-modern way of living has shifted its central axis from privacy to sociality, from the self-centered ego to the self-conscious herd; because the social logic of latter-day life, mechanistically determined, subordinates the individual to the mass in every phase of activity; because sex under these socialized conditions can no longer remain private and sentimentally introverted, sick with yearning, wooing tragedy (congenial to the private ego spurning the larger loyalties to life, indifferent to fellowship and cosmic concerns); revolutionary revaluations must and do occur which finally eventuate in a conscious and morally sanctioned subordination of the individual's ancient private instinctive preferences to more public rational acceptances, as, for example, the increasing subordination of motherhood to childlessness, of materntiy to sexuality, of the mother ethic to the mistress ethic, of love to passion, of procreation to recreation, of profound dedications to casual intimacies.

The very rhythm and quality of life have undergone a most drastic change.

If we were speaking as clinicians, acquainted with psychoanalysis and the new sexology, uttering ourselves bluntly and rather accurately, we should simply say that the ultimate incredible result of the scientific revolution invading our most personal lives, has been the repudiation of the primacy of the transcendentals in favor of the primacy of the genitals.

Dr. Iva Lowther Peters, in her extraordinarily enlightening chapters in *Taboo and Genetics,* writes: "In sharp contrast to the woman who conforms to the standards

thus created for her, is the prostitute, who is the product of forces as ancient as those which have shaped the family institution. In the struggle between man's instinctive needs and his mystical ideal of womanhood, there has come about a division of women into two classes—the good and the bad. It is a demarcation as sharp as that involved in the primitive taboos which set woman apart as sacred or unclean. In building up the Madonna concept and requiring the women of his family to approximate this mother-goddess ideal, man made them into beings too spiritual to satisfy his earthly needs. The wife and mother must be pure, as he conceived purity, else she could not be respected. The religious forces which had set up the worship of maternity had condemned the sex relationship and caused a dissociation of two elements of human nature which normally are in complete and intimate harmony. One result of this divorce of two biologically concomitant functions was the institution of prostitution. . . . So long as we have a sex ethics into which are incorporated the taboo concepts, the lady cannot exist without the prostitute. The restrictions which surround the lady guard her from the passions of men. The prostitute has been developed to satisfy masculine needs which it is not permitted the lady to know exist."

Passion's coming of age dramatizes the kind of spontaneous erotic eagerness on the part of reputable women which, throughout the Christian ages in particular, would have been looked upon as appropriate only for women practicing sacred and profane prostitution.

The complete divorce between sex and sin becomes the most significant moral phenomenon of modern life.

The young psychiatric social worker who spoke of a

man of twenty-eight as being "pure," adding "he has not yet experienced sexual intercourse," represents the universal attitude toward purity. A similar attitude obtains in reference to girls. There is one residual bit of good sense in this otherwise preposterous conception of purity: the knowledge that the sexual relation, especially if it is likely to lead to visible consequences and complicated obligations and by-products, is unique and momentous.

From an evolutionary point of view, certainly from a Freudian standpoint, not to mention from the angle of a genetic and behavioristic psychology, the graphic symbolization of purity or innocence or virtue in terms of one specific behavior is scientifically untenable.

In prosaic reality, what the clinician and sexologist and psychoanalyst become aware of is the existence of a quite surprising number of erotic experimentings, colorfully sexual, that deserve to be bundled into the picturesque category of *nibbling*.

This nibbling at sex (a biological and poetical prelude to profounder knowledge and experience) engenders a kind of conventional unconventionality in the permissible behaviors of boys and girls, young men and young women, that sets the limit of decent exploration just perilously close to the threshold of utter sexual intimacy.

Now that we know the omnipresence from infancy up of erotic eagerness and sexual experimenting, it is high time that we revised our static concepts of innocence and purity in the direction of a more flexible and realistic portrait of sexual behavior.

If we serenely bear in mind, without cynical exaggeration or moralistic resistance, that natural desire never sleeps nor rests but seeks ever and anon opportunities for

fresh and exhilarating little experimentings with life in its most vital manifestation, if we understand that all roads lead to sexual intercourse, or, at any rate, to those tentatives toward sexual intimacy that may be characterized as nibbling, we shall know how to view human nature at every age as more or less frankly in quest of love.

Why do we continue to pretend to be shocked when we discover, as recurrently we must, that Nature insists upon being natural?

Sex love takes on a meaning and dignity and potentiality which had been superstitiously confined for infinite decades to marital love.

Marital love had been praised as virtuous because of the unconscious wish that it would allay and finally extinguish sexual love. Sex love was damned because of the unconscious fear that it would rival and oust and finally supplant marital love.

Under the terroristic auspices of Christian morals and ancient degrading taboos, marital love apparently achieved the triumph, compelling sexual love to flee the marriage bed and seek disreputable consolation in the shameful arms of prostitution.

The strange sexual awakening of woman (outside the brothel) is one of our great modern themes. Great essentially because of the complete transvaluation of values it describes. It is marital love that is now most unhappily on the defensive, seeking rather desperately to rescue its threatened stability and challenged superiority by practicing a novel frankness and naturalness that had been deemed proper deportment only for improper females.

Woman, cultivating sexual personality, finds herself shedding the garments of marital inhibition and reserve,

and sweetly learning to enjoy erotic comradeship as a most precious experience, promising a re-discovery of her true self.

The keenest alteration in behavior and desire registers itself in a delightfully insistent wish on the part of women (wonderfully shared by lyrical-hearted men) to experience the sex relation in all its rhythmical adequacy. The happy slogan of the newer generation of feminist, honoring love as radiant passion, is: orgasms for women. Under the regimen of marital sobriety and dutiful routine and uncontrolled fecundity, the happily married woman knew nothing of her right to sexual felicity. Every sexologist, every psychiatrist of the new school, is in possession of sufficient revealing evidence of the absence of sexual love, sexual joy, sexual fulfillment, on the part of married women who might actually be willing to be called satisfactorily mated.[2]

The psychology of the orgasm is an undeveloped theme deserving profounder consideration on the part of psychoanalysts.[3]

We know, as those will attest who are not ashamed of the quest for sexual felicity, that men and women are more sweet and human and companionable, in their private and in their social relationships, when they experience sexual fulfillment adequately, delightedly. Orgasms for women is the next stage in the perfection of the love life of men and women, attempting to build sexual and marital happiness out of the tumultuous unstable desires of their bodies and emotions and minds.

[2] In Dr. G. V. Hamilton's important study *A Research in Marriage* this woeful reality is fully discussed.

[3] The interested reader will want to look at the essay by Dr. G. V. Hamilton and Kenneth Macgowan, *Physical Disabilities in Wives,* in the Symposium entitled *Sex in Civilization.*

The solace resident in sexual intercourse, tranquilly consummated, is a theme so largely under civilized taboo still, that we must unfortunately wait for more light and wisdom on one of the deepest unsolved problems of our lives.

Lest no one naïvely think human nature's problems of sex and love are newly resolved with utter adequacy under psychoanalytic encouragement to freedom and self-expression, let me discuss briefly the need of a more perfect understanding of that subtle interrelation between sex and human nature which alone can create equations of harmony between the sexes. Incidentally, I want to leap somewhat boldly into the psychoanalytic future and indicate what I think will be the direction of the newer trends in post-Freudian analyses.

To put it succinctly: the great Freud has helped to solve the moral problem: we shall need a greater Freud to help solve the immoral problem.

If, through the innumerable centuries, we have been taught to think of men and women as somehow more than mere males and females, as sexual *plus,* can we now try, without infinite havoc to life, the desperate original experiment of behaving as if the biologic (animal) categories were self-sufficient *sans* sacred overtone, and mystic metaphysical elaboration? How shall we dispose of the sacrosanct, sex *plus* categories of mother, father, son, daughter, sister, brother?

If the *plus* totters and destroys itself in the naturalistic logic of the new freedom, can we carry on life serenely? The unsolved problem presses for solution: Is Taboo Necessary?

A father who knows that his daughter is playing her sex rôle promiscuously can no longer continue to regard

her naïvely and purely as daughter: he must perforce visualize her as female. Not only his Freudian Unconscious but his post-Freudian Conscious mind is perturbed by winking (if not wide-eyed) incest! That way dwells insanity.

We can express it by saying that the cult of Puritanism has precipitated neurotic conflict of a kind to invite criticism and finally therapeutic remedy; the cult of Impuritanism is precipitating a different series of perturbing problems that will require sane criticism and new therapeutic remedy.

In psychiatric terms, we may refer to the repression-neuroses and to the expression-neuroses.

The whole matter is of the very greatest importance to us as friends of a new order, who wish to continue the privilege of perceiving and announcing the limitations and foolishnesses and unconscious cruelties of that newer way of life.

If it is permissible to say that psychoanalysis (of what must now be called the conventional type) has done the world a marvelous service in uncovering the neurotic bondage that tied parent to child, causing unconscious incestuous and neurotic fixations and compulsions; in stressing the staggering moral cost of fear and shame in the realm of sex; in liberating the younger generation of candid boys and girls, sex-wise and unaffrighted in each other's naked presence; in making it overwhelmingly evident to all of us that sex fulfillment is indispensable to happy and satisfying living; we must not forget that Freud and his brilliant associates in analytic insight and therapeutic wisdom had to extract from total human nature one vital ingredient and to give a fragment the exaggerated emphasis and importance

which rightly and wholesomely belong to the organism as a whole.

This dramatic falsification of human nature, under psychoanalytic inquiry, has led us into the very plausible blunder of assuming that sex fulfillment somehow automatically guarantees human nature's harmony. This familiar Freudian assumption is enormously untrue.

The primary fact, psychologically and psychiatrically, is human nature as a complicated series of internal tensions and drives and goals interacting with social situations and environmental pressures. Human nature is the fundamental datum. Hence, the primary reality is a moving equilibrium of forces any one of which, when out of harmonious relation with the others, can precipitate neurotic disequilibrium, emotional discord, malaise.

To single out one of these pivotal forces—for example, sexual desire—and assign to it a prepotency and overshadowing dominance, is to do what is quite necessary from the point of view of microscopic analysis for the sake of more perfect knowledge, and at the same time to invite that disproportionate emphasis in thinking which is the begetter of many quaint fallacies.

Sex, however important in our lives (and its import can hardly be overestimated), derives its manifold meanings from a live environing context called human nature: a human nature that knows an ancient animal history; that carries the obscure deposits of a considerable savage inheritance and heritage; that functions always socially, in congenial or hostile herds; that wrestles unendingly with ego tendencies and fears and inferiorities and inadequacies, personal, familial, social; that is handicapped by hereditary taints and queer predispositions and twisted conditionings in babyhood—all of which disorganizing

and potentially pathological influences combine to present us with a human nature that is loaded with contradiction and turmoil and deficit.

In so complicated a situation, what could the genius even of a Freud do? Exactly what he did. To pretend that the interfering and overlapping factors in that complicated situation could be ruled out, held at rest, for the sake of a more perfect scrutiny of what appeared to be the central motivating force: sex. The error was almost inevitable and it was most gorgeously concealed from the founder of psychoanalysis,—that sex should be overgeneralized as equal to human nature, dynamically envisaged. This thesis happens to be so very true—especially in a sex-starved universe—that it seems a little ungenerous to insist upon its partial untruth. But that insistence is a saving fact in a baffling situation.

Christian capitalistic civilization, more concerned with efficiency than with human happiness, did everything in its power to curb the instinctive desires of men and women lest a too free indulgence of those spontaneities might drain off their limited original energy from the true pursuit of productive proficiency.

Hence the sterilizing of human nature, particularly of its emotional and sexual yearnings, under the constraints of an exploitative ethic and a lucrative objective environment.

Under these influences of an economic and sociologic and theologic kind, the rulers of the common destiny did not scruple to subordinate what was vital and innocently alive in the hearts of men and women, and of course, of boys and girls (who had to be disciplined into being properly Christianized and sterilized and mechanized human beings) to the drastic requirements of effi-

ciency and conformity and self-abnegation—for the greater glory of the religion of moneytheism.

Sex, as the most anarchic, uncontrollable, unreliable force in human nature, came under an especial system of strait-jacketing restraints and inhibitions, the crucifixion of many grotesque taboos, in order that moral control (self-castration) might reaffirm and invigorate social proficiency—for the enhancement and unhindered expansion of the exploitative ethic so necessary to Christian capitalism.

As Max Eastman says: "Freud has made himself a wonderful scientist of sex, and has given a gift of illumination to the world not second to that which Hobbes gave, and so we can forgive him if he somewhat overstrains the generalization, and tends to carry us back to a contemplation of oneness almost as bad as that of the sickly mystics whom he knows how to cure. He has at least lifted a great incubus of shame from the shoulders of humanity, and given the boon of candor to a poor animal desperately endeavoring to become a man."

Freud came upon the psychological scene to solve the moral problem. In helping us to understand the true nature of sexuality, he also persuaded us to feel more at home erotically. His amazing discovery of infantile fixations of a sexual character, more particularly the so-called Œdipus complex, convinced the civilized minority capable of reëducation that parents play a surprisingly large and handicapping rôle in our lives.

Educationally and therapeutically, the great new desideratum was therefore the dissolution of this infantile neurotic bondage, the liberating of the distorted and darkened libido from amoral and immoral subconscious desires and clingings, the freeing of the mind from shame

and fear, the final emergence of a maturity of thought and feeling which would prove itself mature and self-determining by participating in the life of natural impulse, of sexual experience, without apology or anxiety or backward-glancing at the parental censors.

To sum up: Freud has helped (and how wisely!) to solve the sexual—and therefore, the moral—problem by making us aware of the handicapping neurotic influence of the mother and of the father imago.

The sexual revolution, so far as psychoanalytic discovery is concerned, consists in the separating out of sex love from parent love.

In essence, practically, this means the release of natural erotic impulse in the therapeutic absence of the censorious elders, the moral guardians of behavior, especially of the young. What we witness is a Freudian war of the generations, the parents struggling blindly and obsessively to hold on to the affection and emotional dedication of their children, the children striving painfully to break loose from the thralldom of neurotic bondage to parents whom they ambivalently envisage as sexual and yet somehow as super-sexual—almost sexless.

The sexual revolution precipitated by the Freudian enlightenment has simultaneously deprived woman of her mystic status of all-controlling mother—and man of his godly status of omnipotent father—and candidly presented our sacred mothers and fathers as astonishingly profane males and females.

I doubt if any one of us, however learned in the language of psychoanalysis, however speculatively wise in the matter of our perturbed and disharmonious human nature, is as yet sufficiently aware of the terrific impact of this Freudian transvaluation upon that ancient sys-

tem of beliefs and assumptions which inform our minds still.

Freud has shed a most uncanny light on the sheer maleness and sheer femaleness of those who have been thought of—certainly by the conscious, moral, habitual mind—as rather intangibly sexual, almost sexless in relation to one another, like mother, father, daughter, son, brother, sister.

If, as it now appears, it is the first biologically sane duty of children to throw off the yoke of their parents, to go forth in search of love's natural fulfillment like uninhibited males and females, are we not trying out a behavior which is startlingly new at least in the important sense that it is brazenly conscious and aggressive and sexually candid in an almost unbelievable sense?

Sexual love rides into a prominence which is unusual and unconventional, from a traditionally moral point of view. Mother love recedes proportionately. The mother image fades into obscurity and out of that strange obscurity emerges the image of the sweetheart as the inspiration of man's life.

Assuming that the Freudian therapy has known how to solve *the repression-neuroses*—by liberating the primal libido neurotically fixated upon mother or father and redirecting it affectively toward life and uninhibited heterosexuality—and has given a new psychoanalytic content to modern morals, encouraging boys and girls to honor maleness and femaleness, to accept nature like poets and pagans, not like shamefaced theologians and tongue-tied Puritans, the residual question in our sceptic minds, sensing future complication and disharmony, is this: What of the possibility of *expression-neuroses,* the

quite inevitable resultant of conceiving human nature as synonymous with sex?

If, in casting off asphyxiating taboo and hampering moral censorship, the sexual nature goes forth in pursuit of experience happily anticipating new fulfillments for its primal desire, what analytic surprises are in store for the naïve ego suddenly confronting its Freudian house in choas and emotional disorder because sex had been too simply conceived of by the newly emancipated?

Without belaboring this critical theme, let me a little dogmatically assert that the new psychoanalyst, enlightened by the deep internal conflict between the sexual determinants of human nature on the one hand, and on the other hand, the narcissistic and the egotistic and humanistic influences that shape and misshape personality, will have to open his eyes to a different order of reality than the one to which Freud had accustomed him.

The reëducated analyst will have to give an increasing attention to the disharmonies of human nature provoked by a psychology and philosophy of sex, seemingly good, that contains the seeds of neurotic bafflement, cleavage, tension, disquiet, though sexual impulse has apparently fulfilled itself, uninhibitedly, shamelessly, even sweetly. Human nature is our great theme.

The next illuminating chapter in psychoanalytic literature will tell us some impressive truths about the expression-neuroses, as I choose to call them.

We need, as educators and psychoanalysts and scientists, a more inter-related insight into human nature in order that more subtle and therefore more sane equations of internal harmony can be worked out on the basis of many clinical studies of sexual fulfillment in its de-

pendence upon the other vital dynamic determinants of human behavior.

If we are honest and humble enough, we shall have to retrace our steps to "savagery" in order to make progress toward "civilization."

Margaret Mead, in her *Coming of Age in Samoa* tells us: "In pre-marital relationships, a convention of love making is strictly adhered to. True, this is a convention of speech, rather than of action. A boy declares that he will die if a girl refuses him her favors, but the Samoans laugh at stories of romantic love, scoff at fidelity to a long absent wife or mistress, believe explicitly that one love will quickly cure another. The fidelity which is followed by pregnancy is taken as proof positive of a real attachment, although having many mistresses is never out of harmony with a declaration of affection for each. . . .

"If, on the other hand, a wife really tires of her husband, or a husband of his wife, *divorce is a simple and informal matter,* the non-resident simply going home to his or her family, and the relationship is said to have 'passed away.' It is a very brittle monogamy, often trespassed and more often broken entirely. But many adulteries occur—between a young marriage-shy bachelor and a married woman, or a temporary widower and some young girl—which hardly threaten the continuity of established relationships. The claim that a woman has on her family's land renders her *as independent as her husband, and so there are no marriages of any duration in which either person is actively unhappy.* A tiny flare-up and a woman goes home to her own people; if her husband does not care to conciliate her, each seeks another mate." (The italics are mine.)

The inter-relation of sex *and* human nature is the still untapped challenging theme of our chaotic day and age.[4]

ADDENDUM

There is an increase of knowledge available to-day in this fascinating field, thanks to the researches of gifted anthropologists like Briffault,[5] Malinowski, Mead. I thought it of the very greatest interest to the reader to include some of the informative comments of Briffault as extraordinarily valuable in providing historical perspective for our general theme: sex and life:

"In earlier phases of culture, from that of primitive hunting tribes to the great agricultural societies out of which our own civilization has sprung, almost every ritual includes licentious dances and songs, the performance, actual or symbolic, of the sexual act, and often orgies of promiscuity. . . .

"The religions of Babylonia, of Asia Minor, of the far-flung Semitic colonies, were notorious for the licentiousness of their rites: their priestesses were sacred prostitutes and prostitution was incumbent upon every woman. 'Nearly all peoples, except the Egyptians and the Greeks,' says Herodotus, 'have intercourse with women in the temples.' But the exceptions which he mentions are not borne out even by his own testimony. The religion of Greece, though obscenity and license were attenuated in its later phases, presented the same rites and the same features as those of Babylon and Syria; brothels were attached to the temples; phallic emblems, ritual obscenity, the conventionalized celebration of the sexual union

[4] Professor Boas says significantly in his Introduction to Margaret Mead's enlightening study: "The results of her painstaking investigation confirm the suspicion long held by anthropologists, that much of what we ascribe to human nature is no more than a reaction to the restraints put upon us by our civilization."

[5] The special student will want to consult Briffault's great work *The Mothers* and for a very condensed treatment, his essay entitled, *Sex in Religion* (in *Sex in Civilization*, 1929).

remained to the last as features of its most sacred ceremonies. . . .

"The sexual character of religious ritual and symbolism, on the other hand, far from exhibiting the attributes of an incidental and adventitious corruption attendant upon luxury and civilization, is an essential and central feature of religious phenomena in their most primitive and rudimentary form. . . .

"The ancient Hebrews were wont to administer the most solemn oaths by placing the hand of the testator on their testicles, and the very words *testify, testament,* etc., from *testis,* a testicle, bear witness to the diffusion of the same ideas. The act of procreation is thus clearly regarded as the occasion when the actual divine presence is most clearly manifested, and as the divine act *par excellence.* . . .

"The views of most pious persons among ourselves thus do not differ essentially from those held by the Australian aborigines; they would account the opinion blasphemous that procreation is an exclusively physiological process, and they are at one with all savage peoples in holding that children are sent by God. Conception is commonly believed to be brought about by countless agencies other than sexual intercourse. . . .

"The Greek *phallephoria* were the analogue of the phallic processions of Egypt, and the emblems, adorned with many-colored ribbons, were carried to the accompaniment of pornographic poems (*phallicon poiema*), which are said to have been the first germ of Greek comedy. The phallus was, like other divine emblems, commonly worn as an amulet throughout the ancient world, and, in the form of cakes, such as were carried by the women in the Athenian *thesmophoria,* was popular in the Roman empire as a sacramental article of food, a custom which has survived to the present day in some parts of France. . . .

"The means of divine union may be sought in general prenuptial promiscuity, or in the prevalent usage described as 'earning a dowry by prostitution,' for it is considered that in such general freedom the gods are afforded the same oppor-

tunity as other males of claiming the bride. In some forms of the usage pre-nuptial prostitution is limited to strangers, or, as in Herodotus' description of the observance in the Babylonian temple of Mylitta, to a single stranger, to whom it is obligatory for every woman to yield herself once in her life. The unknown stranger is, in fact, in popular tradition, a common disguise of the god. The pre-nuptial prostitution of the bride is, in the usage known as the Nasamonian rite, confined to the male guests attending the wedding, who each possess her in turn before the bridegroom is allowed access to her, usages of which vestigial survivals appear in the rights of the priest and of the wedding-guests to kiss the bride. It was until lately the custom in the remoter districts of Ireland for the male guests to undress the bride on the wedding night. . . .

"The utilitarian effects of sexual activity extend, in early ritual, to practices intended to promote the general welfare of the community and to avert danger and misfortune. Thus when the blackfellows of Australia were panic-stricken by a storm or an *aurora australis* they indulged in general sexual promiscuity, thinking thereby to placate the powers which were thought to threaten their well-being. Ritual prostitution was restorted to by the Amerind tribes as a remedy against every manner of evil, as in cases of epidemics or on the occasion of the illness of a chief. Similarly the Patagonians when dogged by misfortune send their wives into the forest with a request that they shall yield themselves to the first stranger who presents himself. The ancient Greeks were familiar with the same ideas. When the Lokrians of Magna Grecia were hard pressed by their warlike neighbors, they proposed to avert military disaster by placing their wives for a month in the brothels of the city. The courtesans of Corinth were rewarded by a public memorial for their patriotic conduct in the exercise of their calling when the city was threatened by Persian invasion. A usage which doubtless dates from the times of the Pharaohs is still carried out in lower Egypt by women of the most respectable families. When they are keenly

desirous of obtaining some special grace from heaven, they make a solenm vow to attend the holy *mulid* of Ahmed-al-Bedawi, the most popular religious festival of the country, and there to yield their favors to the first man who happens to approach them.

"The ritual observances, which are by some peoples regarded as incumbent upon every woman in the interests of the community, are by others delegated to specially appointed sacred women, priestesses and hierodules, who are regarded as the wives of the god, and fulfill their office either by acting as prostitutes in the temple precincts, or by effecting the divine union with consecrated priests of the god. . . .

"The obscenities characteristically attributed to the Sabbaths of witches were not manifestations of corrupt licentiousness but of magical efficiency. . . .

"Such obscenity is a feature of the rites of religious societies of women from which men are strictly excluded, in Africa and in Indonesia, no less than of the women's rites of ancient Mediterranean cults. In the same manner as, being regarded as an obligatory and sacred ritual, it implied no reflection upon the character of the matrons of Athens and Rome, so the boundless obscenity of the rites performed by women in Central Africa is, we are assured, consistent with the utmost modesty in their habitual conduct. . . .

"When religion comes to be viewed not as a magic means of satisfying the needs of life by the control of supernatural sources of power, but as an interpretation of the universe and of man's relation to it, the chief emotional aspect of that relation becomes identical with the quality of man's disposition which has sublimated sexual love. The need for a trust or faith in the existence of a well-disposed and beneficent power governing human destiny, which has sometimes been improperly described as a religious instinct, is of the same nature as the need of the dependent human individual for the equivalent of maternal tenderness in his sexual associate. . . .

"The most exalted forms of religious emotion are represented

by that 'love of God,' in which God is faint and love is fierce. The emotionalism of the saint and the ascetic is a manifestation of the same psychic elements which, in other circumstances, will fire the romantic exaltation of the lover. . . .

". . . when the religious emotions surge up, the sexual emotion is never far away. Hence the fierceness of Christian sexophobia. The obsessing denunciation of sex which fills Patristic literature is the protest of an exasperated sensuality envious of that which it denies itself and for which it secretly craves. It is the homage which virtue pays to vice.

" 'How often,' says St. Jerome, 'when I was living in the desert which affords to hermits a savage dwelling-place, parched by a burning sun, did I fancy myself amid the pleasures of Rome! I sought solitude because I was filled with bitterness. . . . I, who from the fear of hell had consigned myself to that prison where scorpions and wild beasts were my companions, fancied myself among bevies of young girls. My face was pale and my frame chilled from fasting, yet my mind was burning with the cravings of desire, and the fires of lust flared up from my flesh that was as that of a corpse. I do not blush to avow my abject misery.' "

PART TWO

POETRY WOOS PATHOLOGY

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Dover Beach.*

V

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL DEPTH OF LITERATURE

SEVERAL years ago I remember reading in Bernard Shaw's *Dramatic Opinions,* and with what astonishment, a remark that was veritably a revelation. In substance it was this: at a performance of an Ibsen play (Ghosts?) it flashed into the mind of Shaw that the relentlessly truthful depiction in drama of human imperfection must be indeed a torturing experience to those among the spectators who beheld the finger of guilt being pointed at them. He had not realized—then—the nature of disillusion, his own soul being so innocent of passional experience!

I wondered whether it was possible after all that the Shavian relentlessness was due to the author's naïve conception of the life of the passion-haunted, of the multitudinous victims of impulse and remorse. And so indeed it may have been. A great dramatist unacquainted with the life of the emotions!

For, be it noted, in none of the plays of Bernard Shaw is there present that sense of pity which distinguishes the profoundest dramas of all, the Greek and the Russian.

I played with this audacious surmise—the feeble human capacity for Realization, even among the great—reflection linked to reflection, when I hit upon a theory to account for the intellectual (or emotional?) blind spot in seers. If the theory is meritorious, it will be seen to apply to the age-old controversies among the cognoscenti, such as the relation between Literature and Life, Roman-

ticism and Realism, Life and Art, Illusion and Truth. The validity of the theory depends upon a perception of the profound difference between *Realism and Realization.*

Realism is the dramatization, not necessarily in Drama, of portions of experience. Realization is the *consciousness* of the relation between the segment of dramatized experience and one's code of behavior, that is, one's "philosophy of life." Life is essentially realism. Literature is essentially realization. The crudest melodrama and the subtlest work of Art have in common a creative desire to convert life into literature, realism into realization.

To employ the philosopher's phraseology, Realism deals with *Existences;* Realization deals with *Values.* A profound distinction.

The philosophic validity of the distinction emerges from the fact that the flow of experience—the raw material of realism—does not yield up its meanings automatically, "naturally."

The transforming medium of the interpreting mind is necessary to the conversion of experience (Existences) into meaning (Values). The psychological gulf that lies between can only be spanned by the Creative Intelligence.

Evil, in existence (note the word!) since time immemorial, does not affright man; certainly its existence has not chastened him, nor refined, nor disciplined, nor Christianized. But the *portrayal* of evil in Literature has, since time immemorial, roused him to furies of rebellion, retaliation, passionate denial, evasion and concealment. And in proportion as that haunting portrayal has achieved, and deposited in his imagination, subtler and profounder forms of Realization, his reaction has, "pari

passu," increased in furor and in fierce denial, until a whole religion of rebuttal and evasion was developed—The Cult of Puritanism—to frustrate the aims and consequences of realization, more particularly as embodied in modern literature.

Literature *is* more real than reality. Realization more poignant than Realism!

What was the fate—at least during the tense period of "conversion" from old loyalites to new—of the authors who dared create such masterpieces of Realization as *Ghosts, The Father, The Awakening of Spring, Mrs. Warren's Profession, Damaged Goods, The Weavers,* to choose from the field of Drama alone?

The realities underlying these poignant dramas were familiar enough and quite universal. As ancient as the hideous history of man. Why, then, the venomous hostility to their penetrating portrayal in Literature, of both the literate and the illiterate—always a united brotherhood in arms when the Creative Artist, a little absent-mindedly, flings the dynamite of Realization into their Temples of Make-Believe?

The realities which, as sheer existences, impinge but very lightly on man's conscience—thanks to the protective functions of habit and self-delusion and "caste" consciousness—become unendurably real, haunting, memorable, livid with personal meaning, when the black magic of Realization weaves its spell over Reality.

Do men fear Life? Or Death? Or War? Or Evil? Or Folly? No. They fear knowledge of life, realization of death, truth about war, candid perception of evil, revelation of folly! "Men fear thought as they fear nothing else on earth—more than ruin, more even than death. Thought is subversive and revolutionary, destructive and

terrible; thought is merciless to privilege, established institutions, and comfortable habits; thought is anarchic and lawless, indifferent to authority, careless of the well-tried wisdom of the ages. Thought looks into the pit of hell and is not afraid. It sees man, a feeble speck, surrounded by unfathomable depths of silence, as unmoved as if he were lord of the universe. Thought is great and swift and free, the light of the world, and the chief glory of man." Bertrand Russell's philosophic dictum illuminates our theory of Realization brilliantly.

Men love Realism. They abhor Realization. That's why they lavish their affection upon Melodrama—realism built upon a falsification of values—and vent their wrath upon Drama—realism built upon a *revelation* of values (of varying degrees of disillusioned candor).

Melodrama—detective stories, moving pictures, dime novels, a majority of the "legitimate" dramas, mythology —satisfies the heart of man (Art for Heart's Sake!) by catering to his sense for Realism and leaving his capacity for Realization unawakened.

Here we have the key to the history and the psychology of the conflict, never-ending, between the Creative Artist and the Public (including the lesser Artists), between Literature and Life, Truth and Illusion, Realization and Realism.

In Art for Heart's Sake, Mr. Average Man's conventionalized emotions are stirred, his morality flattered and exhilarated, his conscience reaffirmed, his "philosophy of life" (i. e. code of personal conduct) unchallenged. He goes on his way rejoicing.

But the works of Realization, embodied in Creative Literature, are more, infinitely more exacting, and less indulgent. For a good reason. Realism, subjected to a

philosophy of values, proves itself a shabby and shoddy affair, a thing of spiritual shreds and patches, gross and incredibly evil.

Ibsen, Strindberg, Nietzsche, Butler, Brieux, France, Shaw, Chekhov, Joyce are not Realists merely—as Galsworthy, Masefield, Barrie, Chesterton, Hauptmann, Schnitzler are primarily—but, speaking more accurately and philosophically, Realizationists. In other words, disillusioned seers, probers and revealers of Reality.

If a seer, either because of congenital limitation, or social status, or philosophic bias, or personal eccentricity (Chesterton, Wells, Bennett, Dunsany), derives his abiding inspiration from the mass mind, his Art will achieve a high degree of photographic integrity (Realism)—at its best—but a comparatively low degree of interpretative integrity (Realization).

The Creative Artist must be a law and a philosophy and a faith unto himself—as Ibsen, the profoundest of all dramatists, taught.

The ancient distinction (how mischievous and sterile withal) between Romanticist and Realist was not wisely conceived. Romanticism is as legitimate and natural and humanly relevant a phase of Reality as Realism. Primarily they differ in their theories of selection. The one, temperamentally so inclined, selects sentimental portions of reality for dramatic portrayal; the other, temperamentally *so* inclined, selects analytic portions of reality for dramatic representation.

No doubt, the greatest artists, like Shakespeare and Goethe, select both types of reality for artistic presentation. The true, the meaningful distinction lies between the Realists and the Realizationists: the photographic and the interpretative philosophies of Reality. For

example: Walter Scott was the pure romanticist: a moving-picture realist. Charles Dickens was a pseudo-analytic realist: melodrama with a purpose. George Eliot was a genuinely analytic realist: drama with a purpose. All of them Realists—but with a differing and varying capacity for Realization.

To probe the nature of Reality, to get under the subcutaneous tissue, so to speak, of Reality—one must be philosophic-minded for that kind of psychoanalytic realism. Scott was a simpleton: witness the naïveté of hi insights. Dickens was a sentimentalist: observe the melodramatic nature of his wisdom. Eliot was a philosopher (albeit heavy-hearted and Spencerian): study the analytic and probing quality of her perceptions and revelations. Can we not trace the evolution of literature through its three astonishingly vital phases of romantic delusion, realistic delusion, and creative disillusion: the Scott-Dickens-Eliot-Ibsen cycle—by applying the philosophic test of Realization?

What, pray, fundamentally differentiates Shaw from Shakespeare? As a Realist, Shaw is but a poor amateur. As Shakespeare is the unequalled master. Think of the multitudinous characters in Shakespeare, the sense of life, color, poetry, pageantry, movement, the amazing photography and realism of it all. One is minded to quote the famous catalogue of Polonius: ". . . tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral. . . ." Marvelous and unrivaled Realism.

As for the quality of his Realization—let the modest St. Bernard speak for himself: "There are moments when one asks despairingly why our stage should ever have been cursed with 'immortal' William, pilferer of other

men's stories and ideas, with his monstrous rhetorical fustian, his unbearable platitudes, his pretentious reduction of the subtlest problems of life to commonplaces against which a Polytechnic debating club would revolt, his incredible unsuggestiveness, his sententious combination of ready reflection with complete intellectual sterility, and his consequent incapacity for getting out of the depth of even the most ignorant audience, except when he solemnly says something so transcendentally platitudinous that his more humble-minded hearers cannot bring themselves to believe that so great a man really meant to talk like their grandmothers. With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his. The intensity of my impatience with him occasionally reaches such a pitch, that it would postively be a relief to me to dig him up and throw stones at him, knowing as I do how incapable he and his worshippers are of understanding any less obvious form of indignity. . . ."

Adjudged by the supreme test of Realization, Shaw is greater than Shakespeare and Ibsen is greater than Shaw. As, in unwitting verification, the reactions of Mr. Average Man amply and superabundantly attest. Mr. Average Man delights in Shakespearian realism; no longer does he fight shy of, deride, or feel unequal to, Shavian realism; but the Ibsenesque realism—Realization at its starkest and deepest—he will not yet tolerate, for that way lies death. Death to his inner life, the buried life of pretense and duplicity and infantilism.

Be it borne in mind that Ibsen was the very first of the Creative Artists to make Realization the supreme

test, among the moderns, of the quality of Literature. Shaw, as dramatist, is in sober truth, closer to Shakespeare than he is to Ibsen. Hence, once they "get wise to" his brand of mock-heroic humor, the incorrigible multitudes flock to him. Ibsen? The multitudes honor him by silence and the sweet solace of oblivion.

The psychoanalytic key to the momentous distinction between Realism and Realization may be found in this *aperçu* of Dr. Ernest Jones: "We are beginning to see man not as the smooth, self-acting agent he pretends to be, but as he really is—a creature only dimly conscious of the various influences that mould his thought and action, and blindly resisting with all the means at his command the forces that are making for a higher and fuller consciousness. . . ."

Life is not self-explanatory. Reality is not *real* until it has been dramatized (re-created) by the imagination of the most sensitive and the most deep-seeing: the Artists and the Philosophers. Sometimes—and this is rare—by felicitous coalesence, the Artist-Philosopher.

In the light of the theory of Realization, it is not difficult to understand why the mass of men can endure Life but not Philosophy. Realism but not Realization! We can the more adequately apprehend the half-obscure struggle of the mass against the ikon-breakers. They yearn for Illusion, which is the theatricalism of reality, in lieu of Truth, which is the revelation of reality, its disillusion, its realization.

To cite instances from our own age only, why have the novels of Hardy (in their great day!), Sudermann, Moore, France, Dreiser, literally had to fight their way into the conventional consciousness? The realities they explore and illuminate are among the most familiar as

they are among the most human experiences flesh-and-blood are heir to.

Is it Realism the puritans-in-literature protest against? Hardly. They accept, as classics, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Henry James, Mark Twain, Howells, Wells, Conrad, May Sinclair (and Whitman?). They protest—alas! they protest too much—against certain mordant and shameless and unforgettable Realizations vouchsafed us by the Artists whose subject-matter is Human Nature-in-the unmitigated-concrete.

Why have such probing books as *Love and Marriage, Love's Coming of Age, The Psychology of Sex, Woman Under Socialism, The Interpretation of Dreams, Woman,* each in its tortured turn, been looked upon as immoral and worthy of the Index, while the facts, sentiments and implications of the texts have always been recognized as constituting the very stuff of *existence?*

How explain the state of mind which fusses and fumes over the publication of such significant works of wisdom, but remains strangely reticent in the presence of the self-same facts, sentiments and implications melodramatized in meretricious "movie," novel, poem, or "legitimate" drama? Is it Realism the minds of self-righteous puritanic men (and women) eschew? Or Realization?

Men permit prostitution: they will not permit *Mrs. Warren's Profession.* Men sanction war: they will not sanction *Under Fire.* Men tolerate sexual folly: they will not tolerate *Psychoanalysis.* Men accept vice: they will not accept *Damaged Goods.* Men look indulgently upon the frauds of journalists: they will not look so indulgently upon the *Brass Check.*

Life—Realism—Delusion: you cannot appease the

mass appetite. But Literature—Realization—Disillusion: they'll crucify you, O Lover of Wisdom!

Do you not recall these probing lines written as a footnote, at the close of William Ellery Leonard's powerful poem, *The Lynching Bee.*

> (You cringe and shrink?—
> It makes your own eyes in their sockets ache?
> O squeamish listener, but think
> It's all a midnight dream, and no one is awake;
> And in the morning, with the bobolink,
> We'll see together, you and I,
> The flowers, the fields, the sun, the sky
> And the magnolia blossoms, white and pink.)

Literature as escape from Reality. A new day dawns. In that day Literature will not be escape and evasion, but realization and fulfillment.

Another interesting problem illuminated by our theory is involved in such a question as this: How shall we explain the circumstance that great dramatists like Shakespeare, Strindberg, Ibsen, Shaw, create characters whose wit, wisdom, eloquence and poetic sensitivity render them as inspiring (in Literature) as they are nonexistent (in Life)?

As to the genuinely poignant reality of these "unreal" characters there can be no doubt. As every lover of Literature is aware. In his wonderful essay *Blaming the Bard* Shaw writes: "But I am bound to add that I pity the man who cannot enjoy Shakespeare. He has outlasted thousands of abler thinkers, and will outlast a thousand more. His gift of telling a story (provided someone else told it to him first); his enormous power over language, as conspicuous in his senseless and silly abuse of it as in his miracles of expression; his humor; his sense of

idiosyncratic character; and his prodigious fund of that vital energy which is, it seems, the one differentiating property behind the faculties, good, bad, or indifferent, of the man of genius, enable him to entertain us so effectively that the imaginary scenes and people he has created become more real to us than our actual life—at least, until our knowledge and grip of actual life begins to deepen and glow beyond the common. When I was twenty I knew everybody in Shakespeare from Hamlet to Abhorson, much more intimately than I knew my living contemporaries; and to this day, if the name of Pistol or Polonius catches my eye in a newspaper, I turn to the passage with more curiosity than if the name were that of—but perhaps I had better not mention any one in particular."

If Realism be our guide, how can we resolve the contradiction, for these enhanced and glorified characters do not strike us as being unreal. On the contrary, they are more real than reality. What attitude toward life, unconsciously held, intuitively felt, *compels* the great Artist to employ what is dramatically the illusion of superpersonality? We say it is his artistic genius. And we say rightly. Is it not, however, more enlightening to think of it as *his capacity-for-Realization* by virtue of which he belongs in the unique category of Creative Artist?

It is as though the Creative Artist breathed into his all-too-human (and therefore mediocre) characters some of the divine fire that burns so exquisitely and so rapturously in his own sensitive soul.

We catch the intimations of George Moore's philosophizing when he says: " 'But does not passion render us speechless?' Lantern asked. 'I think it does, Lantern, in real life, but we cannot carry real life into Art.' 'Why

not?' said Lantern. 'Because Art, Lantern, is Art, and Life is Life. In the legend of The Ring, the beauty of Brunnhilde rendered Siegfried speechless, but Wagner did not follow the legend, he wrote the exultant duet, leaving Reyer, an inferior writer, to allow the lovers to stand mutely gazing at each other, like Mr. Galsworthy's lovers.' 'It all depends,' said Lantern, 'which you prefer —the realistic method or the romantic.' 'But I do not prefer either, for I do not distinguish between the two, Lantern. Wagner was romantic to the finger tips, he was a realist from the crown of his head to his heels, and the difference between him and Reyer was that one man was a genius and other—well, a man of talent, if you like.' "

Art is Art, and Life is Life. Profoundly true—if we understand philosophically, creatively, in the Artist sense, what Moore's distinctions body forth.

The function of Art is to intensify perception. From the angle of an illiterate perception, Melodrama is real enough! Life is essentially, as raw material, melodrama: the realism of episodes of conflict and confusion, a human chaos unredeemed by the transvaluing magic of Art.

Realization is Awareness of life as perceived through the subtle-sensitive eyes of Art.

Life is Realism. Art is Realization. Literature is more real than Reality.

ADDENDUM

Interestingly enough, an article entitled, *British Play Censor Again Uses Veto,* appearing in the August 16 issue of the New York *Times* (1925), contains the following naïve dialogue which reveals rather pointedly how the conceptions of realism and realization play their subtle "unconscious" role in human evaluation:

"Mr. Harcourt—It was noticed in the press, in fact, nearly every newspaper in the Kingdom said that one of the most immoral incidents in *The Devil* was almost identical with one of the incidents in *Monna Vanna;* and yet you considered that *The Devil* was not immoral and *Monna Vanna* was?

"Mr. Redford—I should say that there was not the smallest analogy between the two plays. The one is a literary work and the other a flamboyant, lurid piece of stage business.

"Mr. Harcourt—The literary work is censored and the flamboyant piece of stage business is passed. Is that your condition?

"Mr. Redford—(No answer.)

"A similar comparison was made between another pair of plays. Both dealt with the problems of prostitution; one was vetoed, the other passed. These two plays were *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* by Bernard Shaw, to which a license was refused, and *The Christian,* by Hall Caine, which was passed and played to crowded houses. As with *Monna Vanna* and *The Devil,* Mr. Redford was unable to express in words the method by which he had considered one play to be fit for license and the other unfit."

The enlightening article from which these excerpts are culled concludes with this paragraph:

"So *Damaged Goods* can pass the censorship (at last) and *Desire Under the Elms* can not. Which goes to prove to the satisfaction of some folk that the Lord Chamberlain may be ranked among those contortionists who, while straining at a gnat, are yet able to swallow a camel."

O Tempora, O Mores. . . .

It is doubtful whether on the whole the forces of life really gain on the surrounding inertia of death. The greatest writers must spend the blood and sweat of their souls, amid the execration and disdain of their contemporaries, in breaking the old moulds of style and pouring their fresh life into new moulds. From Dante to Carducci, from Rabelais to Proust, from Chaucer to Whitman, the giants of letters have been engaged in this life-giving task, and behind them the forces of death swiftly gather again. Here there is always room for the hero. No man, indeed, can write anything that matters who is not a hero at heart, even though to the people who pass him in the street or know him in the house he may seem as gentle as any dove. If all progress lies in an ever greater flexibility and intimacy of speech, a finer adaptation to the heights and depths of the mobile human soul, the task can never be finally completed. Every writer is called afresh to reveal new strata of life. By digging in his own soul he becomes the discoverer of the soul of his family, of his nation, of the race, of the heart of humanity. For the great writer finds style as the mystic finds God, in his own soul. It is the final utterance of a sigh, which none could utter before him, and which all can who follow.—Havelock Ellis, *The Dance of Life.*

VI

OUR DISILLUSIONED POETS

WHAT evil days are upon us that the throb of a soulless mechanism shall be more magical, more awe-inspiring than the throb of a poet's dream!

Has poet's beauty, like lover's passion, succumbed to the bedizened harlotry of the Religion of Money-theism? . . .

Shakespeare! thou shouldst be living at this hour. Our poets have need of thee!

Behold an ominous thing—the panicky flight of our poets from Illusion—the only true Reality for poets. The cool and subtle Eastman never achieving the miracle of pouring into his poetry the gay and astonishing passion he has lavished upon love and life. The flaming Giovannitti, hurrying through the night like some incandescent meteor, discharging his precious fire too swiftly, like a passionate lover in his ecstasy—a spent and enervate poet no longer contriving his rude miracles of expression.

The facile-fingered Untermeyer, half-forgetful of the rough male beauty of *Challenge,* plunging ever deeper into brilliantly trivial, effeminate reminiscence and review. The heavy-hearted Edgar Lee Masters padding his poetry with prose and his prose with poetry, emotionally too humorless and intellectually not sufficiently subtle, marvelous humanist, poignant and penetrating, the most perturbed and woe-begone of our poets, a passionate soul who writes with that quality of ecstatic sincerity which

is, in some ultimate sense, genuine poetry. The poet, preëminently, of disillusion.

Robert Frost, exquisite etcher, dramatist of life's little ironies, whose haunting tableaux reveal perfection in a minor key, devoid of that cosmic passion and lyrical pain which make memorable the poetry of the great minstrels. Life is not luminously alive in the poems of Frost. No Intimations of Immortality haunt his precise and reasonable lines. In truth, his most skillful poems lie under the eclipse of intimations of mortality. The dream lies foetal, powerless to be born, in that finely carved poet's brain.

Maxwell Bodenheim, Chinese metaphysician, writes poetry with his left hand. To take such delight in composing a new hieroglyphics seems like sheer intellectual perversion. Does such emotionless writing reveal a mind whose greatest need is originality? When originality is eccentricity, it is no longer admirable; it is merely odd, grotesque, finally foolish. Bodenheim's soul is tongue-tied. His most poignant utterance is never articulate, never blessed with warm and vital embodiment, rarely lyrical, rarely poetical in feeling—unless tortured, certainly torturing, eccentricity of language is to be mistaken for exquisite emotion! Bodenheim is a subtle grammarian, not a profound poet.

Babette Deutsch is a pilgrim who never wearies of wandering in strange lands. Her sonnets are distinguished, keenly wrought, stately, even beautiful. Too often, I imagine, she writes theatrically rather than humanly. Her sincerity is a little stagey, artificially genuine rather than naturally so. A splendid poet, perhaps somewhat too monotonous intellectually, too sub-

dued emotionally, but withal a genuine talent expressing itself as yet too shyly for soul's maturest unfoldment.

This life-enfeebling constraint that oppresses our poets! It was not Babette Deutsch who wrote:

> Ah, teach me half the gladness
> That thy brain must know,
> Such harmonious madness
> From my lips would flow,
> The world should listen then—as I am listening now.

Arthur Davison Ficke, charming poet, whose ecstasy is pure passion, is exquisitely gifted; deep in human wisdom, marvelously lyrical, passion-radiant, whose language is a miracle of beauty and lucidity, whose dreaming mind, woven of enchantment, can contrive felicities too ravishing for coarse-grained moderns.

Ficke's *Sonnets of a Portrait Painter* are comparable in beauty to the astonishing loveliness of the poetry of Stephen Phillips:—Is there a poem more lovely than *Marpessa?*—and of William Watson, strangely forgotten.

> If I had never known your face at all,
> Had only heard you speak, beyond thick screen
> Of leaves, in an old garden, when the sheen
> Of morning dwelt on dial and ivied wall,
> I think your voice had been enough to call
> Yourself before me, in living vision seen,
> So pregnant with your essence had it been,
> So charged with you, in each soft rise and fall.
> At least I know, that when upon the night
> With chanted word your voice lets loose your soul,
> I am pierced, I am pierced and cloven, with Delight
> That hath all Pain within it, and the whole
> World's tears; all ecstasy of inward sight:
> And the blind cry of all the seas that roll.

Such delicacy of perception, such poignancy of feeling, as are revealed in this haunting poem of Watson's can only be matched—for sheer loveliness—in the sensuous and profound perfection of Ficke's radiant sonnets.

I am in love with high far-seeing places,
That look on plains half-sunlight and half-storm,—
In love with hours when from the circling faces
Veils pass, and laughing fellowship glows warm.
You who look on me with grave eyes where rapture
And April love of living burn confessed,—
The Gods are good! The world lies free to capture!
Life has no walls. O take me to your breast!
Take me,—be with me for a moment's span!—
I am in love with all unveilèd faces.
I seek the wonder at the heart of man;
I would go up to far-seeing places.
While youth is ours, turn toward me for a space
The marvel of your rapture-lighted face!

. . . . . .

I have seen beauties where light stabs the hills
Gold-shafted through a cloud of rosy stain.
I have known splendor where the summer spills
Its tropic wildness of torrential rain.
I have felt all the free young dominance
Of winds that walk the mountains in delight
To tear the tree-trunks from their rooted stance
And make the gorges thunderous of their might.
The light, the torrents, and the winds, in you
I thought I had perceived to kinship grown.
It was a dream. Until this hour, I knew
Nothing—nay, nothing all my days have known
Where beauty, splendor, freedom, held such part
As when you came,—and swept me to your heart.

Exquisite poems wrought of white magic and fine gold and divine fire: poetry in its creative essence.

Yet may we not venture the dark surmise that the adolescent bitterness, the passion-wounded cynicism that poison a little the pale immortal loveliness of Ficke's poetry is the evil tribute poet's dreaming pays, in our age of general low-thoughted disenchantment, to the sinister self-distrust of life itself?

> Across the shaken bastions of the year
> March drives his windy chariot-wheels of cold.
> Somewhere, they tell me, Spring is waiting near. . .
> But all my heart is with things grey and old:—
> Reliques of other Aprils, that are blown
> Recklessly up and down the barren earth;
> Mine the dull grasses by the Winter mown,
> And the chill echoes of forgotten mirth.
> Spring comes, but not for me. I know the sign
> And feel it alien. I am of an age
> That passes. All the blossoms that were mine
> Lie trampled now beneath December's rage.
> Ye children of the Spring—may life be sweet!
> For me, the world crumbles beneath my feet.

This is not the eternal poet contriving magic, but modern man tortured by the disenchantments of civilization.

Our poets all suffer from spiritual disintegration and demoralization. The sovereignty of science, the reign of mechanism, the seduction of common sense, the prevalent logic of matter-of-fact, the mock-poetic grandeur of incredible inventions, the pervasive cult of disillusion which to the skeptic insensitive mind becomes so easily disenchantment,—have not these characteristically modern influences corrupted the poetic vision, undermined the integrity of poet's innocence, destroyed poetic

illusion, enthroned the man, dethroned the god, quenched the divine fire in the poet soul?

"What could be more pitiful than the attempt of civilized man to make an ideal of the tool which he invented? He invented the tool to create with. What then shall he create? An imitation of the tool, an expression of the influence of the tool, a reflection of the age that is dominated by the existence of the tool. What a reduction to absurdity of the grandiose ambitions of an ingenious and self-bewildered savage? A creative artist really at home in a machine age would not ask himself: What are these machines doing to me? He would ask: What shall I do with these machines? . . . Poetry is abandoning meanings because there are no meanings enshrined in the poet's heart as truth. . . . . The minstrel cannot sing the truths we believe in to-day because he cannot understand them. And if he could understand them, he would find that they cannot be sung. They cannot be realized by the imagination." [1]

Our poets are as troubled by cynic, soul-destroying disillusion as are the mass of fumbling humans, to whom disillusionment is inevitably disenchantment. But Shakespeare, the profoundest of pessimists, was also the sublimest of poets! For all his pessimism, a poet intoxicated with passion, with beauty, with life's enchanting illusions. His disillusionment had not eaten the heart out of his faith in illusion nor defiled his power to dream. To dream! Let Reason, the Cripple, abide with Disillusionment; but let Imagination, the God, woo Enchantment alway.

[1] In reaffirmation of this thesis, I should like to refer the reader to Max Eastman's keen and clarifying articles, *The Cult of Unintelligibility,* and *The Tendency Toward Pure Poetry* (in *Harpers,* April and July, 1929).

The poetry of William Ellery Leonard has succumbed less palpably to the mood of modernity. His unimpeachable classic scholarship has imparted to his detached and meditative mind a rare and beautiful serenity. What wonder that his treatment of tragic event is subtle and tenderly impersonal, human and philosophical. Surely one of the poetic achievements of our time is his deep and painfully sensitive poem *Two Lives.* The personal tragedy informing his drama is exquisitely subdued to a wide-ranging lyrical commentary on life. The mood of compassion runs deep in the poetry and in the wisdom of William Ellery Leonard. Who can forget the pathos and the irony and the undertone of compassion in his *The Lynching Bee?*

I cannot close this brief and inadequate appreciation without wanting to quote some of the profound lines one reads and reads again in his heart-breaking poem, *Two Lives.*

From her own lips I learned the awful truth—
Which, like a child of hope with perfect smile,
She babbled, O so innocent of guile—
As some adventure of an alien youth,
Rescued by white sails from a midsea isle
Of shrieking beaks and fins and claws uncouth
Or eery dream demanding never ruth
Because but dream and vanished the long while—
As something far and strange that I should hear. . . .
And why? Because she would conceal me naught,
As bound in honor? No. Because of fear
I'd learn of others some day? No. She thought
Her lover would rejoice—rejoice to share
Her exaltation after *such* despair.

From her own lips—yes, even as they smiled—
I learned full truth: "In France, five years ago
(When father was ambassador, you know),
I lived with a band of ladies wan and wild,—
Myself a shuddering maniac, exiled
With strange physicians, and behind locked door
Mumbling in bed, or tracing on the floor,
'The Lord is my shepherd, I . . .'" "Goodnight, my child"—
(That none had told me, seems, you fancy, odd?)—
And so I kissed and left her. Did I cry?—
I've never cried. Or did I moan 'My God'?—
Nor that. Or walk out under starry sky?—
I went upstairs, undressed, put out the light;
And shook with pity and terror all the night.

. . . . . .

"Freut euch des Lebens—Take ye joy of life—
Weil noch das Laempchen glueht—whilst the lamp glows—
Pfluecket die Rose—pluck, O pluck the rose—
Eh' sie verblueht—before it fades" . . . (my wife!) . . .
"Man schafft so gern—we plague from morn to morn—
Sich Sorg' und Mueh'—ourselves with care and strife—
Sucht Dornen auf—we seek too oft the thorn
Und findet sie—and find it" . . . (O my wife!) . . .
"Und laesst das Veilchen—leave the violet fair—
Ach, unbemerkt—unnoticed evermore—
Das dort am Wege blueht—that blossoms there
Along the roadside" . . . O'er and o'er and o'er
Ring in my widowed heart the words, the air,
As if I heard them from the Other Shore.

The sculptured beauty of the lines in this immortal poem reminds us of the creative charm resident in tragic episode when the mind of the poet can lift itself exquisitely and serenely above the torturing truth of disillusionment aloft into the rarer atmosphere of divine

imagination, shunning the leaden mood of disenchantment.

How can our poets write greatly, divinely, when they are ashamed to be dreamers, ashamed to be gods?

There is that vastly overrated poet, Carl Sandburg, who cannot differentiate between music and noise. He screeches more raucously than the American Eagle. What a tempest in a teapot! Reams and reams of prose, lit up by a sudden inspiration—like a bale of straw by a struck match. A raven aspiring to be a nightingale.

What a wonderful cacophony his poems are, like the intense noises of the eloquent ape-men who burst miraculously into human speech around some stirring festal fire. Primitive fire—a wan moon—much human heat—little heavenly light—a flashing meteor through the darkling night—rumblings and rumors of intense speech—intimations of poetry—little authentic music: the poetry of Sandburg.

One hand on the stars, one hand on the bowels of the earth, he performs strange, almost weird, stunts that confess an amazing athletic prowess. But the stars he plucks so rudely from the reluctant skies burn out (alas!) ere he has reached the more congenial bowels of the earth where coarse poetry writhes in stinking solitude. Realistic, vigorous, athletic, ultra-modern, the jazz artist from Chicago is so *human* because his imagination is feeble and uncreative, his dreaming dwarfish, the poet fire banked low in his mechanic soul. . . .

This is the Age of Disillusionment. And Poetry, born in the womb of Illusion, nursed at "the pale, slow-curving" breasts of Pretence and Make-Believe, cannot survive in a milieu as sophisticated and matter-of-fact as this our mechanized crude-contemporary world.

Our empty-hearted poets, in panic flight from the Land of Dreams, seek consolation and heart-easing compensation in the audacious substitution of sincerity for poetry!

The decline of the creative mood in poetry and in literature, what I shall refer to as the rise and fall of the divine spark in These States, is a theme that has received inadequate recognition.[2]

Merely to survey the following list of significant names is to gain a painfully clear sense of that something wrong in the American milieu which troubles the mind of the dreaming critic. Why is it that these splendid talents have been creative and courageously original for such brief spurts of incandescence? Think of Edwin Markham, whose *The Man With the Hoe,* written out of a beautiful visionary intensity almost thirty years ago, has remained the one vital poetic contribution of that lyrical mind. The rise and fall of the divine spark in these states!

It is a torture to think of talent so easily snuffed out, of creative eagerness capable of but brief earth-cluttered flights, somehow and strangely unable to break into the wild ecstatic exuberance of genius. Glance at the American contemporary honor roll of poetic talent (in eclipse) and ask yourself what subtle disease lies at the very heart of creative America. Edwin Markham, George Sylvester Viereck, George Sterling, Richard Le Gallienne, Harry Kemp, James Oppenheim, Conrad Aiken, Sara Teasdale, Ezra Pound, Padraic Colum, Vachel Lindsay, Louis Untermeyer, Sherwood Anderson, Alfred Kreymborg,

[2] The very remarkable creative criticism of Van Wyck Brooks, Randolph Bourne, Waldo Frank, Lewis Mumford, and Joseph Wood Krutch affords the best cultural and psychological explanations of the queer quick petering out of promising talent in "Our America."

Clement Wood, Maxwell Bodenheim, Edwin Justus Mayer, Franklin P. Adams, Carl Sandburg, Joseph Freeman, James Rorty, Mike Gold, Max Eastman, John Erskine, Witter Bynner, Lola Ridge, E. E. Cummings, Alter Brody. . . .

The economic root of this decline in creative talent that is cultural America is palpable enough. The material conditions of life, in this things-compulsive land, with such obsessive emphasis on standard of "living" (not of thinking or creating!); the cult of competitive consumption; the innocent-faced courtesan Success tempting fine minds to embrace "life"; the religion of the-will-to-power that constitutes the sincerity and dreaming of our mechanized modernity; the fatigue of isolation—the mind wearies of being different and unacknowledged; the panic of failure and of financial insecurity, in the middle years; sexual and marital wear and tear, content at last to compromise and settle down. To be or not to be—well off: that's the question!

Poetry is for children and fools: saith Mr. Mencken, culture's National Profit. To study the careers of Floyd Dell, Will Durant, Walter Lippmann, Clement Wood, H. L. Mencken, E. Haldemann-Julius, is to get a rather penetrating insight into the subtle-poisonous corruption of creative intelligence under the dominance of Money-theism.[3] I content myself with enumerating only a few of the limelight careerists especially deserving of honorable mention and statues in the Hall of Shame.

Many minor talents abound in restless America: not one full-throated genius.

[3] Upton Sinclair has elaborated and demonstrated this thesis abundantly, concretely, in his book entitled *Money Writes.*

"Our people are clever and masterful;
They have powers in the mass; they accomplish marvels.
It is possible Time will make them before it annuls them,
but at present
There is not one memorable person, there is not one mind to
stand with the trees, one life with the mountains."

Thus the prophetic verdict of our one overwhelming poetic talent, Robinson Jeffers.

America: strange land where talent is buoyantly in excess while genius somehow cannot take root and thrive. The extravert called America wars upon the quieter and sincerer and subtler harmonies and tragedies of life: life the lonely introvert. The mind cannot develop its uttermost truth in so lavish and energetic a milieu. The fascination and miracle of mechanics make a mockery of brooding and reverie. Giants make poor philosophers.

The brooding introverts have known tragedy and heart's loneliness and mind's frustration. Melville, Henry James, Poe, Thoreau, Emily Dickinson, Whitman, Clemens, Charles Peirce, Royce, Bourne, Santayana, M. R. Cohen, Waldo Frank, Eugene O'Neill, Robinson Jeffers, Alfred Stieglitz. . . .

Two poets who still deeply stir the imagination by incredible themes and exquisite lines, creating beautiful expectations for the future of poetry in dwarfish America are Robinson Jeffers and Edwin Arlington Robinson. Edna St. Vincent Millay is not out of place in this great company. Who else dreams marvelously in our sated soil?

Edna St. Vincent Millay is esteemed as one of the three or four most distinguished of our poets. Her heralded volume, *The Buck in the Snow,* is not by any means her greatest achievement. Her poems reveal a

mastery of technique and the singing line, but not a new and arresting presentation of observation or vision.

The tragic reasonableness of her lines tinged with a wistful adolescent melancholy persuades the mind more often than it touches the heart. One is not impressed by a sufficient greatness in her poetic or emotional range. Ancient moods revisted, echoes with new accents, memories in monotone. Her imagination is like a young sparrow hopping blithely from theme to theme in a sad mild ecstasy. An irony that is too palpable, without sting or wounding mockery, adds an intensity that just falls short of profundity.

There is in her distinguished writing a logical beauty that haunts, a dialectical music that startles.

In her touching and thoughtful poem *Justice Denied in Massachusetts,* these gifts of Miss Millay's are richly in evidence.

Let us abandon then our gardens and go home
And sit in the sitting-room.
Shall the larkspur blossom or the corn grow under this cloud?
Sour to the fruitful seed
Is the cold earth under this cloud,
Fostering quack and weed, we have marched upon but cannot conquer;
We have bent the blades of our hoes against the stalks of them.
Let us go home, and sit in the sitting-room.
Not in our day
Shall the cloud go over and the sun rise as before,
Beneficent upon us
Out of the glittering bay,
And the warm winds be blown inward from the sea
Moving the blades of corn

With a peaceful sound.
Forlorn, forlorn,
Stands the blue hay-rack by the empty mow.
And the petals drop to the ground,
Leaving the tree unfruited.
The sun that warmed our stooping backs and withered the
weed uprooted—
We shall not feel it again.
We shall die in darkness, and be buried in the rain.

What from the splendid dead
We have inherited—
Furrows sweet to the grain, and the weed subdued—
See now the slug and the mildew plunder.
Evil does overwhelm
The larkspur and the corn;
We have seen them go under.

Let us sit here, sit still,
Here in the sitting-room until we die;
At the step of Death on the walk, rise and go;
Leaving to our children's children this beautiful doorway,
And this elm,
And a blighted earth to till
With a broken hoe.

In this fine poem we miss the overwhelming inner sincerity, the dramatic torturing truth of the agonizing event which our lovely poet too abstractly and somewhat artificially conceives.

Among her most charming lines are those found in her tender poem *On First Having Heard the Skylark:*

Not knowing he rose from earth, not having seen him rise,
Not knowing the fallow furrow was his home,
And that high wing, untouchable, untainted,
A wing of earth, with the warm loam

Closely acquainted,
I shuddered at his cry and caught my heart.
Relentless out of heaven his sweet crying like a crystal dart
Was launched against me. Scanning the empty sky
I stood with thrown-back head until the world reeled.
He cried forever from his unseen throat
Between me and the sun.

Robinson Jeffers occupies a weird and wonderful universe of his own. Surely there is no poet in the contemporary world of greater imaginative stature. Edwin Seaver, a critic of delicate sensibility, brilliantly characterizes the work of Jeffers as follows: "No one who had the opportunity to read Jeffers' first offering, can forget the thrill of discovery that heightened as page after page of *Tamar* revealed an overwhelming poetic imagination, a firm grasp of dramatic values, a profound seriousness, and a fecundity that danced at white heat through his 'mighty line.' It was an experience not soon to be forgotten. And this, not only because of the amazing poetry, but because here was the rare poet come among us who neither accepted nor rejected his America, but faced it for exactly what it was worth to him and used it as material for a more important end, for his visioned song."

The brazen beauty of Jeffers' poetry, the pathologic candor and psychotic intensity of his vivid and haunting lines, are embodied with magnificent dramatic force and fire in this passage:

She slipped face down and lay
In the harmless water, the auburn hair trailed forward
Darkened like weeds, the double arc of the shoulders
Floated, and when he had dragged her to the bank both arms
Clung to him, the white body in a sobbing spasm

Clutched him, he could not disentangle the white desire,
So they were joined (like drowning folk brought back
By force to bitter life) painfully, without joy.
The spasm fulfilled, poor Tamar, like one drowned indeed,
lay pale and quiet
And careless of her nakedness. He, gulfs opening
Between the shapes of his thought, desired to rise and leave
her and was ashamed to.
He lay by her side, the cheek he kissed was cold like a smooth
stone, the blue eyes were half open,
The bright smooth body seemed to have suffered pain, not
love. One of her arms crushed both her breasts,
The other lay in the grass, the fingers clutching toward the
roots of the soft grass. "Tamar,"
He whispered, then she breathed shudderingly and answered,
"We have it, we have it. Now I know.
It was my fault. I never shall be ashamed again." He said,
"What shall I do? Go away?
Kill myself, Tamar?" She contracted all her body and
crouched in the long grass, shivering.
"It hurts, there is blood here, I am too cold to bathe myself
again. O brother, brother,
Mine and twice mine. You knew already, a girl has got to
learn. I love you, I chose my teacher.
Mine, it was my doing." She flung herself upon him, cold
white and smooth, with sobbing kisses.
"I am so cold, dearest, dearest." The horses at the canyon
mouth tugged at their halters,
Dug pits under the restless forehooves, shivered in the hill-
wind
At sundown, were not ridden till dark, it was near midnight
They came to the old house.

The fresh loveliness of the nature passages in Jeffers makes one gasp with amazement at the piercing freedom of the imagery, the impressive eccentricity of perception.

This was the high plateau of summer and August waning; white vapors
Breathed up no more from the brown fields nor hung in the hills; daily the insufferable sun
Rose, naked light, and flaming naked through the pale transparent ways of the air drained gray
The strengths of nature; all night the eastwind streamed out of the valley seaward, and the stars blazed.
The year went up to its annual mountain of death, gilded with hateful sunlight, waiting rain.
Stagnant waters decayed, the trickling springs that all the misty-hooded summer had fed
Pendulous green under the granite ocean cliffs dried and turned foul, the rock-flowers faded,
And Tamar felt in her blood the filth and fever of the season. Walking beside the house-wall
Under her window, she resented sickeningly the wounds in the cypress bark, where Andrews
Climbed to his tryst, disgust at herself choked her, and as a fire by water
Under the fog-bank of the night lines all the sea and sky with fire, so her self-hatred
Reflecting itself abroad burned back against her, all the world growing hateful, both her lovers
Hateful, but the intolerably masculine sun hatefullest of all. The heat of the season
Multiplied centipedes, the black worms that breed under loose rock, they call them thousand-leggers,
They invade the house, their phalloid bodies cracking underfoot with a bad odor, and dropped
Ceiling to pillow at night, a vile plague though not poisonous. Also the sweet and female sea
Was weak with calm, one heard too clearly a mounting cormorant's wing-claps half a mile off shore;
The hard and dry and masculine tyrannized for a season. Rain in October or November

Yearly avenges the balance; Tamar's spirit rebelled too soon,
the female fury abiding
In so beautiful a house of flesh.

It is no new news any longer to announce that Robinson Jeffers is the most audacious and creative of modern poets. The burning intelligence of the man witnesses to a quite perfect detachment from the life-distracting activities of the silly contemporary world. Jeffers chose wisely a seclusion that immures his exquisitely introverted mind from the trivial hideous prosaic conventional way of life. If others of our poets had had the instinctive intelligence to absent themselves from felicity awhile, to seek a sincerer milieu for dreaming, we should now be the proud possessors of a poetic tradition and a poetic utterance that run deeper than our futile conventional life.

What it concerns us to know is the thoughtful flight from commonplace reality of the gifted mind of Jeffers. Since the normalities both in literature and in life had already yielded up their last residual of bitter-sweet quintessential pain and loveliness, no alternative remained for the intense and brooding mind, but a studied detachment from the familiar ways of life and thought, a brave and liberated acceptance of the poetic potentialities of pathology and perversion. *Tamar* and *Roan Stallion,* for example, are the poetic miracles they are because of the psychologic audacity of their creator. A comparable gift of imaginative and lyric intensity spending itself on the more normal themes could hardly have produced so great and memorable an effect. Originality in our psychoanalytic age must perforce be incestuously mated with pathology.

In the recent poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson we

find some evidences of the plausible proposition that poetry, in quest of new intensities, woos pathology.

In *Cavender's House,* Robinson exploits a theme that moves fitfully between conventional and unconventional perception. Perhaps that is the reason why the poem finally fails of greatness. The temperament and emotional texture of Robinson are coolly inhibited: there is no capacity for brave defiance, for abandoned thinking, for brazen passionate utterance. Hence, his very treatment of a somewhat weird and abnormal theme gets itself crystalized into a rather conventional and almost vapid mold. *Cavender's House* is a fine achievement: dotted with lines that are keen and psychologically wise. But, on the whole, one feels a certain radiant monotony in the style of writing, a lack of brilliant, brazen originality. It is Robinson himself who is always the spokesman, whoever the character. This absence in our distinguished author of dramatic intensity is the great quality precisely in super-abundance in the temperament of Jeffers.

From the many beautiful and deep lines in this mildly haunting poem, those that open and close the drama are among the most finely wrought.

> Into that house where no man went, he went
> Alone; and in that house where day was night,
> Midnight was like a darkness that had fingers.
> He felt them holding him as if time's hands
> Had found him; and he waited as one waits
> Hooded for death, and with no fear to die.
> It was not time and dying that frightened him,
> Nor was it yet the night that was around him;
> It was a darker night, and one within him,
> That others not himself were not to know.

For a more perfect evidence of the reasonableness of this criticism of Robinson, we must recall his beautiful poem *Tristram.*

Robinson, in quest of more haunting themes than our jangling most disorderly and mechanistically disillusionizing world can suggest, flees happily to Wagnerian legend to body forth a quaint poetic beauty. There are lines in this poem of sheer enchantment. But, dramatically and humanly, *Tristam* is feebleness itself. Our poet is emotionally very thin: his imagination artificial and conventional. Humanity does not break into fire in the astonishingly accurate and radiantly platitudinous poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson.

Our two most distinguished poets eschew modernity, realism (so-called). Jeffers profoundly accepts and poetizes pathology. Robinson escapes into the metaphysics of passion and a half-hearted unconventionality.

T. S. Eliot fascinates. *The Waste Land* is a queer, original and eccentric poem, intelligible enough to be interesting, unintelligible enough to be unique.

This remarkable poem reveals a mind more than mildly deranged. Creative pathology. The *danse macabre* of civilization: of life.

> If there were only water amongst the rock
> Dead mount in mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit
> Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit
> There is not even silence in the mountains
> But dry sterile thunder without rain
> There is not even solitude in the mountains
> But red sullen faces sneer and snarl
> From doors of mudcracked houses.

These marvelous unearthly lines are quoted in the section strangely captioned *What the Thunder Said,*

which indubitably contains some of the most startling and intensely imagined poetry written in our neurotic age.

The greatest of our pathologic poets is Jeffers. And his closest kin Eliot.

The most exquisitely poetical passage is perhaps in these picturesque lines:

A woman drew her long black hair out tight
And fiddled whisper music on those strings
And bats with baby faces in the violet light
Whistle, and beat their wings
And crawl head downward down a blackened wall
And upside down in air were towers
Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours
And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells.

Speaking for one lone obscure reader, he wishes to report his behavioristic reaction to these lines as quite beyond verbal report. The weird invocation of far-fetched imagery stirs in the mind a dark magic of fear and wonder: the beautiful black quintessences of poetry in its pathological setting. That a poet can so skilfully commingle the purple strands of an intricate scholarship with the golden orange strands of delicate poesy is an almost miraculous phenomenon these superficial days.

For the majority of our poets, we must tenderly admonish them not to be too thoughtful or erudite when Nature invites them only to be lyrical.

How deep the gulf between the sweet sanity of Blake and Burns and the bitter insanity of Eliot and Jeffers!

Piping down the valleys wild,
  Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
  And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again;"
So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer";
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

There is in modern literature a mood of crazy creativeness. The perturbing problem is whether lunacy or lyricism will triumph ultimately in these mad and exquisite experiments to evoke in a dying world fresh dawns and astonishing horizons. At present there is a real peril of the triumph of insanity in literature reducing to beautiful unintelligibility the original utterance of our most gifted writers. This tendency toward psychotic solitude is even more vividly in evidence in Europe whose mind is torn by memories that cannot rest.

What wonder that T. S. Eliot slides exhaustedly into the maternal arms of Catholicism to save his tortured mind from collapsing in the sick arms of insanity?

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing
Beloved from pole to pole!

To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

Our poets, neurasthenic and distraught, sick with too much thinking on the decay of civilization, unable to go forward with Time and Life, to find some harmony in the revolutionary rhythm of reality, seek—like maniacs suddenly become sane—compensatory solace in a mindless mysticism: in a draught of the opiate of religion. Those who despise the consolations of a new mysticism either withdraw altogether from poetic intensity and creation or create a kind of religion of pathology: a mad newfound incentive to poetic fulfillment.

The deepest tribute I can proffer is to acknowledge that I do not clearly understand Eliot's strangely magnificent poem. What clarity resides in these lines?

Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyant,
Had a bad cold, nevertheless
Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,
With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said she
Is your card, the drowned Phoenician sailor
(Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)
Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,
The lady of situations.
Here is the man with three staves and here the Wheel,
And here is the one-eyed merchant and this card,
Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,
Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find
The Hanged Man. Fear death by water.
I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.
Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone,
Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:
One must be so careful these days.

Crazy creativeness. Beautiful unintelligibility.

In glad compensation for twisted obscurantism, we have such mellifluous lines as: "Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song."

The keener contemporary edge of his mind is manifest when he writes:

> When lovely woman stoops to folly and
> Paces about her room again, alone,
> She smoothes her hair with automatic hand,
> And puts a record on the gramophone.

A haunting allusion, like the music in an epitaph, is bodied forth in such strange lines as these:

> (And I Tiresias have foresuffered all
> Enacted on this same divan or bed;
> I who have sat by Thebes below the wall
> And walked among the lowest of the dead.)

The Waste Land is an extraordinary poem. A work of genius (almost). I feel a muted music in the lines, a something crying to be born. It has the sobbing of the sea in its melody.

The only literature that seems destined to achieve a wide ascendancy over public taste is the literature that is—whatever its form—essentially psychoanalytic and autobiographical.

The new psychoanalytic and autobiographical literature will be fascinating because of its *pathology*. Literature is becoming the profoundest of studies in abnormal psychology. Who can doubt it?—psychoanalytic, autobiographical literature will become increasingly the great educator of man: man, insatiably curious, morbidly fas-

cinated, "evilly" predisposed; modern, *self-conscious,* neurotically perturbed man.

Classic literature—from Homer to Sir Walter Scott —delighted the mind without disurbing the conscience. However drastic the theme, whether it were war or incest or man's inhumanity to man or deep-grained incredible stupidity, its high embodiment in literature assured the triumph of Art. Art as Illusion, as make-believe, as pageantry, as the glorious celebration of life, drunk or sober!

Modern literature, whether romantic or naturalistic or realistic or expressionistic, is precisely and characteristically modern because it does *not* seek to delight the mind without disturbing the conscience. Modern literature enlightens the mind—with or without delight—by disquieting the conscience: conscience, which is, in literal reality, a perturbation of consciousness.

Modern literature is the expression of Art as Truth rather than as Make-Believe. Charm has yielded to sincerity, pageantry to passion, pretence to reality, delight to light.

Classic literature is "insincere," that is, naïve and unconscious. The momentous difference between rhetoric and realization! Make-Believe—Art as sheer Illusion—has faded out of literature.[4]

In poetry, more particularly, are the evidences of the havoc wrought by the petering out of Make-Believe disastrously clear. Classic poetry is music and beauty and felicity and peace: the blessed sleep of the senses: an enchanting lullaby. Modern poetry is tumult and intensity and chaos and pain: a defiance and impotent murmuring in the dark; a disenchanting dirge.

Not to forget — a guilty omission — the enchanted

[4] How rare is a work like James Stephen's *The Crock of Gold?*

existence of the few classicists among the disillusioned moderns.

The older poetry created a lullaby rhythm and a delightful decorative pattern and a hypnotic rhyme that conspired beautifully to induce a state of reverie, of dreaming, of tranquillity. The unperturbed mind, the cool and serene intellect, the charmed quiescence of emotion, the magic mood of eternity, brought a dreaming rapture to the soul, responsive to the enthrallment of the classic poesie.

Modern poetry,—*prose*-poetry—perturbed, hectic, incisive, bitter, disquiescent, has brought no dreaming rapture to the soul, but only neurotic malaise, beautiful despair, disillusionment kissing the pale lips of disenchantment.

In the innocent days of yore, poet's inspiration leapt, beauteous and free, from the sparkling springs that sweetly bathed and greatly nourished the mysterious deeps of the Unconscious. Poets were inspired, makers of miracles, prophets, magicians, gods on fire with revelation. Poets were inspired!

The modern age witnesses a fierce incestuous assault of the arrogant adolescent youth, Consciousness, upon his seemly-virtuous mother, Unconsciousness. What lewd revelations. What unclean memories nestle in the obscure unconscious depths of that seemly-virtuous mother.

Consciousness, once a mirror of radiant innocence for the seeming-virtuous passions and idolatries of the soul —the lucid river of the buried life—has become so bespattered and sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought—Introspection like a leprous thing enjoying the intimate presence of disease—truth has become a terror, knowledge a slow poison, dreaming a shameful indul-

gence, faith a feebleness, illusion a childish make-believe, poetry a coward's refuge from reality, poet's vision a sickly thing, the miraculous Unconscious Mind—once the source of poet's sublimest faith and inspiration—a disreputable disordered chaos, shaming the cautious conscious mind into silence and sullenness—and sanity.

The springs of poetic inspiration have been polluted. Is there a poet among the moderns who can summon the mad visionary courage to sing man in these noble-naive words: What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

Can you not hear the silly sane laughter of our sager poets—wounded by disillusion—as they contemplate the hideous prosaic truth of man's life, his unblest origin, his dwarfish dreaming, his earthy habitation, the dung and degradation of his soul, and recall with an almost mad and piercing-lyrical disenchantment the incredible innocence of Shakespeare's lines?

"Free Verse," as it is quaintly called, symbolizes poet's disillusionment struggling heroically, and not unbeautifully, to save poet's wonderland from the sinister invasion of disenchantment. What an inglorious failure of faith is here confessed. Faith in beauty, in innocence, in divine illusion.

Free verse is the white candor of sincerity spreading its eager-tremulous wings for a flight it never achieves.

The evil eminence of Whitman—the great democratic coon-shouter — whose vision was a mythical America, whose poetry was the age of mechanics, whose mind was a political prophet's rather than a magical poet's is the

example, par excellence, of the false ascendancy of sincerity as the noblest of poetic qualities.

The ecstasy of sheer sincerity arrogantly replacing the sheer ecstasy of poetry. The beauty of unearthly things and thoughts rudely abandoned for the pathos and humanness of all too earthly things and thoughts.

Whitman was a great liberator, a great humanitarian, a great American, a great man: was he, therefore, a great poet also? Intellectually indolent, emotionally mushy, spiritually chaotic and formless, Walt Whitman is the great American now safely and securely enshrined and embalmed in the hearts of his countrymen not because of his poetry but because of his patriotism.

There is wonderful poetic fire in Whitman as there is in the life and work of every great liberator. But Whitman was not another Shakespeare nor another Milton nor another Shelley. If he is not of this immortal company, is he truly a great poet? Though no one need deny that he was a superb human being writing astonishingly human poems. Poignant prose-poetry.

This, from the familiar and famous *Song of the Open Road,* is typically Whitmanesque. More prose than poetry.

You air that serves me with breath to speak!
You objects that call from diffusion my meanings and give them shape!
You light that wraps me and all things in delicate equable showers!
You paths worn in the irregular hollows by the roadsides!
I believe you are latent with unseen existences, you are so dear to me.
You flagg'd walks of the cities! You strong curbs at the edges!

You ferries! you planks and posts of wharves! you timber-lined sides! you distant ships!
You rows of houses! you window-pierc'd façades! you roofs!
You porches and entrances! you copings and iron guards!
You windows whose transparent shells might expose so much!
You doors and ascending steps! you arches!
You grey stones of interminable pavements! you trodden crossings!
From all that has touch'd you I believe you have imparted to yourselves, and now would impart the same secretly to me,
From the living and the dead you have peopled your impassive surfaces, and the spirits thereof would be evident and amicable with me.

The only *wonder* in this city-saturated "poem" is in the riot of wonder marks!

Free verse is part of that larger movement in modern literature which strives to cancel beauty from the minds of men—as a luxury of the age of illusion—and to substitute therefor a conscience-haunted sincerity—a triumph of moral consciousness, of pathos and disillusion.

Is it not interesting to observe that the very rhythm and rhyme of the classic poetry engendered in the soul a charm and a tranquillity that lulled to a blessed sleep the turmoil of the conscious mind, while the very rhythm and rhyme of the modern poetry stirs in the seething brain a tumult and a disquietude that evoke a fierce awareness, a mood of tension and keen arousal? Behold the fame of *Spoon River Anthology,* marvelously typical of the Age.

Poetry woos pathology. Illusion abdicates in favor of disillusion. Quiescence gracefully yields to disquiescence. Magic to modernity. Conscience has rudely perturbed the quiet waters of faith. An ugly gash torments the face

of truth. Beauty has fled from the universe. We are the broken-hearted children of the age of disillusionment. Disenchantment broods in our souls.

Why do the poets dream no more?

The influence of disillusionment upon the poetic temperament may be seen in two illuminating facts: one, that those of our poets who are critics are greater as critics than as poets; two, that there is more light in our critics than in our creators. Perhaps because our creators are but second-rate critics while our critics are first-rate creators.

What splendid creative power—a felicitous coalescence of mind and art—resides in the critical work of Van Wyck Brooks, Ludwig Lewisohn, Waldo Frank, Henry L. Mencken, John Macy, Carl Van Doren, Floyd Dell, Joseph Wood Krutch, Edmund Wilson, Max Eastman, Lewis Mumford, V. F. Calverton—to enumerate only the critics most congenial to the younger generation!

Van Wyck Brooks, whose *America's Coming of Age* and *Letters and Leadership* are works of sheer beauty of intelligence, pioneer analyses in modern criticism, brilliant studies in psychology, whose *Ordeal of Mark Twain* is a psychoanalytic masterpiece.

Ludwig Lewisohn, whose *Creative Life* reveals him at his intellectual best, a distinguished master of English prose, a marvelously sincere and incorruptible critic, a fine poet whose humanist passion for truth and life impels him to express himself and his philosophy of values, in luminous criticism rather than in lyrical poetry.

Waldo Frank, whose *Salvos* and *Our America* and *The Re-Discovery of America* are distinguished in thought and penetrating, even poignant in style, noteworthy contributions to the New Enlightenment.

Henry L. Mencken—a Hercules who can change rôles swiftly and play the part of Prometheus most impressively—a writer who has single-handedly raised the level of critical intelligence in America by sheer force of personality and persuasion (coercive persuasiveness!)

John Macy, the first of our critics to perceive the kinship between the poetry of philosophy and the philosophy of life: a charming essayist, a candid and keen intelligence, a most readable and enlightening critic—who takes himself far too humbly.

Carl Van Doren, perfect in intellectual poise, subtle student of literature, whose subdued wisdom is a genuine contrbution to the criticism of our contemporary writers.

Floyd Dell, the smart spokesman of the Younger Degeneration, magnificent analyst, whose range of sociologic insight made him, for a brief courageous period, that modern critic who could teach us most persuasively the truths about literature so generally overlooked or feebly appreciated by his fellow-craftsmen.[5] His series on *Literature and The Machine Age* is a valuable and original addition to our knowledge of poetry as science and of science as poetry. A very illuminating work by a quondam thoughtful and sensitive critic.[6]

Two young critics have emerged whose talents promise beautifully, the one saturated with estheticism and a Matthew Arnoldian adoration of culture, the other brimful of sociology and a love of revolutionary revaluation. I refer to Lewis Mumford and V. F. Calverton.

[5] This judgment was reasonably true—until V. F. Calverton, a literary dreadnaught, hove in sight.

[6] See the *New Masses* (July, 1929) for a bitter and accurate estimate of Floyd Dell, bourgeois gentleman and money-grubbing writer, by Editor Mike Gold.

With the publication of *The Golden Day,* Lewis Mumford takes his place as the most sensitive of critics, a brilliant student of literature and life, a wise thinker.

Of that noble band of "belles lettrists" including Santayana, Brooks, Bourne, Frank, Rosenfeld, Lewisohn, exquisites among the ruins, still small voices of doubt in a wilderness of braggadocio, prophets of a world neither modern nor mediaeval, beautiful reactionaries at odds with the realities of contemporary civilization, Mumford is the most realistic and vitally in touch with the modern chaos.

Charming narcissists caught in the net of self-adoration, pitting their private phantasies against a changeful tumultuous universe, living graciously within the four chaste walls of their own egos, unmindful of obstreperous realities that shout denial of their pet preconceptions, these talented writers lend an almost unnatural loveliness to the harsh contemporary scene.

To be sure, they are all quite anaemic emotionally, seeking solace and compensation for their emotional inadequacy in the intricacies and elegancies of language, in aristocratic alienation from the common lot, in worshipful homage to a golden age that never was on sea or land.

Psychiatrically, these exquisites are splendid examples of the schizoid type, capable of an extraordinary amount of autistic thinking, artists whose flight from reality is not without a haunting pathos.

Of this brave band of rhetoricians, Lewis Mumford is the most solid-minded, his intelligence happily corrupted by a certain sociological interest in reality. Exquisites among the ruins!

V. F. Calverton is "sui generis" (as we Latin scholars were wont to say in the days when the religion of advertising and the art of slang had not yet made a mockery of erudition). Is there any other writer in America whose scholarship is as radiant, whose mind is as fresh and vigorous, whose philosophy is as dynamic as Calverton's? I doubt it. Calverton is a social movement all by himself. His challenging studies, *The Newer Spirit* and *Sex Expression in Literature* and *The Bankruptcy of Marriage*, constitute a new chapter in modern enlightenment, the fine fruit of proletarian philosophy seasoned by a most remarkable intellectual competence.

To compare the pale ineffectual narcissism of the golden-day-worshipping bourgeois liberals with the penetrating humanism of our proletarian radicals is to perceive the deep difference between the sick mind and the well.

Whether sick or well, our critics are a delight. At least to one humble philosopher.

There are a few more critics in America whose contribution has not yet reached the dignified proportions of systematic analysis but for all that are important in any adequate survey of the critical scene.

Edmund Wilson writes with amazing psychological intelligence. His stray and intermittent commentary in *The New Republic* is always provocative and inspiring. His stylistic talent is gorgeous. No other American critic has written so sympathetically and penetratingly about the interblending of the French and English and American currents of thought and literature. Equipped with psychoanalytic wisdom, Wilson has given us some startlingly fine pages, most particularly those that probe the genius of Proust and of Dostoievsky.

The more one reads Joseph Wood Krutch, the greater the admiration of his mind and literary power. I used to think that Ludwig Lewisohn's dramatic criticisms in *The Nation* were a study in perfection, stylistically, at any rate. The brief and beautiful reviews of current drama and literature by Krutch do not compare unfavorably with the elegant and concise writings of Lewisohn. One must add, indeed, that Krutch has a more supple and psychologically perceptive mind: more responsive to the strange assaultive winds of doctrine. Lewisohn in the deepest heart of him is timid and provincial and scholastic and egocentric.

Krutch is more than a literary critic. He is a brilliant philosophical commentator on life. It is pleasant to note that all our gifted critics are rather splendidly endowed with psychological and philosophical apperception. With the publication of his talented work *The Modern Temper,* Krutch wins a place for himself among the ablest of our writers. His philosophy of disillusionment, whatever its sentimental errors in discovering too much bankruptcy in the newer conceptions of science and philosophy and sex, indicates a mind at once robust and lyrical, loving truth and beauty with a rare dedication.

Critics like Max Eastman, whose *The Enjoyment of Poetry* is one of the loveliest books ever written on this planet; Stark Young, exquisite stylist; Robert Morss Lovett, informative and delightful commentator on literature and cultural history; Edwin Seaver, unique among our critics for idealist insistence upon perfection of form as the authentic evidence of creative talent; Pierre Loving, whose extraordinary scholarship constitutes him perhaps our most competent student of French and German literature; Mike Gold, whose picturesque

proletarian personality adds color to the dramatic and literary scene, a writer whose talent for simple graphic utterance lifts his writing by the sheer buoyancy of emotional sincerity to the plane of art; not to omit the very well-known critic and scholar, Ernest Boyd, whose significant studies are a library of literature in themselves; —surely whatever deep defect mars the creative life in America, we can hardly deny a rich, possibly compensatory, fulfillment and fruition in the critical accomplishments of our young gifted writers.

Our critics are, in a very vital sense, our most gifted creators!

Though it is not publishing too intimate a secret to acknowledge that no American critic can compare in subtle psychologic stature with Edwin Muir, the most far-seeing of critics, the one contemporary critic writing in the English language who combines within his unique personality all the great attributes: scholarship, philosophic wit, poet's intuition, a talent for lucid perception that amounts almost to genius, grace and serenity of style, classic memory and modern comprehension, a sense of poise, critical-mindedness of the highest order. A critic who adds charm and distinction to every theme his meditative mind consents to illuminate. Edwin Muir, whose one defect, if defect it be, is a certain lack of passion —of fire—that reflects an inhibited emotional life such as contradistinguishes the born critic from the born creator. . . .

> We are the music-makers,
> And we are the dreamers of dreams,
> Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
> And sitting by desolate streams;

World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

As Louis Untermeyer exquisitely remarks: "The poem here reprinted is not only O'Shaughnessy's best but is, because of its perfect blending of music and message, one of the immortal classics of our verse."

WOMAN

A clever man builds a city,
A clever woman lays one low;
With all her qualifications, that clever woman
Is but an ill-omened bird.
A woman with a long tongue
Is a flight of steps leading to calamity;
For disorder does not come from heaven,
But is brought about by women.
Among those who cannot be trained or taught
Are women and eunuchs.

From the *Shi King*, or *Book of Odes* *

* Translated from the Chinese by H. A. Giles, in *An Anthology of World Poetry*, edited by Mark Van Doren.

VII

THREE PSYCHOANALYTIC PORTRAITS

George Bernard Shaw: The Last of the Puritans

Shaw is not a man but a miracle. And there's the rub!

Sexless, shameless, passionless, Saint Bernard will quit this earthly life as innocent as he did enter it. What a pity.

What is man? Man is a creature who responds to two kinds of impulses to ego-fulfillment: positive and negative. Let us call the positive impulses talents and abilities. Let us call the negative impulses defects and liabilities. For example, an illustration of a positive impulse would be love of dialectic. An illustration of a negative impulse would be fear of experience. The history of the philosophic mind is a beautiful example of the love of dialectic not only as a response to a positive talent but also, and with equal intensity, a compensatory behavior concealing, distorting, and rationalizing the fear of experience.

Shaw is a dramatic logician of the intellectual life rather than a dramatist.

Shaw is as great as a dramatist can be who is emotionally color blind. His talent for argument for argument's sake—in lieu of Art for Art's sake—represents not only his marvellous ability in rhetoric and in logic but also his astonishing inability to confront reality more

directly, realistically, as a personal perturbed participant in life's major and minor agonies.

There are three shining keys to the psychopathology of Saint Bernard's life that open many secret doors to the subconscious chambers of his exquisite and eccentric soul. Speaking as unblushing psychiatrists we shall refer to these open sesames to the Shavian miracle as physiological anaemia, physical cowardice, narcissism.

In illumination of his physiological anaemia, let us bear in mind that throughout the length and breadth of his plays (there is no depth), you can discover no sexual scene whatever. The love episodes in his dramas are glandularly innocuous. Shaw is erotically impotent. This statement is psychoanalytically true even if it could be shown that on a few Shavian occasions he was sexually potent—after a fashion. To be erotically impotent implies that physiologic and glandular inadequacy which, reaffirmed by an over-subtle aestheticism, conduces to a general aversion to the gross incredibly vivid and physically unforgettable experience of sexuality.

Shaw's dramatic ideal, realized far too successfully for the chances of a truly Shakespearian immortality in drama, has been the creation of plays without human beings, the women being sexless and socratic, the men being forces of good and evil, voices of God and the Devil, rather than creatures of flesh and blood, animals haunted by impulse and desire, pathetic apes crying lyrically for the moon.

In his rather recent play *Saint Joan,* a marvellous achievement of pure reason, we behold the Shavian conception of the drama in its quintessential purity: no woman is present to mar the logical perfection of the dialogue and dialectic. Human nature as we know it in

reality is divinely absent from this Shavian performance. Thus at the end of his life as at the innocent beginning, Saint Bernard continues to evade the most insistent and pervasive fact in the living universe, to wit, sex.

This fine illustration of Shaw's regression to the infantile affords us a rather deep insight into the emotional sterility, the erotic emptiness of his life. No woman emerges out of his dramas as a full-bodied female. No man as a potent male. His characters are superanimated automata revealing in their ingenious creator a fondness for transcendental behaviorism. His characters possess no inner life of their own because their creator has spent his brilliant and too bookish life in a rather hysterical flight from reality, more particularly, the perplexing and passion-haunted reality of the inner life of real men and women. Saint Bernard, himself too passionless-proud to copulate, was under a compulsion to deny to his characters the right to indulge a privilege he could not enjoy. In Freudian parlance, this Shavian taboo on sexual intercourse represents a case of phallus envy.

On the compensatory side, eking out the congenital inadequancy of his personal situation, behold the radiant Saint Bernard in profuse admiration of D'Annunzio whose passionate writing he refers to as "magnificent sensuality." Nor must we forget his unfailing appreciation of the indecent virility of Frank Harris, the prince of sensualists. And what shall we make of Shaw's transparent admiration of pugilists and strong men like Tunney, Carpentier, Mussolini, Lenin? Can anyone doubt that Shaw has been compensating for a deeply sensed inferiority, an unremitting sense of body inadequacy involving the muscles of his biceps and calves and the

glands that are related in a most incestuous fashion—like it or no—to the sexual function?

Bernard Shaw embodies the most wonderful instance in the contemporary world of purely compensatory thinking.

To pursue the analysis a little farther, note the unconscious protective subtlety of the mind attempting by its own ingenious mechanisms to forget what it is so painful to remember: personal deficit. By a device acutely labeled the mechanism of projection, the mind hides from its critical awareness the perturbing consciousness of deficit by transferring out to others the kinds of behavior that one should be practicing in one's own person were it not for that inadequacy.

Shaw has brightly insisted in his most typically Shavian drama of *Man and Superman*—observe the psychoanalytic import of this revealing title—that women are the pursuers and the men the pursued! In more transparent words, since Shaw has never played the part of man as male, having never known the intimate strange meaning of masculinity, he has compensated for his lack by ascribing to women the aggressive role of masculinity. What a gorgeous bit of rationalization! In Adlerian phraseology, Shaw's plays are a brilliant embodiment of the "masculine protest" in literature.

Our Saint's philosophy is expressed in these words of his:

"I have, I think, always been a Puritan in my attitude towards Art. I am as fond of fine music and handsome building as Milton was, or Cromwell, or Bunyan; but if I found that they were becoming the instruments of a systematic idolatry of sensuousness, I would hold it good statesmanship to blow every cathedral in the world to

pieces with dynamite, organ and all, without the least heed to the screams of the art critics and cultured voluptuaries. And when I see that the nineteenth century has crowned the idolatry of Art with the deification of Love, so that every poet is supposed to have pierced to the holy of holies when he has announced that Love is the Supreme, or the Enough, or the All, I feel that Art was safer in the hands of the most fanatical of Cromwell's major-generals than it will be if ever it gets into mine. The pleasures of the senses I can sympathize with and share; but the substitution of sensuous ecstasy for intellectual activity and honesty is the very devil."

In *Man and Superman,* Tanner (alias Saint Bernard Shaw) says: "Moral passion is the only real passion. All the other passions were in me before; but they were idle and aimless—mere childish greediness and cruelties, curiosities and fancies, habits and superstitions, grotesque and ridiculous to the mature intelligence. When they suddenly began to shine like newly lit flames it was by no light of their own, but by the radiance of the dawning moral passion. That passion dignified them, gave them conscience and meaning, found them a mob of appetites and organized them into an army of purposes and principles."

In *Getting Married* this Shavian revelation appears: "The assumption that the specific relation which marriage authorizes between the parties is the most intimate and personal of human relations . . is violently untrue."

Saint Bernard describes sex stimulation as "the most violent, the most insane, most delusive and most transient of passions."

Shaw has never acquainted himself with the Freudian psychology. Like Shakespeare, like any great dramatist,

he was wise without authoritative reaffirmation. Dramatists are our most brilliant psychologists. That does not deny the existence even in the most original and courageous minds of certain intellectual blind spots that prevent a fundamentally accurate insight into reality, particularly the twisted and compensatory and dualistic reality called human nature. Shaw may legitimately be thought of as a very great dialectician, as keen-witted and logically clever as Socrates. His writing is psychoanalytic to the extent that his own concealed and distorting emotions do not becloud his free mind.

Even Freud, the creator of psychoanalysis, has never been psychoanalyzed and purged of certain distorting limitations of his personal human nature. So Shaw has gone as far in critical thinking as an honest mind can go, burdened with Freudian blind spots.

For a beautiful illustration of a life-long Œdipus fixation, read this Shavian commentary: "If an imaginative boy has a . . . mother who has intelligence, personal grace, dignity of character without harshness, and a cultivated sense of the best art, . . she sets a standard for him against which very few women can struggle, besides effecting for him a disengagement of his affections, his sense of beauty and his idealism from his specifically sexual impulses. This makes him a standing puzzle to the huge number of uncultivated people . . . to whom literature, painting, sculpture, music and affectionate personal relations come as modes of sex if they come at all."[1]

We get a little light on the relation between the Œdipus situation and an unconscious homosexuality (the two

[1] Read George Jean Nathan's sprightly article *Mr. Shaw and the Ogre* in the July, 1929 issue of *The American Mercury,* from which these illuminating excerpts are taken.

are highly correlated[2]) from a passage in *John Bull's Other Island* in which Larry preferring his friend Tom to the woman who loves him, says: "I wish I could find a country to live in where the facts were not brutal and the dreams not unreal."

Shaw's aversion from woman as sex has its Freudian basis!

The sublimation and evisceration of the sexual impulse is carried to its ultimate refinement in the Shavian false assumption that though woman is sex, she is not sexual but creatively human. Who can forget the silly-sterile Shavian scene in *Back to Methuselah* where Eve whispers blushingly into the awkward ear of Adam the shameful secret of her new-born sex knowledge? It would have been a most exquisite instance of poetic justice had Saint Bernard been conscripted to play the part of Adam —at least on a make-believe stage—before overcrowded houses of English and American audiences.

In that same word-intoxicated play Shaw introduces the deliciously imbecile notion of having children born sexless and super-intellectual for the greater glory of God and Superman (no woman has ever suggested the desirability of having children born "sans" sexuality!)

Shaw's plays are an "unconscious" defense reaction against erotic impotence: an elaborate, word-intoxicated dialectic (verbal flight from reality!) by means of which his unresting mind could feel secure and serene in the taunting presence of his maleless body.[3] Hence the brilliant delusional nonsense of Man and Superman. Man is

[2] Consult the two articles by Doctor Theodore R. Robie entitled *The Œdipus and Homosexual Complexes in Schizophrenia,* in the *Psychiatric Quarterly,* October and April, 1927.

[3] Why does Shaw, eternal youth, wear a beard? Page Freud and Adler!

not man but artist. Woman is not artist but sex. Sex is not erotic but humanistic. Subtle biological buncombe. What a delightfully dialectical, gaily eclectical rationalization of his own passionless potency!

We mentioned before that there are three shining keys to the psychopathology of Saint Bernard's life that open many secret doors to the subconscious chambers of his exquisite and eccentric soul. The second key we have bravely decided to call his physical cowardice. This harsh term must not be vulgarly construed as carrying moralistic bias. Shaw's life-long physical cowardice is allied to his congenital physiological anæmia, his erotic impotence, his emotional emptiness, his æsthetic over-refinement, and, by compensatory bonds, with his temperamental garrulousness.

Here is one of the great humanitarians of the age who pretends to be so shocked and unmanned by experiments on laboratory cats and dogs and monkeys that he must speak out his Christly protest against such incredible inhumanity (to rabbits and cats and dogs and monkeys) in powerful diatribe against the practice of vivisection, —filling his plays with scenes of torture that evoke both in their author and in the visiting sadistic audiences an excruciating sense of fun and laughter. We need but recall plays like *Androcles and the Lion, The Doctor's Dilemma, You Never Can Tell,* to be reminded of the fact that passion and pain never leave a residue of pathos in the Shavian drama as they always and inevitably do in the sincere and emotionally profound Russian drama, particularly of Chekhov (whom Shaw greatly admires. Of course!).

Shaw never dared to take the high risk of feeling pain painfully. He has experienced pain rhetorically and æs-

thetically rather than realistically and personally.[4] Oh the difference to me!

The most graphic fact in the life of Shaw is his fear of experience. Whether you consider his vegetarianism or his puritanism or his bookishness or his small experience in traveling or in human mingling, you confront the self-same fact: a truly intra-uterine fear of life as personal disquiet, as novel experience.

The most brilliant evidence of this thesis is of recent origin. You would imagine that the most distinguished dramatist in the world, his wisdom almost rotten-ripe, flirting with an at least imaginative boldness with revolutionary Russia, would have startled the new world by writing a courageous play around the Bolshevik upheaval that rocks to its shabby foundations the whole contemporary world. We find our delightful dramatist going serenely back to Saint Joan, fearing to go tumultuously forward to Saint Lenin. To think of Shaw sliding so voluptuously into historic reverie when the insistent heroic call of the age was to leap desperately into revolutionary chaos for a new Promethean enlightenment of mankind is to realize the incurable limitations of our self-adoring author.

Two melodramatically intense incidents out of Shaw's life light up the infantile cowardice in the heart of that very great man. One concerns his uncontrollable chuckling humorousness at his mother's lonely death when, in the midst of her cremation, the beloved son could summon no other human reaction than jokes and smiles, so that the one dear friend whom he had intimately invited

[4] I suddenly recall Gilbert Canaan's lightning-like reply to a troubled questioner: What's happened to Bernard Shaw? (Pause . . . hesitancy . . . then) That's what's the matter with Shaw: nothing has ever *happened* to him.

to this farewell, Granville Barker, remarked as the two were strolling along: "Shaw, you are a strange fellow."

This kind of heartlessness is not the cruelty of viciousness—that is at the least terribly human—it is a heartlessness that accompanies congenital emotional deficiency, a sheer incapacity for feeling any kind of human reality which invades the narcissistic self-sufficiency of the man. The other incident refers to his empty-hearted jocose reaction to the unthinkably horrible death of Arnold Daly. You may possess the most brilliant and scandalous sense of humor ever known among the sons of men and yet, if in the presence of such heartbreaking reality you can respond only with evasive humor and cowardly jokes, you may be quite certain that emotional defect is the motive of the attitude, not "wise" detachment from the melodramatic anxiety and poignant frustration of the common life.

I know of no species of cowardice more sick and psychotic than the type of cowardice which evades live human situations by the superficial device of irrelevant humor and spiritually empty smartness. Saint Bernard Shaw possesses the kind of irremediable narcissistic callousness that is the outward expression of inward emotional sterility.

Two more revealing incidents bob up in my mind. There is the very early one of Shaw's cold-blooded opportunistic refusal to compromise away his chances as a rising young talent by signing the petition in behalf of the disgraced Oscar Wilde, whom a splendid group of literary men, captained by Frank Harris, were trying to save from a shameful prison sentence. Shaw refused to stoop to the low compassionate level of mere sentimental fellowship. The shrewd Polyphemus eye of his ambitious-

ness was cocked in a different direction. Imagine Romain Rolland dirtying his humanity by a cool and calculated surrender to personal ambition.

A very recent episode is worth including as part of that as yet unwritten commentary on Saint Bernard which may reveal more obscure truth about his queer human nature than it is good for Shaw to be acquainted with now that he is pirouetting on the edge of immortality. Invited by that celebrated pompous pedagogue, Count Keyserling, to contribute to the *Book of Marriage,* Bernard Shaw, irrepressibly evasive and facetious, declined to do so on the ground that no gentleman could tell the truth about marriage while his wife (whom he did not hate, Strindberg-fashion) was still alive. To a psychoanalytic-minded student of life's little ironies, this Shavian dodge is one of the most illuminating bits of confessional ever penned by a mortal.

Shall we include for the sake of the historical record (here it is legitimate to say, for the sake of the hysterical record) the unbelievable fact that Bernard Shaw, occupying without question the most unique position in the world as a man of assertion and bold utterance, at the very height of his celebrated career, could not summon the personal stamina to stand by his own theoretic convictions concerning the pathology and general idiocy of the World War, but surrendered to the war psychology so enthusiastically as finally to advertise the sheer shrewdness of his investment in government bonds as a form of common sense and pecuniary wisdom in a world so practical and hard-headed as every good Britisher knows it to be.

The failure of Shaw's stamina in the greatest crisis of his life reveals the dark limitation that has character-

ized his human nature since he first became conscious of his cosmic importance: an insincere sincerity that accepts idealism but not too idealistically. Shaw meant to be another Shelley. He became another Major Barbara. Shaw's common sense has been the undoing of Shaw's uncommon genius.

The exaggerated admiration of rough-house which is manifested in his plays, the excessively militant rhetoric that is typically Shavian—bombast in lieu of bombs—, the use of humor for purposes of evasion, the laughter-provoking scenes of torture, the facetious and superficial treatment of passion, are all impressive evidences of that subtly distorted human nature in the concealed center of which a frightened and coward child is curled up in detached loneliness.

The third shining key to our wonderful puzzle will carry the label of narcissism. There are three levels of response to the human situation that may legitimately be called narcissistic, egotistic, humanistic.

There are significant qualitative differences among these reactions depending upon the relation of the ego to the social milieu. Narcissism represents unmitigated self-love. The socialization of this self-love which comes about through the interplay in a maturing environment of one's self with other inevitably dissimilar selves brings into existence egotism.

The increasing realization of the common factors in ego fulfillment and ego frustration by means of a deepening participation in the social affairs of mankind creates the bond of pathos and compassion of a widening fellowship which leads to humanism. The child is essentially narcissistic, the adolescent is primarily egotistic, the adult gropes toward humanistic deportment. To be

sure, in every adult there is a complicated pattern of response composed of tenacious residuals of the narcissistic and egotistic phases of personal unfoldment.

Wherever we meet with an indifference to the common problems of passion and pain and personal frustration, of the tragedy and heartbreak of life, we may be reasonably certain that we are in the presence of a human nature that has become fixated at the infantile spoiled-child narcissistic level or at the adolescent self-opinionated egotistic level.

Bernard Shaw cannot be put in the same class of humanistic poets and philosophers with Tolstoy, Chekhov, Gorki, for his British provincial milieu, enormously intensified by his puritanic passionlessness, has thwarted his spiritual growth, inhibiting his emotional development at the immature stages of narcissism and egotism.

Compare the circuitous and quite unfeeling rhetorical talky-talky of his so-called *Heartbreak House* with Chekhov's poignant drama, *The Cherry Orchard*—which Shaw vainly used as a model for his pseudo-Russian phantasia.

If we but realize the absence in our psychopathologically verbose dramatist of the finely human talent for pathos, for feeling and assimilating and identifying himself with human tragedy, we shall understand why Bernard Shaw strikes the deep-hearted reader as a wonderful word-monger rather than as a really great dramatist.

Nothing seems truer than that Saint Bernard has pursued but one goal in his life with a concentrated psychoneurotic purposiveness: evasion of reality as pain.

Spiritually, he has never risen beyond the level of a precocious super-adolescent, a "hysterical girl-man" (as my old friend Tommy Mufson used to insist), fleeing in

exquisite verbal tantrums of fear and shame and disgust from *life:* from experience: from vulgarity: pain: conflict: passion: pathos: degradation: personal participation in truth and reality. Flight from reality and from *realization!*

Shaw is not Ibsen or Strindberg or Hauptmann or Gorki or Tolstoy or Andreyev.

Shaw is not a man but a miracle.* And there's the rub.

* I am assuming what every modern knows: to *wit,* that Shaw is the most scintillating mind that has ever dwelt among earth-born mortals: poet, dialectician, humorist, satirist, dramatist, economist, socialist, philosopher, birth-controller, photographer,—and vegetarian. When Shaw was born, all the evening stars sang together except one —Venus. What an immaculate conception was here perpetrated, my countrymen!

Frank Harris: The Gourmand among the Literati

Who is Frank Harris? There'd be two opinions about a cracked bell if it could hear itself: so a comment in George Eliot's *Silas Marner* runs. Frank—we can afford to be chummy with that extravert out of the West—answers modestly: the greatest literary man in the world: of the same stature as Goethe, Wagner, Shakespeare and Molière. There are a few other judgments extant. Most of them are at sharp-edged variance with Frank's self-estimate. Some literary talents have lavishly praised our hero: Meredith, Wilde, and in season and out of season, Shaw. Shaw's admiration strikes me as off-color: I shall explain why later.

Harris' extravagant immortalization of his literary fame roots in a defeatist logic: it takes one hundred years, aye, two hundred years, even three hundred years for a really great genius to be adequately acclaimed by mankind. Within the strenuous lifetime of seventy lusty years of wine, woman and *belles lettres*. Harris acknowledges his fame unheralded. The hundred year test is palpably insufficient. The three hundred year test seems most wise. Harris will have become securely immortal by that time: he fears not the fate of Ozymandias of Egypt.

> And on the pedestal these words appear: 4
> "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
> Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"
> Nothing beside remains. Round the decay

Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Who is Frank Harris? A roughneck out of the Golden West loving the blood-red meat of experience, rich enough always to be independent of the Marxian determinisms, enraptured with his own robustious ego, spending the youthful years of his exuberant life drinking, feasting, and harloting, devoting his blest autumnal years to meeting great men and inscribing their defects in the notebook of his memory (declared by no less an authority than Frank himself to be more reliable than mere historic record and more true in the creative sense), writing his impressions and multitudinous interviews with the great, the near-great, and the pseudo-great, adding portrait upon portrait to his precariously immortal Gallery of Notables, filling the literary air with contagious rumors and reports of his devastating greatness, an ungainly Narcissus in unresting quest of his immortal Echo.

Off-hand one might think that a man who had specialized in braggartism was suffering from a superiority complex. And it may well be true that psychology is blind in stressing so inordinately the more universally insistent inferiority complex. Still, it is permissible to look more deeply behind the pose of superiority to discover subtle lurking traces of a genuine and even privately tormenting feeling of inferiority. We may risk the keen surmise that the over-inflated ego of Frank Harris hides within its secret bosom a sensitive unconquerable consciousness of inadequacy, of somehow having failed to win the laurels of that great renown which has intrigued his eager mind for many a restless year.

In fact, in one place he speaks of the very great need each sensitive soul experiences to guard itself against the slings and arrows of a perverse and outrageous fortune by developing a protective armor, a well-knit callousness. No doubt, God and Nature both agreeably conspired to make this acquisition of a protective tough tegument very easy for Frank. In general, one finds it difficult to believe that he has spent many sleepless nights worrying over the possibility of a truly original inferiority in his makeup.

Yet, try as he may, man cannot escape the competitive stimulation of his environment. He is being rated by his contemporaries and he can't help smarting under the lash of adverse ratings. At all costs he must assert and reassert his true significance—which, in the nature of the case, outruns the sober facts. If Frank Harris has been endlessly preoccupied with assuring his tone-deaf contemporaries of his literary immortality, of his unexceptional genius, his hysterical insistence must surely hide a gnawing doubt as to his ultimate place in the world's literature. The place I modestly assign him cannot bring any added solace to his wounded self-glorification.

In a lecture pretending to deal with Wagner and a few other immortals, Frank Harris, as was his humble wont, spent the time rehearsing his own accomplishments and shining merits. He said, with a becoming naïveté: "My work on Shakespeare is not only the greatest book on Shakespeare that has ever been written: it is the greatest book that ever will be written; it is the greatest book than *can* be written on Shakespeare. . ."

Several charming women applauded. This insane insistence upon his greatness is a perfect pathologic meas-

ure of the admiration denied him by his own age. Harris is under the impression that he can jam down the throat of history an evaluation of his work that literary men in his own time have found it impossible to swallow without a sense of wretched suffocation.

There is an interesting thesis in modern psychology that applies with a fine emphasis to the case of Harris. We often observe a rapaciousness of the ego finding outlets for its frustrated self-estimate in behaviours that seem on the surface to be anything but egotistic: for example, sexual braggartism. Upon a closer survey, we begin to be impressed by the inherently egocentric nature of the sexual element in that kind of experience. It may be that Harris' unremitting pursuit of sex represents a vigorous biology, an extraordinary glandular endowment, out-Tolstoying Tolstoy in its lusty naturalness.

But the true account of his bragging, like any self-important schoolboy, about his conquests and adventures and indulgences—at a time of life when sex can't help being a little drowsy and reminiscently serene—reveals only too clearly the egocentric red nucleus of his illimitably conceited nature.

Frank was confronted with one of two choices for attaining immortality while still imprisoned in the flesh of mortality: to achieve greatness in pure literature (as had been his fondest dream since first he met and was honored by the distinguished attention of Carlyle and Renan: at least, so he reports) or, if need be, as a last desperate bid for remembrance, in impure literature. Frank has confessed defeat in his old age, for he has decided not to wait for a reluctant posterity to acknowledge his transcendent greatness: he has shrewdly chosen to etch in lucid acid on the dull mind of man the immor-

tal significance of one, Frank Harris, and he has courageously created his own immediate immortality by sexualizing and exhibiting in unabashed psychopathologic detail his obsessively erotic and therefore wonderfully human life history, true and imaginary, as befits a writer pleading hysterically for fame.

Why not an American Casanova?

As one keenly perceives how exquisitely correlated are immortality and immorality, one admires Frank all the more for his adolescent audaciousness—at the ripe age of three score years and ten: the nicest period in a man's life to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth to a hypocritical and snickeringly repressed world of erotically immature men and women. Who will trouble to deny Frank Harris' distinguished immorality? Or, to put it more creatively, who can now deny his immortality?

Here's a point for dialecticians of the life sexual. How does it happen that a man who knew himself sexual even in his cradle, in his Freudian infancy exhibiting a startling libidinousness, spending himself so lavishly in embracing the female of the species, incidentally endowed with literary opportunity and talent, can contribute not a paragraph of keen enlightenment, not an illuminating memorable word about women? I shall attempt an explanation of what to me is one of the most interesting contradictions imaginable.

Behavior tends to complete itself at the level of swift response to an impinging stimulus. Behavior is primarily action. Impulse moves in the direction of fulfillment. The equilibrium of the organism being disturbed by an internal or external provocation cannot help restlessly seeking means of allaying its disquietude and as directly

and as precipitously as possible. The great aim of the organism is the attainment of quiescence, of equilibrium, of complacency.

The history of human behavior is therefore written at the level of automatic, habit-driven, rather unconscious response.

This enormous fact makes us aware of two troubling truths about human nature: the presence of an infinite capacity for automatism, for blind action, for unconscious behavior and the absence of thoughtfulness, reflection, complexity, consciousness, suspended judgment, realization.

Man acts impulsively, blindly, urgently; thought is usually an afterthought.

Man is not a serene philosopher (except, occasionally in old age): man is a frightened animal.

If all this be reasonably true, we begin to understand why the man of unpremeditated action contributes so little to philosophy, to life's wisdom. The cult of appeasement, of expression, of satisfaction, leaves no haunting residuals in the mind to reflect upon, to ponder.

Hence the paradox of the profoundest enlightenment being contributed by those who can hold themselves sufficiently aloof to have the time, the patience and the disposition to understand what life is all about. Philosophers, thinkers, men of wisdom, whether in the dreamy orient or the preoccupied occident, have always been accused of being merely dreamers, futile men of learning, fools and philosophers.

It is still a little strange to realize that Shaw, the most ascetic and sexless and detached of men, has added a wealth of understanding to our knowledge of woman, as the talented actress, Mary Shaw, charmingly pointed out

in a fine lecture on Shaw's wisdom about women a few luminous years ago, while Harris who has squandered his passionate vitality in lavish sexual contacts with a multitude of women of high and low degree, has never offered us one penetrating or illuminating comment on the fascinating theme called woman.

Perhaps his silence is itself the most penetrating commentary. I doubt it. The profounder truth is simply this: when you behave impulsively, instinctively, urgently, you are totally immersed in action, in blind conduct. The reaction is at the level of automatism. From a humanistic point of view the behavior is exploitation: the rapacious use of available means, including human personalities, for the swift appeasement of one's urgent personal desires. Ethically, such conduct has always been labeled selfish, beastly. Selfish and beastly because the disquieted animal in man seeks self-satisfaction, be the costs what they may to others—and often to one's self —in the sequel.

The history of human behavior at the level of impulse and automatism is almost unmitigated tragedy: the thoughtless misuse of life for momentary pleasure fulfillments without conscientious concern for the human values involved.

"When King Arthur left Guinevere grovelling on the floor with her head within an inch of his toes, and stood plainly conveying to the numerous bystanders that this was the proper position for a female who had forgotten herself so far as to prefer another man to him, one's gorge rose at the Tappertitian vulgarity and infamy of the thing; and it was a relief when the scene ended with a fine old Richard the Third effect of Arthur leading his mail-clad knights off to battle. That vision of a fine figure

of a woman, torn with sobs and remorse, stretched at the feet of a nobly superior and deeply wronged lord of creation, is no doubt still as popular with the men whose sentimental vanity it flatters as it was in the days of the *Idylls of the King*. But since then we have been learning that a woman is something more than a piece of sweet-stuff to fatten a man's emotions; and our amateur King Arthurs are beginning to realize, with shocked surprise, that the more generous the race grows the stronger becomes its disposition to bring them to their senses with a stinging dose of wholesome ridicule."

This was not written by Frank Harris!

What is there of conspicuous merit in the work of our author? Should we rank him as an interesting journalist with a large appetite for reading and writing, we should be according him all the honor that is legitimately due. Among the higher reaches of the imagination he moves insecurely. Though he has set himself up as a connoisseur, possessed of a most exquisite sense of taste and discrimination, at home equally among ancient and modern classics, Harris leaves us amazed at the commonplaceness of his style, its sheer lack of beauty and sensitiveness. He writes hurriedly, dogmatically, coarsely albeit, interestingly enough. Beauty of expression as conceived by the poet mind is not discoverable in his writing.

I believe it is true, and we may say this generous-heartedly, that Frank Harris is the most distinguished tattletale in modern literature. He is a great gossip. If you compare him with Georg Brandes for critical ability or intellectual sweep or literary sincerity, you can't think very highly of Frank. It is even difficult to be certain whether he has ever loved literature passionately, beautifully, as let us say Matthew Arnold did. I should say

that Harris is clearly deficient in mind. He is not a thinker. He is not a profound critic either of life or of letters. He is a wonderful babbler, a self-indulgent impressionist, more akin to the dwarfish race of George Jean Nathan than to the giant brood of Carlyle and Ruskin and Arnold—whom some jejeune little ultra-moderns enjoy ridiculing and despising—so that they may appear the greater in their own distorted mirrors!

Frank Harris is not great in imagination, insight, wit, irony, critical power, poetry, or beauty of style. As a literary gourmand, as a racy journalist, as a specialist in old wives' tales, he deserves some attention. His *Contemporary Portraits,* increasingly feeble with each fresh (in reality stale) volume, appear to have been written for the greater part by a pen dipped in very watery ink.

The riddle remains: how did this shallow-pated extravert out of the West contrive to produce an impression of unique literary eminence when neither in writing ability nor creative imagination nor charm of style nor originality of thought can he be praised for greatness. An ordinary mind with extraordinary egotism, stimulated by favorable opportunities for show-off, can rise to a surprising distinction even in the world of letters, especially in an age, journalistical in its shallowness, that loves noisy self-importance and sprightly conversational intimacies, and brilliant platitudes.

In an age when our distinguished men are themselves incorrigible mediocrities, what wonder that the standards set by these mediocre minds shall award them in particular an unmerited immortality?

Who is Frank Harris? A half-breed aristocrat sucking around the British nobility and boasting like the typical

American boor he was, of his palatial residence, his conspicuous English friends, his horses, and most delicious of all, his perfect table manners. A literary politician in the grand style. An intellectual pretender. A most picturesque movie actor to whom all the world was veritably a stage. A wonderful simpleton. A typical narcissistic egotist utterly devoid of the sense of humor. A snob playing disingenuously with socialism. An elegant roué transporting into an excessively moral universe a truly primitive lavishness in sexual promiscuity. A writer who must be reckoned with because of his superabundant vitality, his remarkable appetite for experience in a generation when the literary tribe, particularly of the English and American varieties, has been emotionally anæmic, sexually infantile, spiritually chalk-laden, fearing experience, life, even more than a still lingering God or Devil.

It is a fitting anti-climax to Harris' life to record his emphatic and reiterated adoration of Jesus. Frank and Jesus make almost as good a team as God and the Kaiser, Nietzsche and Mencken, the Virgin Mary and Sarah Bernhardt, Socrates and Cal Coolidge.

If it pleases you, you may picturesquely remember Frank Harris as The Wild Duck of contemporary literature.

Perhaps Frank will be ultimately remembered by a sex-starved mankind for his pelvic ardors. And who among the yearning sons of men will not (in his blackest heart of hearts) envy him and secretly curse and admire him for his artistry in sexing? If we were speaking scientifically as befits endocrinologists, we should say that Frank has certainly had a gland time in this vale of tears. Or in that Don Juan's candid phraseology: Man

has a thousand organs for pain and only one for pleasure. . . . (Thus Frank Harris in his confessional!)

And Echo answers: Whose pleasure?

NOTE: I shall not take the trouble in this place to answer adequately the question I opened in the earlier part of this essay, viz., Why has Shaw so consistently and lavishly praised Harris? The points at stake include their controversies over each one's presumably perfect knowledge of the immortal William's works; Harris' embarrassing accusation that Shaw had filched the major material for a play from Harris' dramatic treatment of the same theme: *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets;* Shaw's gratitude to Frank for having invited him to be a contributor to his distinguished English magazine; the Shavian compensatory tolerance of Frank's sexy revelations; the strong-man complex in Saint Bernard; Shaw's respect for a fighting literary man; Harris' old reliance upon the Shavian approbation to keep his wounded reputation vigorously alive among his half-indifferent or positively disparaging contemporaries. I never could see in Shaw's appreciation of Harris anything more real than a gesture of fellowship from a very great man to a fellow writer whose hunger for fame must have been very painful to behold to an exquisite like Shaw who cannot tolerate vivisection in any form whatever. Perhaps, Frank's true immortality will be due to his being thus almost inevitably linked to the really great name of Shaw.

H. L. Mencken: Idol of the Booboisie

> O Hamlet, speak no more;
> Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
> And there I see such black and grained spots
> As will not leave their tinct.

The Idol of the Booboisie. What a fate for Nietzsche Jr.!

> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Nietzsche Jr. began a couple of feverish decades ago by being a wery wery wicked and wenomous wascal. Now he is a rich scholar, a bourgeois gentleman, a shrewd writer for all and sundry. A snarling and snappy Prof. Dr. Frankish Crane. What a fall there was, my countrymen.

Speaking a little bio-physio-logically, as befits our bilious subject, Mr. Mencken suffers from intellectual enuresis. Like the middle-class pups that pause with unpremeditated ease before each congenial lamp-post and every tantalizing stone porch to contribute their shy quota to the streams of influence that mould our conventional civilization (in the City of Dreadful Night), Mr. Mencken presents the attention-capturing spectacle of an intellectual pup—or bull dog, if you recognize that his bark is more real than his bite—that stops at the most bizarre places to void his rhetorical excess which poureth forth abundantly under the irritating stimuli of his febrile

milieu. His intellectual bladder is so full, he cannot contain himself.

It argues a gross defect in diet: in habits of chewing, digesting, assimilating and eliminating. How that man does eat.

> O that his too, too solid flesh would melt,
> Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew.

Books are the excessively starchy ingredient in his unbalanced diet. He bites off more than he can chew serenely. He digests his pabulum too hectically. He assimilates it too swiftly, nervously. No wonder he sits on pins and needles like a pregnant woman whose bladder control has been disturbed so that, dignity or no dignity, she must seek the oft-recurring solace of an urinal. What wonder he is moved to self-expression under the whip of an urgency that bespeaks a conjuncture of anxiety hysteria and compulsion neurosis.

Mr. Mencken reacts to the life about him with a truly manic rhythm, producing as a compensatory by-product of his tense state the most interesting "word salad" in latter-day *litter*ature. Fascinating hysterical female essaying again and again to give birth to a child of genius, capable only of miscarriages and grotesque abortions, and strangely mediocre offspring. Parthenogenetic conception proving in his quixotic case a most uncanny failure.

I can think of no other person—or personage—in These Eccentric States, except Cal Coolidge and Herb Hoover, so over-estimated and over-attended to as H. L. M. (His Light-headed Majesty, Merry Mencken). The point to note is that by temperament, training, and religious dedication to the pursuit of power and profit

and prestige, our worshipful collegiate Sage From Baltimore and the Knopf Counting House, Ltd., is himself a most accomplished politician, one of the most canny in the country, a domineering political boss in the still virginal (or shall we say pioneer? frontier?) field of beautiful letters.

Trampled upon by his inexquisite and unpoetic feet, raped most unseemly by his lust for fame, the said virginal field is for a charnel dungeon fitter, *belles lettres* having been converted into a bleeding battlefield for coarse-grained realists and hard-boiled barbarians to joust in at their drunken pleasure. Poetry treated callously and contemptuously like a hag. Love approached without vision or compassion like a mindless slut. Beauty manipulated like a child's silly toy without reverence or sense. Contemplation derided like a stupid thing, without knowledge or wisdom. The Polyphemus of contemporary literature worshipped—in the Democracy of Letters—as its sager Odysseus!

Two unchanging defects mar the Mencken mind. An almost congenital disqualification for logic, i. e., for noting contradictions in his own thinking. An almost congenital incapacity for psycho-logic, i. e., for correlating various aspects of experience into interwoven insights into reality. On the intellectual level a mind may be reasonably rated for adequacy by estimating its capacities for perceiving contradictions and keenly discovering correlations.

Mr. Mencken writes impressionistically, like a driven journalist, properly contemptuous of whether what he writes to-day is or is not in silly opposition to what he penned yesterday or will scribble to-morrow. Sufficient unto the day is the well-paid Contrib thereof. Damn

the logic of contradiction and the psychology of correlation.

Mr. Mencken pretends to believe in the aristocratic principle and yet finds it no derogation of his dignity to beat his jazz tom-tom so tumultuously as to attract the gaping attention of the passing multitude. He loves liberty so passionately that he is willing to see the mass of men in slavery to capitalism for the greater glory, no doubt, of the principle of freedom. He is so profoundly educated that the theme of his unceasing repetitious discourse is the lack of education of his fellowmen whom in the premises he screechingly insists he cannot abide. He finds American politics and especially American politicians so meaningless that he cannot stop writing about either. In an age when economics is the most perturbing and significant of social realities, our collegiate Sage from Baltimore can't for the life of him contribute an enlightening page in that field. Only personalities impinge vividly upon his theatric mind. Social forces find him obtusely indifferent.

He cannot cope with the most vital realities of his own time though no publicist, with the honorable exceptions of Messrs. Brisbane and Crane and MacFadden, writes so much on so many journalistical themes. For all his political babbling, he contributes nothing to politics. For all his economic ranting, he contributes nothing to economics. For all his psychological book-viewing, he contributes nothing to psychology.

The mechanics of our civilization, the mass logic of a new world-in-the-making, the revolutionary potency of our times as exemplified in its life and dramatic literature, the proletarian fellowship that comes to inspiring utterance in Gorki and Barbusse, Toller and Sinclair, Ander-

son and O'Neill, Rolland and Shaw, the potentialities resident in human nature, under scientific and humanistic guidance, for reëducation and the refashioning of life to purposes of beauty and high utility—these liberating and creative aspects of civilization cannot stir even a mildly comprehending and sympathetic response in a mind under the arrogant dominance of complacency.

If it is true that Mr. Mencken is a dumb-bell in economics, a fake amateur in science, a mere scribbler in psychology, it is less surprising that he writes with so much heat and so little light about the vast problems that confront the contemporary mind.

He has worked himself up to the academic point where his greatest pride is in referring to himself as an "excessively educated" man. Perhaps he will still have the time and the patience to enjoy some acid reflections by his genealogical compatriot, Arthur Schopenhauer: "When one sees the number and variety of institutions which exist for the purposes of education, and the vast throng of scholars and masters, one might fancy the human race to be very much concerned about truth and wisdom. But here, too, appearances are deceptive. The masters teach in order to gain money, and strive, not after wisdom, but the outward show and reputation of it; and the scholars learn, not for the sake of knowledge and insight, but to be able to chatter and give themselves airs. Every thirty years a new race comes into the world —a youngster that knows nothing about anything, and after summarily devouring in all haste the results of human knowledge as they have been accummulated for thousands of years, aspires to be thought cleverer than the whole of the past. For this purpose he goes to the university, and takes to reading books—new books, as

being of his own age and standing. Everything he reads must be briefly put, must be new! he is new himself. Then he falls to and criticizes. And here I am not taking the slightest account of studies pursued for the sole object of making a living.

"Students, and learned persons of all sorts and every age, aim as a rule to acquire information rather than insight. They pique themselves upon knowing about everything—stones, plants, battles, experiments, and all the books in existence. It never occurs to them that information is only a means of insight, and in itself of little or no value; that it is his way of thinking that makes a man a philosopher. When I hear of these portents of learning and their imposing erudition, I sometimes say to myself: Ah, how little they must have had to think about, to have been able to read so much!"

Schopenhauer, sprightly old pessimist, entitled his reflections, *On Men of Learning.*

Mencken is seriously of the opinion that the mass of men whom industrial servitude has reduced almost to the lifeless level of automata have been doomed by heredity (the theologian's predestination) to remain without the blessings of knowledge, such as Mr. Mencken finds time and profit in absorbing from books on anatomy, diplomacy, psychoanalysis, history and God knows what not. This silly test of a mind in terms of book knowledge would speedily rule out the most original thinkers that the race has produced, for in the refreshing dawn of culture, when suffocating book knowledge was beautifully non-existent, when persons genuinely endowed with intellects experienced the rare pleasure of interrogating God and Nature and Man at first hand, Socratically, the profoundest insights were discovered

and invented by philosophers and scientists and poets who were fortunate enough not to be "excessively educated."

What a low state originality has come to that an intelligent man can in all seriousness want to judge his fellow men by the quantity of knowledge (let us goodnaturedly call it that) he happens to possess, and which they by their drudgery and misfortune are prevented from becoming rapturously acquainted with, leaving the raptures to be enjoyed by opinionated parasites who have not even envisaged in imagination what being civilized sincerely means. If Mr. Mencken could ever summon the spiritual guts to face an audience of "Grand Street Platos," his epithet would gain in humorousness what his mind would lose in arrogance. A little humility makes the whole world kin.

H. L. M. is remarkably devoid of *Gemeinschaftsgefühl.* Sympathetic pain, compassion, imaginative fellowship seem never to have nestled in his strangely constricted human nature. The vitamines that build up the emotional nature of man have not nourished the visceral life of Mencken. Perhaps we can sum up the bald truth about his humaneness by pointing out that he enjoys witnessing electrocutions and hangings.

To understand in all its psychoanalytic precision the significance of the sadistic component in that gentleman's kind of human nature, we should have to inquire rather freely and truthfully into his sex life since infancy, a graphic subject on which the voluble exhibitionist from Baltimore has not yet decided to offer his admirers and disciples any vital subject-matter for a new and authentic biography of so great a man.

If H. L. M. could give us a gay and candid volume entitled "An Impuritan Psychoanalyzes Himself," what a refreshing contribution to life's major and minor ironies!

Our *papier maché* Nietzsche does not stoop to the humble level of self-analysis and self-criticism.

If your mind happens to be philosophical, you cannot help marveling at this Menckenesque flight from Socratic and Freudian introspection.

Meditation, the sensitive perception of the introvert, humility, ironic reflection, wit—transcending animal exuberance and vaudeville humor—emotional generosity, wisdom—deeper than shrewdness or radiantly selfish common sense—these endowments of great minds are not to be found at all in the highly efficient brain of H. L. M. Their absence, it is only fair to remark, is not a serious omission in contemporary America.

Little surprise that the Russian and Scandinavian writers—shades of Chekhov and Ibsen!—were always rather foreign, in truth, very dull to our high-power salesman of the intellectual life, on the *qui vive* from moon-up to sun-down for more orders, assignments, opportunities, contracts, to write, *ach du lieber Gott!* to write.

Edison, Woolworth, Ford, Hoover, Mencken are spiritually one. A tribe of efficiency-haunted experts, obsessed by quantitative performance, sincerely in love only with money, success, competitive show-off, worldly acumen, go-getting.

Mencken worships success, spending himself with a truly religious frenzy in its pursuit, precisely as the Rotarians and Babbitts and Bourgeois Morons do whom he passionately disclaims as blood-relatives—because

they all belong to the same clan of superanimated salesmen.

Mencken, the idol of the Booboisie!

Mr. Mencken's sleek admiration of capitalism is the spiritual counterpart of his tribal dedication to power, profit, prestige. Was there ever an American, pretending that his true loves are literature and the life of reason, who wooed the unchaste mistress Success so madly? Yet this high-pressure super-salesman of contemporary letters harbors the delusion that he belongs in the enshrined memory of moderns with Friedrich Nietzsche! Where is Mencken's sense of humor? Ellen Key and Elinor Glyn, George Eliot and Gertrude Stein, Thomas Carlyle and Frank Crane, Abraham Lincoln and Cal Coolidge, George Bernard Shaw and George Jean Nathan, Romain Rolland and Floyd Dell, Anton Chekhov and Joseph Hergesheimer, Friedrich Nietzsche and Henry Mencken.

> Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
> The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
> See what a grace was seated on this brow;
> Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself;
> . . . . . .
> A combination and a form indeed
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man.

Measured even by a simple spiritual conception of life, Mencken disports an attitude that is pretty dirty. I can sum him up right accurately by characterizing him as a sadistic Jesuit. Parroting Nietzsche and his sick compensatory philosophy of hardness, our prosperous bourgeois journalist accepts as a religion of realism a

theory of exploitative behavior that is cold-blooded and shrewdly inhuman in every particular. With unimaginative masculine laughter he denies the sanity and utility (among the wretched masses) of birth control. He mocks viciously and most hypocritically every modern attempt at the amelioration and emancipation of life. Such clean and liberating concepts as companionate marriage, divorce by mutual consent, culture for the workers, socialistic progress, anti-imperialistic propaganda, are all so many moronic delusional hopes from his point of view. And yet most of the distinguished men he admires in Europe and America accept and courageously represent these indispensable preliminaries to genuine civilization.*

Mencken flirts with Catholicism (the religion *par excellence* of shrewdness and hypocrisy: equal love of God and Mammon) and would make a similar exploitative use of the masses, fit, in his capitalistic estimation, for the sweet uses of adversity: fecundity, exploitation, servility, war. This Menckenesque inhumanism has allied the Baltimore Sage with the capitalistic system—which he announced in the very first issue of the *American Mercury* as good enough for him—and with its evil philosophy of power-and-profit-and-prestige. Doubt it not: Mencken is a cold-blooded congenitally sadistic super-animated mediocrity in desperate quest of ex-

* Recently, in conversation with Ben Lindsey, Calverton and I were discussing the evidences of decline in Mencken's writing and influence —the late Mr. Mencken!—and pointing out what a contradictory and reactionary and hypocritical creature that noisy biped is. Lindsey was telling us of Mencken's hostility to and rejection of all those quite axiomatic fundamentals of enlightenment which Lindsey champions in darkest America. It is certainly clear that Mencken is able to continue in his shrewd and contradictory and disingenuous career because of a protective psychological reluctance to probe his own human nature honestly. His positive hatred of psychoanalysis is wonderfully meaningful.

ploitative power and its living symbolization, money. No wonder he prates in and out of season about honesty.

Emotionally, Mencken and Nathan (who won their literary spurs by playing Mutt and Jeff to a vaudeville-worshipping public) have a good deal in common with Leopold and Loeb. Nathan has already regaled us with his confession that so far as he was concerned it mattered not one twinkle of the tiniest star whether ten thousand more Jews were massacred in Poland or the seas incarnadined by the blood of another million boobs, morons, zanies, idiots (i. e., human beings) to whom war is a congenial pastime in the Darwinian game of the survival of the fittest. Mr. Nathan has cultivated the credo of inhumanism. A super-sadistic simian.

Concerning Mr. Mencken we have both the historic record and the revealing commentary of his (quondam) friend Edmund Wilson that the collegiate Sage from Baltimore did not abate either his thirst for wine or his lust for meat or for power or the glory thereof during the World War, as callous and complacent as any Bourbon, indifferent to the fate of the millions of boobs, morons, zanies, idiots (i. e., human beings), untroubled by the tragedy tormenting mankind, jolly and content so long as he could sleep peacefully in his silken pajamas in a libidinous bed in Baltimore. Of what heroic stuff are these twinlings concocted!

For me they remain imbedded in memory, throughout the sordid and sad chaotic years, as twin bruitish egotists, imaginatively sterile, poetically color-blind, emotionally obtuse, spiritually defective. A dwarfish team! Passionless Prometheans. *Papier maché* Nietzscheans. Little Bazarovs. The Mutt and Jeff of The Higher Learning.

The Metaphysicians of Main Street. Typical Americans, by the grace of God!

These men are sick with a deep disease: a psychotic malaise: congenital callousness. They are emotionally—and therefore intellectually—inaccessible to the quintessentially *human* aspects of life: pain, pathos, tragedy, dreaming, frustration, heart-break. They simply cannot *feel* for their fellow men. Doctors Freud and Adler could tell us why. No wonder these twain hate psychoanalysis. They fear its probing revelations.

Mencken's trivial attitude toward the torment of Sacco and Vanzetti; his characterization of Debs as an idiot; his barroom references to women; his contemptuous and contemptible attitude toward sex love[1]; his description of the marvelous men of Soviet Russia who have, in an incredible decade, lifted a whole nation from barbarism to civilization, as lunatics and idiots—can H. L. M. never be persuaded that clarity begins at home? —all attest the presence of naïve arrogance, sleek complacency, hard-boiled egotism; intellectual blind spots that mar the vision of the collegiate Sage from Baltimore.

When I think of Henry Mencken and remember Friedrich Nietzsche, I can hear God sobbing. . . .

Granted! In our Barbary States, Mr. Mencken is rightly acclaimed a great man. He is completing the work of Thomas Huxley and Bob Ingersoll and Elbert Hubbard. He is teaching the intellectual hicks, by the powerful persuasions of verbalistic thumb and screw, to respect

[1] Read his emotionally illiterate article in the *Nation* symposium, *New Morals for Old* (1924). Then contrast the sexual wisdom of Havelock Ellis whom Mencken (irrational and illogical as only a savage journalist dare be) finely describes as "the most civilized of Englishmen." What comedy. How hideously uncivilized our Nietzsche Jr. is.

Evolution. He is worrying the Baptists and Seventh Day Adventists about the existence of God and Immortality. He can write as eloquently of Big Business as he can about Beautiful Letters.

Rum and Romanism fascinate him still.

In a world racked by problems involving the very basis of civilization, of life itself, Mencken can grow red-white-and-blue in the face in maniacal excitement over the provincial pseudo-problem of prohibition. He seems to share the opinion of his friend Harold Stearns who mistook his personal passion for drink for a cosmic law of nature, and sagely—though erroneously—prophesied a Revolution (not merely a Whiskey Rebellion!) in These Exemplary States on the swift heels of that Driest Amendment of them all. The earth has continued to revolute, and the fog-soaked brain of Stearns; the puerile prejudices of Mencken continue to be the favorite near-beer of Collegiate America.

The question is: Has Mr. Mencken a sense of humor—concerning himself? Quite doubtful. His Prussian pose and pompousness reveal him as spiritual and intellectual kin to Bismarck, not to Goethe. And that's the point to remember about Nietzsche Jr.

You might sum it up by saying that H. L. M. has the psychology of a libertine rather than of a libertarian. The momentous difference between the cult of self-indulgence and the religion of human emancipation. Mencken and Nathan versus Ibsen and Kropotkin.

But the worst crime Mr. Mencken ever perpetrated was—you'll never guess—to review *en masse* twenty-five volumes of poetry containing among them some of the noblest works of our disillusioned and disenchanted

age. Imagine the mind of a man capable of this butchery of beauty. Emotion recollected in tranquillity!

> Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour.
> America hath need of thee!

If you understand that H. L. M. is an expert accountant, a production engineer, in the field of *Belles Lettres,* you will understand the triumph and popularity of the man as well as his vast cacophanous emptiness as poet and thinker. A bankrupt poet. A noisily platitudinous thinker. In fine, a very great Force (farce?) inmediocrity-intoxicated America.

The penetrating judgments of his true worth by competent critics like Randolph Bourne, Van Wyck Brooks, John Macy, Edmund Wilson, Lewis Mumford, Waldo Frank, V. F. Calverton, Max Eastman, reveal Nietzsche Jr. in a light that a modern cartoonist, rather than a philosopher, would be dazzled by.

If you wish to indulge the ironic (almost tragic) humor of comparing Mencken to Nietzsche—well, let's not be Menckenesque in our humor. That would be the unkindest cut of all—in sober sooth, an F. P. A. contrib to Mencken*inanities*. What a noisy biped. He cackles so volubly, rules the roost so obstreperously, I can't hear Chanticleer.

Having said all these infamous and enlightening things about the Big Boss of Belles Lettres, let me add, lest the radiant point be lost sight of in the dark forest of insult, abuse, exposé (i. e., in the midst of the higher, characteristically Menckesque criticism), that H. L. M. is a wonderfully important Personage at this barbarous stage of American culture. Almost single-handedly he is building a national monument, of the granite of Yankee com-

mon sense, to honor as befits their immortal status, the Holy Trinity: blasphemy, beer and belles lettres—*American Mercury* taste, exclusively. Who can withhold his generous praise from a contribution to the gayety of nations so utterly splendid?

The American Mercury is read by many thoughtful Americans, many of whom are educated and some of whom are even cultured. For all that, in behalf of that merciless objective truth which H. L. Mencken, Morris R. Cohen, Bertrand Russell, and I love beyond all other goods, mortal or immortal, be it confessed that the *American Mercury* has become one of the most stereotyped, intelligently dull, repetitiously humorous and conventionally unconventional magazines in these benighted states.

> And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?
> The American Mercury delights not me;
> No, nor the New Republic neither,
> Though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Perhaps, in some not remote future, in every properly accoutred college, there will be a Literary Pig Sty reminiscent of the great days when little fornicating gentlemen foregathered in Inns like The White Kitten, The Red Herring, The Blue Stocking, The Yellow Jaundice, The Mauve Decade, The Black Bottom, The Son of a Bee, The Silver Rope, The Hairy Ape,—to anatomize Pope and Dryden, Addison and Steele, Shakespeare and Jonson, to the lyric tune of clinking glasses of nut brown ale. Alas! the days that are no more. There will be a Literary Pig Sty where Freshmen sucklings and Sophomore weanlings will cynically but not too

drunkenly sing—half remindful of the visionless Sage of Baltimore:

Who is Mencken? what is he?
That all the swine[2] adore him?

O, Parvenu America!
Land of amiable charlatans
And sleek optimists,
Where wealth accumulates
While minds decay.
Shining exemplar
Of the virtues of force,
Fraud and fakerei.

Incomparable asylum
For perverted puritans,
Humorless hypocrites,
Religious quacks.

Friend of Humanity
And enemy of man.
Noble celebrant
Of Rights in theory,
Ignoble assailant
Of Rights in practice.

Generous-hearted in charity
Provincial-hearted in justice,
The Braggart of Braggarts!

Physically a giant,
Intellectually
An adolescent smart-Alec,
Emotionally a spoiled child,

[2] Not to be taken in its learnèd or etymological sense but naïvely and Burbankishly in its collegiate sense. In simple, as a writer for the Mencken*inanities* would construe it.

Spiritually
An infant in swaddling clothes.

Vacant-souled America!
Superstitious
Intolerant
Self-adoring
Insanely conceited.
Governed
By the suave swindlers
Push and Pull.

Illiterate land
Of humbuggery,
Of thee I sing!

PART THREE

THE PLIGHT OF THE NORMAL MIND

Suppress individuality and you have no life,
Assert it and you have war and chaos.

—IBSEN.

VIII

IS CIVILIZATION GOING INSANE?

THERE are two fruitful approaches to a theme of this character: the quantitative and the qualitative. Or, if you like, the statistical and the psychoanalytical.

In the one case we should be piling up awe-inspiring mountains of statistics to demonstrate graphically the fairly precise relation of latter-day civilization to antecedent civilizations in reference to the amount of neurotic maladjustment among various age and sex groups in the population. That is a research well worth while undertaking, but will be omitted from this brief study. The qualitative method is more simple, and paradoxically, more penetrating and illuminating.

We shall be greatly concerned with human nature and its potentialities for disharmony. Psychoanalytically, civilization is a study in disharmony.

If we are not to be endlessly floundering in a quagmire of misconceptions, we must take for our starting point in this analysis a fairly specific definition of psychoneurotic behavior.

What shall we mean, then, by neurotic? The primary fact in the mind of man, as well as in the universe which man's mind envisages, is contradiction. The history of metaphysics, of theology, of ethics, to a large extent even of science, is the story of ingenious attempts, by the method of brilliant and sometimes crack-brained dialectic, to reconcile irreconcilables.

It is worth while noting to how large an extent traditional philosophy is a chapter in psychopathology. Philosophers, unwittingly to be sure, made an almost scandalous use of the Freudian mechanisms of projection, distortion, rationalization. Man's thinking is to a surprising extent a contribution to rationalization, though he loves to delude himself into believing that it is a contribution to reason.

Contradiction rules the mind of man. Reason is the logical pretence that contradictions can be laid to rest. Rationalization is the psychological discovery that they cannot.

Philosophers may be generously thought of as the great logical lunatics of the race who dwelt in self-complacent serenity in little Ward's Islands of their own, each original mind in an enchanted dementia-præcox detachment from the living realities of our human universe. The delusional system of the paranoiac and the philosophical system of the metaphysician have a lot of noble nonsense in common.

Not until contradiction, enmeshed in the emotional aspects of life, boils over into internal conflict does the familiar problem of psychoneurotic malaise arise.

When a mind cannot handle its contradictions, and finds itself increasingly a victim of dilemmas and dualities in thinking and feeling, somehow incompetent to transcend the irreconcilables that trouble its composure, only then does it begin to manifest symptoms of a physical and psychical sort that are the visible embodiment of its invisible cleavage.

Psychoanalysis, as a therapeutic technique is primarily concerned with contradiction at the stage when it has

already spilled over into the dark pools of emotional conflict and perturbation.

Since we cannot do more in so brief a survey of so vast a subject than skate on the thin ice of our theme, let us content ourselves with merely sketchy references to the major concepts in the field of the psychoneuroses.

As we survey a mind in the throes of neurotic conflict, we discover *dissociation* taking place as though a traditional system of habits and values, constituting the quintessence of the Ego, were unable to assimilate a new experience because of a certain incompatibility between the primary ego and the invading episode.

The dissociation may create a cleavage so deep as to result in a definite *disintegration,* in extreme cases eventuating in what Morton Prince has called multiple personality, in milder cases, resulting in tension and disturbance that continue to rock the personality until the Ego learns how to establish a bridge of accommodation between the incompatible parts either by a new normality of understanding and acceptance or by the sick abnormality of symptoms and maladjustments.

In the course of this internal conflict between contradictory elements in the personality, resulting in dissociations that may run their course to the extreme of pathologic disintegration, we are made aware of the existence of the so-called mechanism of *repression,* which is, in simple reality, the attempt of the self-regarding sentiments to dominate the field of attention and consciousness to the exclusion of the self-abasing sentiments (that belong inevitably in the history of a human nature).

Repression is the abstract term for the attempt of consciousness to deny entrance into the field of attention

of behaviors and imaginings that are looked down upon as not quite reputable or morally acceptable to critical awareness.

In this connection the orthodox analysts speak of *censorship and taboo,* insisting perhaps too dogmatically, upon the characteristically unconscious nature of the repressed material. In short, the conscious mind may report, and with apparent sincerity, so complete an ignorance or unawareness of, or inattention to, those experiences that trouble its composure, its serene self-regard, that we are led to agree with the psychoanalysts when they call this sidetracked and inhibited and repressed subject-matter unconscious.

The obvious manifestations of the conflict within a human nature are best recorded in the amount of tension and of attention which psychoneurotic malaise engenders. A vicious circle is created between the perturbing element in subsconsciousness that is afraid or ashamed to rise to clear awareness of itself, and the attempt of the ego as moralistic censor to shut out and deny the very existence of that obtruding situation.

Thus, a habit-pattern is formed which takes on the nature of a true *fixation,* becoming in due course, under the sheer influence of repetition and habituation, obsessive and compulsive. And since the self-regarding sentiment of the mind is both afraid and ashamed of being dominated by the episode that has created the sense of self-abasement, the fixation has also become a phobia.

We can perceive the brilliant pathologic interlinkage between excessive attention to an episode found incompatible with ego-regard, the accompanying excess tension that troubles the body and the mind because a con-

tradiction has boiled over into a human conflict, and the swift emergence of the dark psychoneurotic chains binding the perturbed mind in the vicious circle of fixation, obsession, compulsion, phobia, psychoneurotic malaise.

In this condensed psychological analysis, we are presented with a vivid picture of the mind of a neurotic victimized by perturbing episodes that somehow defy the lucid and reasonable control of consciousness. Until the Analyst steps in and offers the boon of a liberating reëducation of the personality!

Succinctly, we may offer as a criterion of psychoneurotic malaise this dictum: whenever a part of the organism rides and dominates the whole, there is something definitely wrong: maladjustment occurs: sickness, disintegration.

Though it marks something of an excursion from our main theme, it is important for our general enlightenment concerning the psychoneurotic nature of contemporary civilization to understand the several ingenious views that have been offered in analysis and elucidation of the contradictions and conflicts in human nature.

The Freudian view, as every one knows, stresses *sex disharmony* as fundamental: the critical ego occupies the perilous and insecure position of having to reconcile its memories and experiences in the period of its maturity, with the conventional morals of the herd, as well as with the promptings of conscience, the residuals of the faiths and inexperiences characteristic of the period of infancy and childhood.

The conflict between natural impulse and conventional morals is a fertile source of psychoneurotic disintegra-

tion. We might brightly assert that conscience doth make psychoneurotics of us all.

The Adlerian conception, as fundamental as Freud's, but not as spectacular or melodramatic, perceives in *the feeling of inferiority,* rooting in organic defect or psychological handicap or even social disqualification, the great causative factor in the psychoneuroses. The illimitable dependence of the child upon the mother, the spreading cult of self-indulgence made possible by the small family situation, the egocentric preoccupation of children who know themselves the center of attention (Mama's and Papa's little darling), the numerous fears that flourish in childhood, are all favorable to the growth of neurotic personalities.

In the keen speculations of Jung, we are persuaded to think of the essential essence of psychoneurotic deportment as residing in human nature's failure to level up to the maximal possibilities that belong creatively to it. Hence, the Jungian philosophy of *the remaking of the personality,* the therapeutic wisdom of inspiring it to reach out toward the stars of its true creative destiny.

In the Watsonian, or behavioristic theory, we are introduced to the primacy in infancy of the emotions (usually called instincts) of fear, rage, love, as the raw material of the multitudinous "conditionings" that affect for good or ill our adult life. In the behavioristic psychology, the magic key to psychoneurotic involvement is *habit-distortion.*

By the mechanism of a wide irradiation, congenial to the plastic nervous system especially in the developmental period, episodes infected with fear, aversion, disgust, shame, withdrawal, drag into maturity a long chain of unconscious associations that trouble the conscious

mind. These habit-residuals, traceable often to traumatic episodes in infancy, in childhood and in adolescence, involving primarily the emotions of fear and love, constitute the background for psychoneurotic breakdown.

Finally, let us include the psychological outlook of the mental hygienists, whose philosophy of the psychoneuroses is perhaps the most adequate we have and certainly the most flexible-minded and therefore sane, who study the disharmonies resident in human nature as a graded series of maladjustment springing variously from sex frustration, ego-humiliation, familial disharmony, societal maladaptation, occupational dissatisfaction, the feeling of inferiority, personality-deficit.

Perhaps the concept of "personality-deficit" represents most vividly the kind of problem which mental hygiene is concerned with. A true mental hygiene of civilization would include the study of the various factors we have just enumerated.

Nor shall we be ready for an adequate comprehension of the theme under discussion until we have gained a few clear notions about what is now meant by normal and abnormal, sane and insane. One thing is certain: it is no longer permissible to draw sharp lines of demarcation between these concepts.

In sober truth, the profoundest contribution to our psychiatric enlightenment comes precisely from the discovery that human behavior, as well as human misbehavior, runs along a continuous curve that represents gradations of more or less, not sudden sharp changes. In other words, the differences are those of degree and not of kind. The sane person is not one hundred per cent sane nor is the insane person one hundred per cent demented. The so-called normal mind is in a surprising

number of particulars abnormal: the so-called abnormal mind is in a significant number of reactions surprisingly normal. Out of this enlightening knowledge happily emerge humility, tolerance, insight, wisdom.

If we should ask, Is the normal mind sane? we should be posing a query that represents beautifully the new attitude toward the mind. Still, I would not leave the loose impression that no true and vital differences obtain between the sane and the insane mentality, the normal and the pathological personality. The distinctions and differences are real enough, socially of the greatest significance, psychologically and therapeutically of the very essence of the case.

We can get some nice insights into the complicated series of contradictions and conflicts and disharmonies called civilization, if we study the psychological behaviors by means of which the mind constructs its own congenial (albeit, provincial and self-righteous and rather intolerant) little world within that jangling larger universe called life. The first device we notice at the mind's disposal for adjusting, with what seems to be a minimum of friction, to the contradictory world of reality, is the device of the logic-tight compartment. Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's. That sacred dictum reminds us of the baffling problem underlying: idealism versus materialism, God versus Mammon, pretense versus desire, altruism versus egotism.

The device of the logic-tight compartment permits a mind to harbor the most contradictory notions and yet be apparently unconscious of the fact. Practically speaking, such a device is a marvelous work of economy in building a simple equilibrium between a man and his

milieu. He forms partial adjustments to the various components of his environment and learns to live quite harmoniously within systems of habits and loyalites that are sufficient unto themselves, self-justifying.

If the mind could not invent this technique for economizing thought, every bit of practical behavior would then be subject to the disturbing law of contradiction, compelling a vast draining off of human energy from life to thought, from practice to philosophy. Think of the perilous plight of the average practical man compelled by the contradictions of his mind to become, willy-nilly, a thinker! Mr. Average Man rightly views such a possibility with the horror appropriate to common sense and efficiency.

I think we might legitimately assert that the sanity of the average mind depends upon the device of the logic-tight compartment; the psychological arrangement whereby the left cerebral hemisphere is not permitted to know what the right is thinking. From a philosophical point of view, we may agree with the poet who cries out of the depths of his lyrical pain: The world is too much with us.

The way out of that intellectual forest of bewilderment is the construction of neat little one-track pathways of behavior that can dispense with the logical complication inevitably arising in minds that pursue interrelation, coördination, contradiction, correlation. If it be true that contradiction rules the mind of man, then it is equally plausible that his sanity depends upon "solving" the contradictions, which he does most often by simply ignoring their existence. I know of no device of the mind that serves this purpose so ingeniously as the logic-tight compartment.

But the costs psychiatrically must be reckoned with. Man achieves his precarious normality and so-called sanity of mind by surrendering to a principle of cleavage which is the very essence of the mind's pathology—when an original contradiction has broken into a painful conflict that knocks at the gates of consciousness for recognition and resolution.

Let us put it this way for the sake of the greatest clarity: the principle of a sane mind is the logic-tight compartment; the principle of the insane mind is dissociation. A nice question for the philosophers of sanity is this: how fundamental, in the nature of the case, can the difference be between the normal and the abnormal psychology of adjustment to life?

When we survey the mind familiarly called sane, what do we observe? We observe faiths, prejudices, dogmas, fixed ideas, defensive attitudes, rationalizations, passionate convictions, dominating the mind's reaction to reality.

If we were speaking as organic pathologists, we could intelligently point out that these adjustments on the psychological plane are of a piece with blood clots, tumors, arterio-sclerotic hardenings, discoverable on the physical plane. Which leads the acute psychologist to envisage the mind in its realistic and dynamic context as primarily subject to the law of *fixation,* of compartmentalization, and therefore of an increasing *inaccessibility* which has its perfect analogue in the sclerotic state of the brain.

I am eager to stress the deep tendency of the human mind to become sclerosed. If we understand as much, we shall in that extent help ourselves to rise superior to dogmatic fixation and prejudiced rationalization.

The greatest unsolved problem in education, viewed either in the psychological or in the medical sense, is to provide incentives and techniques for the developing mind to go on developing until the crack of doom. As William James, whose brilliant and extraordinary capacity for flexible-minded accessibility to the variety of human nature and to the novel complexity of life furnishes a beautiful illustration of how the mind of man can remain always fresh and responsive, if its true love is thinking and experiencing and growing, demonstrated in his own career. It was James whose clever insight made us aware of the existence not only of old fogies, but of young fogies.

You cannot mention one psychological behavior of the technically insane mind which cannot be found, at least in its incipiency, in the technically sane mind. We are all more or less insane. And the sense of humor assures us: more.

Before grappling with the theme of civilization proper and its relation to psychoneurotic involvement, let us devote a few more winks of attention to an example that may clarify what a mind is like.

An illuminating analogy is that of a frozen lake. In one part, the ice is firm and beautifully integrated: the ego may disport itself at its pleasure there and know the thrill and confidence of a great security. This, in psychological terms, is a state of confidence, coherence, control, lucidity. This is sanity at its best.

In a neighboring portion of our hypothetical lake, the ice begins to yield, stresses and strains are working their will upon the central integrity of that zone, cracks begin to appear, insecurity creeps like a frightening shadow across that place. So it is with the normal mind when

subjected to the strains and stresses of a traumatic or perturbing episode.

To carry the analogy futher, we imagine another portion of the lake thawing so perceptibly, the critical ego is in no doubt whatsoever that danger lurks there. In this state of insecurity from forces that lie buried below, the lucid mind reports itself in many a strange behavior as definitely in a state of fear and anxiety, hysteria and compulsion, disintegration. The imminent danger to the ego as it surveys the sucking abyss into which at any moment it may be drawn lies in its fear of drowning.

This crucial situation represents those fascinating borderline cases where the mind's surviving lucidity keeps oscillating between sanity and insanity. An untoward event, in itself seemingly trivial, an increase of insecurity, will be sufficient to precipitate the dark crisis of psychotic surrender to breakdown.

The struggle is unequal, the ego's self-confidence is undermined, withdrawal from a baffling situation seems a true salvation, the sane mind slides exhaustedly into the welcoming arms of insanity. This final stage is the counterpart of that section of our hypothetical lake where danger signs have been vividly placed as sufficient warning to those who would recklessly skate on such deceptive surfaces.

The psychiatric moral of this little story is the realization, incomparably important, that the mind is to be respected and humanely treated even when there are positive signs of breakdown, of insanity. Let the inquisitive reader instruct his sane mind by reading an illuminating little book entitled *Reluctantly Told.*

The sane mind deserves to be treated humanely because of the powerful stresses and strains that are under-

mining the ego's controls and causing the havoc within that moves darkly toward insanity. The insane mind is deserving of our tolerance and fellowship because of the residual sanity that appeals, sometimes in language so inarticulate as to appear wholly unintelligible, for comprehension and reaffirmation.

I believe it was worth our while to undergo the drastic discipline of so long an introduction for the sake of studying civilization as befits psychologists who perceive in the contemporary world an overwhelming mass of contradiction, conflict, cleavage, tension, dissociation, repression, censorship, taboo: psychopathology on a grand scale.

What do we mean by civilization? Apparently, the conquest of matter by mind. Actually, the subjugation of mind to matter. This is the paradox of civilization.

To wrestle competently with our high theme, suppose we survey civilization from several acute angles: sociologic, psychologic, scientific, psychiatric, and spiritual.

As psychopathologists of civilization, what do we see sociologically? We behold, if our eyes are not color blind, social stratification, class cleavage, divisive groups, religious and racial and cultural dissociations and antagonisms. Instead of that increasing integration which promises a wider and wider scope for the healing works of sanity, we discover the rapid rhythm of disintergration infecting life with tumult and chaos and conflict.

If you scrutinize the scene economically, you can see nothing but mechanization, the reign of routine, division of labor, carried to a point of specialization so minutely extreme that we are on the eve of that neo-mechanical revolution in which super-experts and super-robots will be the two classes in society: the social pyramid stand-

ing on its crazy head, a spectacle of mechanistic horror, the culmination in the new metropolis of science and sociology.

What else can we see but regimentation, mass production, standardization, incredible monotonous uniformity, at all levels of life? Where the parts of the organism ride and dominate the whole, we have been taught to beware of the breakdown of the organism, psychoneurotic and psychotic disintegration, widespread malaise. Our civilization is sick with contradictions. Literally so. Carpenter was a very far-seeing prophet when he wrote his courageous book: *Civilization: Its Cause and Cure.*

Socially we witness the universal triumph in our midst, despite the rhetorical pretences and oratorical make-believe of democracy, of the superior-inferior relation with its infinite capacity for wounding and mutilating human personality. The cult of gracious obedience and amiable servility conduces to unwholesome states of mind, creates lickspittle personalities, contributes to psychopathology. No man's soul is decently his own: how then can he build the sweet self-respect, the healing sense of inner harmony that health signifies psychologically?

Never before in the discordant history of life have we witnessed on so large a scale and with such unbelievable devotion the human pursuit of power and profit and prestige! "Our success does not make happy, our loyalty to State or Corporation does not enlarge, our cult of sport does not invigorate, our cult of crime does not release; our education does not educate, our arts do not recreate, our beauty does not nourish, our religions do not make whole. Yet it is our energy that feeds these practices and cults. With our spirit, we give them life and blood, in order that they should fulfill us. *But they*

do not touch us. They surround us, they bind us, like a shell. To the shell goes our passion, our purpose. And we, within it, remain dark and soft, dissatisfied and stifled. Thus American life threatens to emulate the lobster—the clumsy lobster whose power is all upon the surface, and whose delicious meat, soon or late, falls prey to a less unwieldy power." In these burning and brilliant sentences Mr. Waldo Frank diagnoses the malady of our civilization.

A cross-section of contemporary civilization mapped by the psychologist reveals two prominent features: the triumph of pretense and the sway of prejudice. I find it difficult to think of a more perfect conception of civilization psychologically than its pretense-nature. Moral make-believe, what men call ideals, is looked upon as the innermost texture of the civilizing process.

It is the violent contradiction between pretense and fact, between ideals and realities, that is the never-ending theme of discourse of the cynics, the dramatists, the poets, the thinkers. The plays of Ibsen and of Shaw have achieved their overwhelming influence because of their brilliant presentation of the conflict between illusion and disillusion.

Latterly the jouralists in literature have refused to handle so highbrow a term as pretense and have frankly, with true lowbrow audacity, plainly talked about bunk. The debunking of civilization is the talk even of the intellectual hicks who infest Main Street.

From the point of view of prejudice ingeniously bolstering itself up by the subtle aid of rationalization, we may justly say that pure reason, cool reflection, suspended judgment, socratic reasonableness, exist only in the abstract dreaming minds of philosophers, alien for-

ever more to the mediocre minds of the generality of mankind.

The demonstration is impressively at hand that the highest reach of the mind of man is prejudice. Prejudice is a partial point of view that parades as the whole truth because reaffirmation is dear to the mind of man, revaluation too difficult of achievement.

Egotism and narcissism are the psychoanalytic ingredients of the mind that account most plausibly for the provincialism of judgment which we know as prejudice. Such familiar phenomena as race superiority, nationalistic self-love, wealthy snob status, the perversion of science to the sweet uses of special privilege, the cultivation of clans and clubs and societies and fraternities whose innocent pretense it is that they build exquisite brotherhoods while in actuality they divide men into cozy little exclusive sects that perpetrate a ceaseless conflict of rivalry and competitive show-off having as its all too human aim the glorification of me and the damnation of thee, are potent indicators of the limitations resident in human nature *in reality*.

Equipped with the provincial limitations of pretense and prejudice, man's mind proves itself desperately unequal to the task of running the universe amicably, sanely, wisely. Man does not appear to have the necessary psychological resources for understanding his fellow men sympathetically if they happen to be set apart from his particular herd by the accidents of geography, color, class, culture, personality.

The intellectual blind spots that mar his vision of the living universe appear to be irremediable. He simply cannot be persuaded or instructed or inspired to think beyond his prejudices, to feel beyond his pretenses, to act

beyond his provincialisms. "How divine a creature is man! how infinite in reason!" Nonsense. A clinical Shakespeare would say: "How human a creature is man! how infinite in unreason!"

Scientifically, civilization has as its great aim, now quite accomplished, the reduction of man to the state of manikin. The soul is studied under the microscope. The mind is distilled into a test tube. The brain secretes thought. The sprightly platitude has it that first psychology dispensed with God; then with its soul; now with its mind. And so it is, in veritable reality, with regard to the history of life itself: the narrative of disillusion piled upon disillusion, falling to the low depressed state of disenchantment.

The humiliation suffered by man's ego throughout the scientific centuries, the intolerable wounds inflicted upon his vanity, are the continuing record of his pathetic breakdown as man made in the image of God. Disillusionment and disenchantment everywhere.

Copernicus without much ado sent man sprawling and reeling out of the heavens. The true fall of man! Darwin supplemented the cruel disillusion by confronting man with a mirror fashioned by his ancestral apes and most unmercifully compelled that incorrigible narcissist to see himself as he was: a crawling earthworm struggling desperately to be a man. Came Freud, the third member of the unholy trinity, robbing man of his last vestige of pretense and make-believe, persuading him to accept the final dose of disillusion.

These successive *traumatic episodes* in the life of modern man illuminate marvelously that dis-ease in the innermost heart of man which we may know as heart-break. Man is divided against himself. Disillusionment has torn

his human nature into conflicting elements that war ceaselessly upon one another's sovereignty. The instincts cannot abide the rule of reason. Impulses cannot accept the counsel of reflection. Reason is not at home among the natural impulses. The body and the mind hate each other in queer ways that run the gamut from tenderness to violence.

Ambivalence poisons our human nature. We are scientific and superstitious; critical and credulous; conservative and radical; libertarian and autocratic; savage and charitable; intolerant and amiable; educated and shallow; prosperous and empty;—these antithetical moods exist within the human nature of modern man and are the rich source of his internal malaise and his external maladaptation.

In the field of scholarship the necessary but evil principle of specialization has been carried to the desperate *impasse* where a multitude of sects abound, each speaking a dialect of its own, religiously sincere in its devotion to its small fragment of truth, astonishingly insensitive to the variety of truths in a pluralistic universe. Science, the false Messiah!

In this brief study of ours we can't help being most profoundly interested in civilization from a psychiatric angle. We have already prepared the ground so intensively for comprehending civilization as a study in disharmony, a research in psychopathology, that we must content ourselves with a few sketchy summarizing observations in concluding that section of our analysis.

The preëminent facts are the breakdown of ancient norms that guaranteed stability and the consequent chaos that has come upon us, for new norms have not

yet been created out of the luminous chaos that is our contemporary morality.

By simply mentioning such astonishingly new facts as the gospel of "birth control," the disintegration of family life, the troubling interval between puberty and marriage that grows ever wider with the complication of a cultural standard of living, the deep invasion of our life by the jazz rhythm of sensational self-indulgence, the hectic pursuit of pleasure as the goal most worth while, the desperate quest for erotic novelty, the prevailing subordination of procreation to recreation, the swift contagious spread of various patterns of personal behavior that have usually been labeled perverse and pathological,—here is a kaleidoscope of the contemporary scene that fascinates and perturbs the thoughtful mind.

The mood of revolt has infected all our behaviors, even the most intimate. The sweeping reaction against repression and theologic hocus-pocus has become a cyclonic force that will not pause in the presence of any obstruction to its will, madly substituting the excesses of expression for the excesses of repression. Extreme inhibition has given place to extreme exhibition. This circular insanity in behavior hints at the feeble stability of the human mind that seeks ever and anon to break loose from restraint and in so doing invites so hectic a display of impulse as to compel, in the sequel, a sobering return to discipline and control.

How shall we help the human mind to live more sanely, honoring expression while realizing the relevancy of personal discipline? The logic of the golden mean is not congenial to the modern mind.

Instability rides the mind of modernity. Ibsen, the profoundest of dramatists, understood the sick paradox

of the age when he wrote: "Suppress individuality and you have no life; assert it and you have war and chaos."

If life has come to such a pass that all of us enjoy washing our unclean underclothes in public; if the observation of Aldous Huxley is sagacious even if not quite true, that modern young people "copulate with the casual promiscuousness of dogs" (is not this an insult to dogs who follow the sober law of periodicity in their matings?); we are still left with the largest unsolved problem of contemporary civilization, to wit, the equating of naturalness with dignity, of candor with control, of expression with sobriety, of pagan exuberance with humanistic restraint.

How to harmonize passion with compassion strikes me as being the profoundest of our personal problems whether we view it educationally or psychoanalytically or spiritually.

What we witness in civilization is a complication of life only too obviously beyond either man's comprehension or his control. Civilization has created the instruments of mastery. No one doubts that. Why, then, are we, by our own troubled confessional, slaves of those instruments?

Perhaps the new science of psychological engineering may come to our rescue one of these dynamic days and show us how to construct bridges of accommodation between the unstable elements in civilization and in life.

Modern man is a slave imagining himself a master: he lives in a world of delusion and grandiose imagining where insanity is perilously at home. Is not the braggart conceit of modern man the psychic compensation for a subconscious realization of his diminishing stature in the skyscraping scheme of things? He worships quantitative

magnificence because he has been robbed of his qualitative appreciation of beauty, of intrinsic worth.

Sensitiveness fades out of his life: coarseness enters there, brazenly flaunting its banners of triumph.

Before concluding, let us cast a critical eye upon our institutions to discover the principle of disharmony resident in each of them.

The home represents the jarring discord of the generations ("Crabbed age and youth cannot live together"), each defending a code of faiths and deportments uncongenial to the other, concealment and candor engaged in an interminable wrangle concerning the conduct of life.

The school is the ludicrous center of the contradiction between skepticism and credulity, the scientific course of study celebrating the skeptic view of reality, the moralistic bias of the elders reaffirming and championing the noble rôle of credulity.

As we survey *the state* we discover a bitter conflict between coercion and freedom, the pretense being that the state represents the public good including the inalienable rights of the individual, the actual practice being an increasing amount of coercion, control, conscription. Freedom is being suffocated unto death.

What of *the church?* Is there any promise of harmony within that ancient abode of solace for the weary? To ask the question is to answer it. The church is in a state of fragmentation and cleavage so extreme as to make a sad mockery of its surviving attempts to inspire man, to succor him spiritually. In an age of science, the church clings lovingly to mythology. Spiritually, the church is suffering from a bad case of shell-shock.

And what do we observe in the institution called *the law?* Red tape asphyxiating humaneness. All the jangling

controversy of the horrible age in which we live is vividly in evidence in our legal system. The law is so remote from justice as to become a theme for cartoonists and jesters.

Wherever you look critically, you discover the contradiction between pretense and reality, the psychopathologic severance between what man as idealist pretends to believe and what man as realist in actuality practices. These discrepancies and disharmonies have become so obvious even to commonplace minds as to constitute the underlying menace to the perpetuation of that faith in perfectibility which is the emotional quintessence of the enterprise called civilization.

That overshadowing modern institution called *big business,* absorbing into its monotonous processes a staggeringly disproportionate share of human interest and energy and affection, is witness to the triumph of possessive over creative activity. The unremitting surrender of man to mechanism! Civilization, under the inspiration of geniuses of commerce and industry and high finance, threatens to extinguish the creative ardor that lives in the mind of man until he has embraced the religion of efficiency as his true salvation.

Nor can we breathe more freely if we look about us in *society* and observe how the various herds impose their mean conceptions upon the conduct of life. Public opinion has become a nightmare that quite terrifies the soul of man.

Our institutions are shot through and through with discord, disquiet, conflict, contradiction, division, disharmony. Contemporary civilization reveals, on a most magnificent scale, an increasing disintegration that moves dangerously toward chaos.

The Great War marks a turning point in modern civilization. The illimitable destruction and heart-ache and pathologic disharmony of that far-off malign event are the sick causation of that flight from reality which our jazz age so perfectly embodies.

Our minds have been wounded and rendered unstable. We are simply in a state of neurasthenic exhaustion and disheartenment. We cannot muster the stamina to care what happens. The will to live has been undermined. But since we must live on, we continue in a state of apathy, irresponsibility, giddy light-mindedness, like persons recovered from a long illness, glad to be let alone, at peace in childish thoughts and pursuits.

Psychoanalytically construed, our jazz age represents a regression to the infantile, a panic flight from the realities appropriate to maturity. The realities have become too difficult. Hence the hectic pursuit of pleasure close upon the heels of universal death and destruction. Our greatest need is to forget what we find so unbearable to remember: the collapse of the world's ideals. Disillusionment. Disenchantment. The jazz age!

The old values are gone. Irrevocably. The new values are feverishly in the making. We live in a state of molten confusion. Instability rides modernity like a crazy sportsman. Civilization is caught in a cluster of contradictions that threaten to strangle it. Modern man is the victim of internal conflicts and external maladjustments that keep rocking his human nature to its psychoneurotic and psychotic depths.

Contemporary civilization is a fascinating study in psycho-pathology.

Psychiatry to the rescue!

Macbeth (to Doctor)

Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doctor

Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macbeth

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

IX

THE MIND'S PATHOLOGY

CONTRADICTION rules the mind of man.

If you should happen to be one of those strange surviving creatures who dabble in the history of philosophy and the history of thought, you will emerge with the conviction that contradiction is woven into the very texture of life and thought. Reason is the pathetically inadequate method invented by mind to resolve and harmonize the contradictions of life.

Perhaps we overpraise reason's efficacy. More accurately, we should rather say that the greater part of reason is rationalization, that is, the pretense harmonization of contradictions.

Philosophy, the hotbed of all imaginable and a great number of unimaginable contradictions, has passed through three stages on its road to ignominious extinction: the theological phase, the metaphysical, the scientific. The theological burden of philosophy was the too ingenious and eventually wearisome attempt to justify the existence of God as good and of life as evil by a marvelously crack-brained rationalization explaining away evil as merely one of the trial-and-error conditions of the certain triumph of the good.

We might say, in a mood of charity, that the attempt of the theological-minded philosophers to give God at least as good a reputation as a superior Sunday School superintendent resulted in making God first obnoxious

and then innocuous. The theologic God has now been relegated to the sphere of ceremonial desuetude.

The metaphysical burden of philosophy has been to show that the universe is logically and rationally organized and is intellectualistically a quite perfect construction. Thus rationality was conceived to be the true principle of interpretation in the universe.

Irrationality was not seriously reckoned with in the life of reason. Consciousness was highly honored as the beautiful light that makes memorable man's adventure on earth. Subconsciousness, not to mention the unconscious, was trivially treated as somewhat relevant but fundamentally of small import in a genuine metaphysic of reality. Pure reason was enthroned as king of the intellectual life. Prejudice was not accounted for as somehow playing a desperately important rôle in the history of thought.

The metaphysical stage in philosophy may be characterized as a study in complicated nonsense inspired by megalomania and quaint self-delusion. Science is knowledge. Metaphysics is conjecture. The arrogant metaphysicians on the basis of an infinite lack of knowledge proceeded, and how humorously, to create a quite wonderful knowledge of the infinite. Self-deluded simpletons.

The scientific stage in philosophy knocks the bottom out of the pretenses of metaphysics, but happily leaves standing room for the philosophic attitude of mind which, in a scientific world, is content to play the humble rôle of critical-mindedness.

Philosophy, chastened of the arrogant assumption of metaphysics, becomes a skeptic, pluralistic, drastically humanist attitude toward reality, having as its simple purpose to show the rôles of illusion and disillusion, of

reason and unreason, of the conscious and the unconscious, of sanity and insanity, in the life and meditation of man.

Metaphysics, in achieving sanity, becomes philosophy. Philosophy, in achieving adequacy, becomes psychology.

What has all this to do with the problem of contradiction? Only this and nothing more: metaphysics, in all its queer phases, has been a brave and futile attempt to superimpose upon the contradictions of life the harmonies of reason. Life, refusing to be straitjacketed even by the charming nurse, Logic, has gone on its tumultuous way, contradictory and irrational as only life can be, to the mockery and defeat of ineffectual reason.

It was the perturbing quality of contradiction that brought into existence the greatest minds and the greatest flow of brilliant nonsense to cancel out of logical existence the obstructive behavior of illogical life.

After two thousand years of dialectical fooling around with logical solutions of illogical problems, we confront more penetratingly than ever before the vital continuing existence of contradiction as the one obdurately real reality in our living universe.

All this by way of philosophic introduction to our psychological discourse. In psychoanalytic literature the great concept is conflict. And rightly so. Conflict is the more dramatic and emotionally saturated term for contradiction. Conflict implies a human nature in an internal crisis of maladjustment.

The only reason why it is worth while being aware of the concept of contradiction is that its universality underlies the more specific emergence of conflicts. Contradictions may have an almost purely logical character so that the underground elements of personal destiny

and passional difficulty and egocentric malaise may be absent, at any rate not highly relevant.

Contradiction is a logical term, conflict is a psychological term. The two are intimately interrelated in the sense that the origin of conflict lies in contradiction, and the solution of conflict resides in that psychoanalytic insight which perceives the need of mastering, clarifying, and transcending contradiction.

Conflict is the rickety bridge of maladjustment between contradictories.

Take some of the perennially interesting contradictions that strew the pages of philosophy and ethics with such fragrant aroma. I refer to the contradiction between God and the Devil, Man and Beast, Good and Evil, Right and Wrong, Virtue and Vice, Lust and Love, Rational and Irrational, Wise and Foolish. As manipulated by the empty-hearted metaphysician, these antitheses (presumed to be such by the logic-worshipping mind) are juggled in a purely verbal and dialectical fashion for the delight of subtle students of language.

What a world of difference when these self-same contradictions, provoking personal wretchedness and conscience pangs and moral confusion and sexual disharmony and egocentric malaise, become the warm subject-matter of philosophical medicine. We then behold, under the psychoanalytic microscope, as it were, the squirming living nerve of contradiction which humanly we call conflict.

The dilemma of good and evil makes a man either a metaphysician or a lunatic (the distinction is a purely dialectical one): in the one case he saves himself from the torture of self-knowledge by building, with true engineering resourcefulness, a complicated system of ration-

alization that hides the hideous face of evil from his innocent eyes; in the other case, with equally resourceful engineering skill, pathological in its grotesqueness, he erects defenses and rationalizations that also succeed in hiding from his affrighted eyes the hideous countenance of evil. Contradiction felt as personal pain is conflict.

Psychoanalysis, being a therapeutic device, not a metaphysical indulgence, is inevitably concerned with psychological conflict rather than with logical contradiction. Psychology is psychological to the extent that it probes the disharmonies and frustrations of human nature.[1]

What do we mean by conflict? A simple answer would be, a contradiction that has become entangled in one's emotional system so that tensions are set up of a baffling nature psychologically, and of a painful nature neurologically. There is a sense of pain which, seemingly fairly definite and localized, is yet upon further analysis perceived to be indefinite, vague, in some complicated way affecting the personality as a whole.

By way of illustration: philosophers have been troubled since the dawn of disillusionment by the sharp contradiction between good and evil. To the extent that the problem was conceived cosmically, as an important item in a philosophic history of the universe, its significance never outran dialectic, that is, brilliant word-juggling. Not until the birth of remorse, instigated by a solemn sense of conscience pangs, could the problem of good and evil become a matter of personal torment, shifting its base from logic to life, from metaphysics to psychology.

[1] How many professors of psychology have the right to be called psychologists?

What was originally a baffling contradiction became through emotional evaluation a haunting tragedy.

Contradiction perturbed by passion or compassion becomes conflict in the psychoanalytic sense.

What are the sources of tragic conflict? The most obvious is the clash between man and nature. From this dramatic dilemma arise all the painful problems of repression, adjustment, compromise, civilization of instinct and impulse and habit.

Another source of conflict springs from the disharmonic relation between man and woman. The whole brood of marital and sexual miseries with which the contemporary world is becoming almost morbidly acquainted are the unhappy offspring of the mismating of the male and the female.

A third significant source of conflict in our human universe is the wide incidence of maladjustment that affects the relation between parents and children. The difficulties centering about the familial constellation constitute one of the most vivid chapters in dynamic psychiatry.

In addition to these three fertile sources of conflict in life, there are the disharmonies attendant upon the maladjustment between man and the variety of herds that constitute our complex society, and also upon the friction resulting from man's inner cleavages and contradictions. I should say that the disharmonies resident in man's human nature because of the distorted internal history to which his organism since its earliest animal origins has been terribly subjected constitute the richest material for a study of conflict in the psychopathologic sense.

If we survey even sketchily the biologic origins of man, his animal background that dwells in his civilized nature

so darkly still, the long primitive chains of experience that are indissolubly linked to his present status as *homo sapiens,* the vast stretches of unconscious experience that must have left blind and vicious residuals in his behavior mechanisms, the cruel perversions of natural desire and of anarchic self-expression that an inhibiting civilization has imposed upon him by fierce power of social and moral compulsion, we are prepared to see man, psychiatrically, as a creature literally torn by stresses and strains, internal and external, which are beyond his rational control.

Man's history is steeped in psychopathology: in baffling contradiction and heartbreaking conflict.

Freud, partly because of the accidental circumstance which made him study adult hysteria as a pathologic outlet for repressed eroticism, has naturally emphasized the rôle of sex in the psychoneurotic character of civilization. To the Freudians the profoundest of conflicts is the sexual one.

Adler, partly because of the accidental circumstance that made him study problem children as cases in psychoneurotic maladjustment, stressed organic and functional inferiority, personality inadequacy, as the important fact in contemporary civilization. To the Adlerians the profoundest source of conflict is the inferiority complex.

Jung, reacting against the overgeneralization of sexuality of the Freudians, swung to a position where individuality, evading the mature burden of civilized obligation, became the central fact for psychoneurotic study. To the Jungians, the real source of maladjustment lies in the limitations imposed upon personality by excessive reference to the past, by the failure to realize to the full

one's potentialities. The re-creating of the individual is the magic task of this therapeutic Jungian technique.

Nor must we fail to assign an important credit to Trotter's brilliant theme concerning the distortions in human behavior and repressions of human impulse that are the accompaniments of the conflict between man's ego and the coercive sanctions and taboos of the herd. According to this view of things, the keenest source of conflict lies in a maladjustment between the anarchic private self and the disciplining public group.

A theme that no one has sufficiently brought to our attention is the kind of conflict that belongs inherently to man as a creature foredoomed by his psychopathologic history to be forever at odds with himself, a victim of mood, malaise, contradiction, internal disharmony. This theme, pursued at its proper length, would give us an illuminating volume on philosophic medicine. Here I merely touch upon it as significant and provocative.

My contention is that if the sources of dramatic conflict brilliantly analyzed for us by Freud, Adler, Jung, Trotter and a band of remarkable disciples, were all channeled off into normal modes of living so that psychoneurotics of these varieties no longer existed, or, at least, were capable of positive cure by the magic of their techniques, I am still of the opinion that tension and disharmony and psychoneurotic dis-ease would flourish among us humans because our history as civilized anthropoids, chock-full of savage and brutish and anarchic residuals, drags with it perversion and pathology beyond ultimate remedy.

We are botched by nature, we are repressed by society, we are inhibited by morals, we are divided against ourselves, we are creatures incorrigibly of ache and yearning

and dream and frustration, we are psychoneurotic because we are neither animal nor human, neither savage nor civilized, neither rational nor irrational: we are a mixed and confused and troubled species. We are children of a psychopathologic parentage. Dramatic conflict is in our blood.

A characteristic, especially emphasized by Charcot and Janet, of these dramatic conflicts is dissociation. In a way still entangled and obscure, a cluster of associations, saturated with emotion, having at its core some unforgettable experience, gets itself broken off from the general stream of personal events, and re-orientated in a psychological orbit of its own, sets up a kind of separate existence inaccessible to consciousness by normal routes, a pathologic blind alley approachable only by a very special technique.

It was a very great progress in psychologic analysis when the discovery was made that dissocation was as important a fact in the study of mind as the traditional reality of association.

An adequate knowledge of psychologic behavior implies not only an insight into the mechanisms of integration but also a comprehension of the mechanisms of disintegration.

On the increasingly reasonable assumption that pathology is the most significant key to a study of normality, the conviction grows that a knowledge of the forces of dissociation and disintegration is more important, certainly therapeutically, than the familiar simple knowledge of the processes of association and integration.

We are especially indebted to the work of Charcot, Bernheim, Janet, Ribot, Binet, Freud, Sidis, Prince, for

our quite remarkable appreciation of the rôle of dissociation in human behavior.

The fact of dissociation has been abundantly demonstrated. As yet, no explanation of that fundamental phenomenon can be offered that is satisfactory and scientifically adequate.

A traumatic shock may cause a rent in one's psychological reactions precipitating, by a kind of compulsion, a redirection of some feelings and memories and attitudes which then emotionally combine into a cluster or complex, shut off from the focus of consciousness, enclosed and self-directed at a level of behavior which bears the characteristics of dissociation, automatism, subconsciousness, painfulness.

What we seem to discover here, speaking psychologically, is a certain incompatibility between the shocking memory or experience and one's traditional personality. This traditional personality must be conceived as a complicated system of habits, including habits of feeling, believing, thinking, which has now been upset by a distressing event that cannot harmonize with the familiar habits and attitudes.

A situation is set up in which the painful experience is prevented from attaining to consciousness and ego-acceptance, compelled, under these circumstances, to get along as best it may in some subconscious manner. Thus dreams and nightmares and scenes re-acted in somnambulism are some of the ways left open for painful unwelcome experience to find a pathologic habitation in the mind of man.

Dissociation may be, as some psychologists keenly insist, a failure on the purely intellectual level.

A mind badly equipped with concepts and categories

and insights, living by imitation and habit and custom and moral fear, may be unequal to the analytic task of comprehending, assimilating and reasoning out a given experience, so that finally it can become at least tolerable to the mind's traditional store of faiths and beliefs.

If this assumption is true, one important inference for the new science of reëducation is the great need of helping young people to grapple with the widest variety of human emergency so that they will possess a rich system of reactions to life's possibilities.

Death, disappointment, disillusion, frustration, shame, moral dilemma, humiliation, remorse, must become vital elements in that reëducation of the sexes in adolescence upon which we can base the hope of a more vigorous intellectual attitude toward reality. This is equivalent to saying that intellectual courage is the quintessence of personality adequacy.

It is interesting to note that the Adlerian psychology is almost wholly constructed upon the assumption that psychoneurotic inadequacy simply means lack of self-confidence, lack of courage and clarity, and that the cure of the soul is tantamount to releasing human nature's fine potentiality for living more heroically. In this view, stamina and sagacity are the sane sustainers of the mind's integrity.

Dissociation, conceived psychopathologically, appears to be a definite inability on the part of the personality as a whole to accept an experience that lies outside the bounds of familiar functioning. The mind as a conscious system of reactions feels under the necessity to evade the nature of that obtrusive painful experience. This deep need for evasion begets a system of repressions, conceal-

ments, distortions, and rationalizations which Freud has marvelously illuminated for us.

An interesting light on the dissociative tendency of the mind may be found in the familiar phenomenon of logic-tight compartments.

It is always a little surprising to perceive how blind a man can be in relation to the contradictions that nestle in cozy comfort side by side in his mind, each conviction of his nicely shut off from communication with those other convictions that live in their turn wholly inaccessible to others that are incompatible with them. Here we come upon a kind of cerebral localization which baffles our subtlest psychologic analysis.

Unlike the cases of pathologic dissociation where traumatic shock has succeeded in disorganizing the whole psychological works, we are in the presence of a rather normal situation in which a congenial prejudice contrives somehow to absorb just a certain amount of attention to itself in the appropriate circumstance and for the rest peacefully slumbers in its psychologic solitude.

The mind is capable of an organization of its disharmonious contents in such fashion that contradictions and disharmonies of attitude may co-exist with a minimum amount of friction or conflict.

The psychology of logic-tight compartments deserves much more study than it has received thus far. The point of origin in this whole discussion is the universality of contradiction. There are too many contradictions in life for the mind of man to handle adequately. Some of these contradictions, because of their intensely emotional nature finally reach a boiling point and overflow with hot devastation into the entire psychological system. A pathologic crisis ensues.

In most cases, fortunately, these inherent contradictions do not reach the boiling point but remain in a state of rather lukewarm quiescence, existing at a subdued temperature below poignant consciousness, and managing to remain in detached systems involving low tension and fragmentary attention.

The mechanism of the logic-tight compartment is a wonderful device of economy whereby the mind, as a conscious critic of its partial contents, saves itself from those painful tensions which would inevitably arise if contradiction broke critically into conflict through the crisis of an overloaded attention.

Consciousness saves itself from morbidity and pathologic assault by giving a very inadequate attention to the contradictions that are resident in psychological behavior.

Take the graphic instance of a young man who went to visit a prostitute and before starting the divine act of grace with her, took out of his pocket his cross and kissed it; only then could he proceed to the sacred ceremonial which had brought him to that abode. Had his prostitute experience provoked a vast amount of attention to its violation of his moral code, he would have prepared for himself a psychoneurotic breakdown. What took place in that balanced mind was a division of attention to two human realities, each of which in its own private jurisdiction was ruled by a logic of its own. The kissing of the cross symbolized his relation to God and the moral code; his consorting with the prostitute answered an equally human though somewhat ungodly need.

This contradiction between the divine and the human did not break into dramatic psychoneurotic conflict because the mechanism of the logic-tight compartment

was functioning adequately. The question that remains and perplexes is exactly how the mind creates so delicate a device for keeping contradictory modes of behavior from confronting each other in all their pathetic ludicrousness. I suggest that attention is one important key to the problem. What it comes to is this: contradictory behavior as such does not precipitate psychoneurotic conflict; there must be superadded to the existent contradiction a consciousness of what the contradiction means.

It is *this dynamic factor of consciousness* that makes all the difference in the world between normality and pathology.

By what device does the mind come to its own aid when the crisis of contradiction has become so perturbing as to call for a critical survey of the facts in the hope of arriving at something like peace of mind, that is, a new equilibrium? That device is called rationalization. I doubt whether in the entire history of human enlightenment there has ever been contributed a notion more significant than the psychoanalytic concept of rationalization. Incidentally I might mention that Ernest Jones deserves very high credit indeed for his brilliant contribution to this part of the Freudian wisdom.

Rationalization is the employ of reason for explaining (away) troublesome contradictions.

The most brilliant reasoning in the human sciences proceeds not from the impulse toward rationality but from the more human impulse toward rationalization. Reason does not defend; it contents itself with analyzing. Rationalization is always busy defending something or other against the skeptic criticism of reason in the

pure and impartial sense. Rationalization is a subtle form of special pleading.

When contradictions, at a certain level of behavior, mere existential facts, have through pressure of psychologic circumstance, become conscious elements of conflict involving the personality, the mind tries to save itself from painful awareness of inner disharmony by the seductive consolation of rationalization which proceeds to deny the contradiction, cunningly affirming the potency of reason as binding in a true coherence the clashing facts in the case.

Man has always found it quite congenial to serve God and Mammon. He has developed a technique for absorbing the stress and strain of that contradiction. He speaks of rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and rendering unto God the things that are God's. He builds up a logic of common-sense adjustment to reality. In short, he rationalizes his dilemma by trying to show that reason itself can be splendidly employed to justify his contradictory attitudes.

A very large portion of the learned tomes of the world are nothing but studies in rationalization, i. e., brilliant apologies, dialectical modes of proving that white is black, various subtle systems of delusion that get lost in pyrotechnical lunacy, clever evasion of the simple unpalatable reality that contradictions are contradictory and cannot be cancelled out of existence either by prayer or logic or wish-fulfillment.

Rationalization is that blessed sleight-of-hand artist who knows precisely when and how to conjure up before our infantile minds the plausible pretenses that help to make our intolerable lives tolerable.

Rationalization saves the mind from lunacy.

Without the solace of the rationalizing tendency, the inadequate mind of man would be subjected to jangling discords and torturing conflicts that would incapacitate it for the pursuit of efficiency and personal well-being.

Rationalization is the greatest friend of *homo sapiens.*

The concept of rationalization immediately brings to mind the picturesque idea of defense mechanisms which psychoanalysis stresses in and out of season. The word mechanism is always open to challenge when used by a psychologist. There is nothing very tangible about these mechanisms and yet the systems of behavior which they symbolize are real enough, though indubitably more complex than orthodox Freudians have the time or the patience to appreciate.

Perhaps, for the sake of a scientifically more sober psychology than psychoanalysis can be at present, we should rather lean toward the behavioristic terminology and content ourselves with speaking of habits and reactions and conditioned ways of responding.

A mechanism, in the Freudian sense, is a mode of response in the behavioristic sense. Thus, defense mechanisms simply refer to modes of response embodied in systems of habit by which the human organism reacts to painful and perturbing stimuli. A familiar instance would be the withdrawal response of a touchy and sensitive person who is aggressively referred to in words that cut deep into some human weakness or other. The psychoanalysts have done us a fine service in showing how very large a portion of our mental activity, conscious and unconscious, is motivated by this protective kind of behavior.

Once we realize the rôle of fear in the life of any organism, not only biologically but also psychologically,

we are no longer astonished at the omnipotence of the so-called defense mechanisms. Is there any object in the world which cannot get itself incorporated into our fears? Is there any event in our lives which has not some dark magic power of terrifying us? We are not masters of ourselves. We are not controllers of our human destiny. We are not securely in charge of our living universe. Fear in one of its many guises infects with a terrible insecurity our psychological systems of responding to reality. Hence the protective device of shutting out a knowledge of those facts and occasions which can harm us by undermining our self-regard and our self-confidence.

In a pithy summary: we are always on the defensive because we are afraid of the kind of experience that, in making us more conscious of ourselves, will contrive to make us too conscious of how imperfect those selves are.

Self-consciousness, in the psychoanalytic sense, literally frightens us out of our wits.

Thanks to the self-deluding and therefore highly protective devices of rationalization and defense-mechanisms we, victims of contradiction and conflict and inner disorganization, can yet manage to survive as reasonably sane and normal fellow-men.

We are able to survive in a world that tortures with its contradictions because we exert every resource and ingenuity of our human natures to escape the obligation to be conscious.

Which brings us to the fascinating problem of the varying levels of consciousness, scaling down to an almost complete unconsciousness, that reside in human nature. The theory that behavior is for the greater part relatively unconscious, automatic and habitistic, uncon-

nected with critical awareness, is quite a new thing Though a few metaphysicians like Leibniz, Schopenhauer, von Hartmann, and a few keen psychologists like Herbart, James, Binet, had played with theories of the subconscious and the unconscious mind, we had to wait for Freud to be startled into the realization of how profoundly true those other speculations had been.

Freud's originality lay in his high-power emphasis upon the emotional context, more specifically the sexual coloration, of the so-called unconscious mind. Previous theorists had been content with rather intellectualistic and metaphysical descriptions of subconscious functioning. Freud stated with a challenging authority that consciousness as intellectual awareness is a minor reality in the history of behavior, that unconsciousness was the crucial attribute of psychological reactions.

The best evidence showing the wonderful vitality of the Freudian theory derives from the endless interesting controversies his dogmatic hypothesis has provoked; in fact, still vitally provokes. Whether we like his phrasing of the theory or not, the simple triumphant fact remains that the Freudian conception of the unconscious has impressed itself upon contemporary thinking so powerfully as to reveal unmistakably its original and dynamic quality.

A fine illustration of the sterility of logic when applied to the complexities of human nature and of the vitality of psycho-logic in these selfsame matters may be found in the difference of attitude toward the hypothesis of the unconscious on the part of the academicians on the one hand, and of the clinicians on the other. The academician, handicapped by an indoor type of mind and by a beautiful ignorance of the raw realities of human behavi-

or, proceeded to annihilate the Freudian dogma by showing its logical, that is, its verbal, contradiction. The highest achievement of the professorial mind was to show, with a fine gesture of dialectical arrogance, that such a combination of terms as "an unconscious conscious" is a contradiction beneath contempt. And that was that.

The graphic realities underlying did not trouble the mind of the irate pedagogue more interested in words than in facts. As if you could rule out of existence that multitude of behaviors, especially familiar to the clinician, which were psychiatrically important precisely because the personality that was perturbed and torn by them had no critical awareness either of their origin, history, complex interrelations or goal.

It is difficult to think of a more dynamic use of the concept of unconscious behavior than in connection with those psychologic reactions of personality that continue to exist and cause neurotic malaise without the victim's being able, of his own accord, to comprehend what is distressing him, an inability which is due to his very definite lack of a conscious realization of his internal situation. The very *raison d'être* of the analyst is his specialist skill in providing coördination and consciousness for the mind of the patient who, left to his own devices, is helpless to supply either.

This is not the place to enter into a discussion of the merits and demerits of the psychoanalytic conception of the unconscious. There are difficulties in the way of the acceptance of that assumption as it is usually bandied about by disputants more eager to mock each other's viewpoints than to understand the kind of contribution each can really make to the other's enlightenment.

There is a type of crude thinking extant, embodied, for example, in behaviorism, which, pretending to a wholesome assault upon religious residuals in psychology and metaphysical assumptions that prove sterile in the experimental laboratory (where, be it remembered, white rats are the profound objects of scientific study!), that is in deeper reality a reaction against thinking as such. The plausible pretense of behaviorism that it is interested only in facts, facts being construed to be quite tangible objects that can be seen and physically manipulated by an experimenter, loses a good deal of its scientific glamor when the concept of facts is seen to be the complicated thing it is.

The unanswerable indictment against behavioristic analysis is its very naïve oversimplification of reality. For the sake of uniformity in experimental technique there may be a need of a stimulus-response psychology based upon the fact of "conditioning" as the groundwork of those habit formations which constitute the repertory of behavior patterns. How rich in content, how accurate in discrimination, can a psychology be that ignores by hypothesis *the variety of human response,* the specific diversity of human stimuli?

How profound can a psychology be that subordinates the state of the organism to the mechanistic relation between stimulus and response? If we bear in mind the behavioristic need of ruling out vital specific differences (as between animals and men) for the artificial sake of a simple universal formula, true once for all, we shall be the better equipped to gauge the crude inadequacies of behavioristic psychologizing.

I feel it reasonable to say that behaviorism is in es-

sence not a profound psychology but a shallow philosophy.

It dabbles with an appropriate superficial arrogance in every complicated subject dear to the mind of man. Yet it blithely pretends to honor only the objective fact, to be concerned merely with visual evidence, to respect finally only what is verifiable in a laboratory under controlled conditions.

In its vandalistic attack upon mind and consciousness and idea and awareness, behaviorism outleaps the requirements of scientific method and reverts to a mode of analysis that was popular for a period in the eighteenth century.

It is amusing to the point of irony to observe behaviorism celebrating the sure triumph of physical categories in scientific methodology at a time when the profound minds in science are calling in question those ancient stable fictions and making us painfully aware of their gross inadequacy for rendering a true account of our infinitely complicated universe.

The behavioristic mind being illimitably naïve is not yet aware (it does not believe in awareness) of the revolution in science that is taking place in our midst at the very moment when the experimental method in its crude physical form has captivated the attention of a group of psychologists who are not in touch with the history or philosophy of science. To read Watson and then to read Whitehead is to catch a glimpse of the revolution in scientific thinking of which the former is exuberantly ignorant and toward which the latter has contributed so brilliantly.

Here is a pretty paradox. Medicine had for ever so long been reared on the naïve assumption of physiologi-

cal determinism presumably untouched by psychological factors. Medicine was purely "materialistic." And, of course, wonderfully objective. On the other hand, psychology, suckled at the breasts of metaphysics, grew to maturity in a hothouse atmosphere of metaphysical self-indulgence, the spoiled child of modern philosophy. Psychology was "idealistic," in fact, mystic. And, of course, wonderfully subjective.

The pretty paradox alluded to makes its disconcerting entrance at this point. Medicine, so long splendidly scientific and objective, underwent a transformation that succeeded in doing two startling things: one, in establishing the new medicine as the most fertile, intellectually, of all the sciences; two, in lifting to the status of an amazing authenticity, the technique of *subjectivity, psychoanalytically conceived.*

Psychiatry, for a considerable period static and sterile, living parasitically on the scientifically dignified but therapeutically vapid categories and diagrams of neurology, suddenly leaped into a flaming existence, lighting up a new universe of values and potentialities. The great point is to perceive how the addition of dynamic and humanistic elements to medicine had become possible only by rediscovering the fruitful aspects of introspection and subjective report.

Medicine began to develop most promisingly from the moment it refused to be hide-bound by crude scientific methodology, by antiquated laboratory technique of merely visual and tactual manipulation, wisely employing as supplementary techniques the aids of imagination, insight, interpretation, generalization, scientific speculation.

We may put it this way: the Freudian ascendancy wit-

nessed *the triumph of wisdom* as an indispensable element in an adequae logic of science.

Strangely enough, psychology, saturated with metaphysical and mystic components, weary of futile debates, getting caught in blind alleys of unmeaning introspectionalism,—this typically academic brand of psychologizing congenial to indoor minds that were remarkably out of touch with human nature in its raw and dynamic aspects must not be confounded with the mature type of psychologizing which the clinical psychiatrists of a psychoanalytic turn of mind developed for the profounder study of human personality—at last provoked a wholesome revolt among a few tough-minded scholars who decided to hurl overboard the suffocating baggage of "mentalistic" psychology and to start, free and unimpeded, on the road to simple laboratory experimentation of a purely objective, that is, physiologic nature.

Psychology, in a crisis of academic impotence, saw but one way out: the sheer repudiation of the misleading method of introspection and the substitution therefor of a tangible technique of "seeing is believing." The reversion of psychology to physiology as a tactic of salvation is a most interesting phenomenon.

Can a mature psychology, concerned primarily with *human nature,* get along without psychoanalytic introspection? My own opinion is that it cannot.

Behaviorism, if it is not to remain a mere toy and plaything, a static technique, a universal formula indifferent to specific diversity, will have to undergo transformation in the direction of psychoanalytic variety, including vastly more appreciation of the complexity of life, the obscure bafflements of human nature.

Behavioristic technique represents antiquated science

confronting a revolution in the world of thought. Sooner or later, behaviorism will have to make its peace with this new world of thought. Willy nilly, under the criticism of the new concepts in science, behaviorism will not be able, much longer, to remain mindless.

Thus the behavioristic dictum that consciousness is non-existent (because you cannot lug it into the laboratory and stick pins into it, as Watson, in one of his lectures, so exquisitely phrased it) and that therefore the subconscious is logically non-existent, must be dismissed as crude dogmatic assertions that run violently counter to human experience and human ways of generalizing that experience.

Science is not merely fact knowledge: it is fact knowledge made meaningful and luminous by hypotheses, theories, assumptions, generalizations, imaginative interpretations. The behaviorists are a naïve and unimaginative sect.

Let us agree then to conceive those reports and responses of a human subject as conscious which he, in his capacity of critic and self-analyst, affirms to be part of his state of awareness. Let us reasonably agree to call those reports and responses of a human subject subconscious which he, in that self-same capacity of honest critic, refers to as having escaped in one way or another his state of awareness. This method of reasoning is in line with that fruitful contemporary way of viewing the human organism as functioning on a series of levels.

There are behaviors and experiences which, though verbalized, somehow defy critical and self-conscious survey and acceptance. The analyst's main job is to communicate to his baffled and victimized patient a series of insights, a psychology of reëducation which does more

than verbalize experience; it takes verbalized experience and gives it a new ethical and intellectual status by means of what I refer to as the patient process of *realization.*

Realization is not a matter, as the naïve behaviorist would have it, of merely supplying language for hitherto unverbalized responses; it is a far more complicated and psychologically profound process: the analytic dismemberment of original clusters of beliefs, attitudes, experiences; the dramatic recital of episodes that finally through repetition and projection achieve a release of tension; the building up of new values and new insights on the basis of which the patent can proceed to live in a world of changed values and habits.

The key to behavioristic technique is habits. The key to psychoanalytic technique is values. Habits to be meaningful, to be capable of direction and reëducation, imply a personality aware of goals and a mind's consciousness of the place of values in life.

In clinical reality, where the evidence is most impressive, subconsciousness is a remarkably useful concept for gathering into an intelligible category those experiences of a person, often organically adequate but psychologically maladjusted, which when illuminated by psychoanalytic wisdom are reported upon by the subject as having somehow eluded his self-knowledge, critical consciousness, comprehension, power of realization. He simply had not been aware of the facts or of their meanings.

Facts and meanings cannot be reduced to a simple problem in verbalization, as the behaviorist cocksurely claims. Sagacity is involved, intellectual flexibility, capacity for reëducation, the power to unlearn and re-

learn, the discovery of new goals in life, in short, the re-creation of the individuality. An immeasurably more complex problem than naïve behaviorism knows how to envisage.

What I fail to understand is how we are to make real progress in understanding our complicated world, including the perplexing variety and irrationality of human nature, if we agree in the premises to deny the importance of specific differences.

The brilliancy of psychoanalysis (whatever its exaggerations and defects) consists precisely in its having made so clear the kinds of devices at the disposal of the human mind for dodging reality, evading responsibility, covering up imperfection, making a virtue of self-delusion, escaping the painful task of self-knowledge, substituting, in and out of season, the solace of rationalization for the bitter tonic of reason.

How could we ever begin to understand this rich material if we had been persuaded to content ourselves with a simple static universal formula of "conditioning"? Even admitting that the laboratory is simple (and can't help being so), surely we cannot deny that life is complex.

How can we, as lovers of wisdom, content ourselves with an approach to reality that is admittedly so simple as to fit beautifully into a laboratory, blindly and arrogantly denying to life the character of a baffling complexity? Behaviorism, pretending to be a profound and realistic psychology, is, in sober truth, a shallow and quite artificial "philosophy."

A concept that might be said to play the leading role in psychoanalytic technique is the famous one called resistance. One reason why an analysis spins out in such sprawling fashion over an unconscionable period is the

tenacity of the resistances stirred in the patient, so the theory runs, by his reluctance as a conscious personality to face with candor and courage the painful shames and fears and disharmonies of his life surgically laid open to his frightened gaze by the rather merciless operation of the analyst.

It is of course assumed that these unhappy complexes lie buried at a level of obscure functioning which is technically referred to as *the unconscious*. Assuming the reasonableness of the Freudian assumption that the bringing to conscious realization of material that had lain for so long in a condition of repression and concealment and frustration, is the primary cause of resistance (to self-knowledge), I should like to suggest another valid source of the patient's resistances.

The persons who come for analysis are presumed to have a certain intellectual competence. The very essence of that competence is critical-mindedness. They possess education and culture and a more than average wisdom about life. Yet they find themselves unhappy victims of compulsions and anxieties and phobias which they cannot manage. Hence their desperate resort to psychoanalysis. A fruitful source of resistance, as I see it, springs almost inevitably from the analytic technique that at once reduces a critical mind to a credulous one, inviting persons of intellectual competence to behave as passively and non-resistantly and meekly as if they were uncritical little children leaning for authentic knowledge and wisdom upon a father confessor.

Does not this very technique, involving the mock mystery of recumbent posture, of passivity and childlike credulity, of the magic omnipotence of the analyst wrapped in a sacred obscurity in the vague background,

provoke resistance in the intelligent mind? I fail to see how it could be otherwise. It is humiliating for a critical mind to slide into mere credulity. It is irritating to be under the sway of another mind, especially when one has one's private doubts as to the genuine superiority of that omnipotent presence. It gets one's goat to be confiding too much when one feels old enough spiritually to be wrestling more manfully with life.

For all these reasons, plus the additional one of revolting against grandiloquent dogma and ceremonial authoritativeness so lavishly indulged in by the orthodox analyst, the high-grade intelligences that float into the analyst's sanctum reveal a lot of resistances which the analyst, in his enthusiastic admiration for his own skill in tapping the unconscious, mistakes for true signs of inner psychoanalytic turmoil soon to boil over into expressiveness and confessional and curative transference.

Many a resistance is simply due to the irritation caused by the analyst himself in his crude dogmatic insistence upon far from obvious interpretation, or in his inartistic invasion of aspects of experience that are only remotely infected with sexuality. A really important question for flexible-minded psychoanalysts is this: To how large an extent are the patient's resistances the purely artificial by-product of the bungling technique of the insensitive analyst?

What does the mind most urgently resist? Truth. No doubt. Why does it resist truth? Because truth is disillusion. Disillusion is a painful process implicating all our childish illusions in distress, in wreckage.

In childhood and in adolescence we live largely by illusion and make-believe: by truth as consolation. In maturity, life becomes more obviously difficult because

of newly perceived contradictions that become twisted into conflicts affecting the very depths of personality. Maturity, means, psychoanalytically, the conscious emerging from infantilism.

Growing up is inherently a process in which sweet illusion gives way to bitter disillusion, and bitter disillusion yields gradually and graciously to sober realization. Those who are acquainted with this drastic evolution of personality in their own intimate lives will understand why the mind resists so tenaciously that reconstruction of faiths and values which truth promises but at a cost too heavy for many minds to bear. Hence the potency and peril of psychoanalytic wisdom.

Even those who specialize in the pursuit of truth, philosophers (mostly outside of academic halls, of course) and their ilk, respond with a very meager generosity to those truths of disillusionment, those ironic truths of realization, which invade the conscious mind like a brilliant madness threatening the peace and poise of the most courageous intellects. How many Schopenhauers and Ibsens and Strindbergs and Freuds has the world produced?

Truth is an assassin. How can we welcome truth?

For me the star concept not only in psychoanalysis but in the history of human thought is that of compulsion. Human behavior, to the extent that it has been inhuman, has been so very largely because of a mistaken believe in free will, or if you like, because of a lack of knowledge of the nature of compulsion.

Ethics, philosophy, jurisprudence, economic doctrine, morals in society, have all conspired to inculcate a mischievously erroneous belief in freedom of will on the metaphysical assumption that the mind of man was

possessed of a pure reason capable of deciding judiciously between good and evil when pressed by circumstance to do so. No doctrine has ever resulted in more pernicious consequences.

Man's inhumanity to man is essentially a by-product of his sadistic arrogant belief in free will.

Compulsion as a concept penetratingly sums up the stark realities of human behavior, or more accurately of human misbehavior. We may say that the quaint doctrine of free will was born in the minds of those who did not know the urgencies, internal and external, of evil. It was easy enough to propagate so charming and self-adoring a myth among the multitude who did not understand what they were talking about.

The logic of determinism arrives on the historic scene when minds appear equipped to understand social forces as determinants of human behavior, analytically capable of showing the overwhelming role of social pressure and general circumstance in personal reactions. Determinism is the sociological counterpart of compulsion.

We may phrase it this way: compulsion refers primarily to the influence of internal pressures including hereditary bias, predisposition, childhood patterns, glandular imbalance, sexual potency, etc.; while determinism is a broader designation to include those external compulsions that arise in group struggles and class cleavages primarily.

If education is ever to become genuinely realistic, it will have to honor the fact of compulsion as easily the most significant in any true account of human behavior.

The obsessions that mind is so often freighted with are explicable in terms of a psychopathology of compulsion.

There are tensions in the organism and pressures in the environment that shape our life to the thing it is.

The quintessence of tolerance (psychiatric compassion, as I prefer to call it) resides in the realization that we are driven by instincts and impulses and habits and customs and social incentives and egocentric bias to perpetrate a variety of acts which, upon detached reflection, seem hardly understandable to ourselves, because in a mood of detachment we feel they need not have been thus and so fulfilled; yet, nothing is more certain than that those half-intelligible acts must have been carried out as indeed they were, under the given tensions and pressures that hedged them in.

Only a sympathetic knowledge of the universal role of compulsion can make us both humble and wise.

I would not communicate the idea that compulsion is a kind of fatalism, a cosmic doom that fitfully follows man's life, compelling a victimized behavior.

It is far too easy to believe in impotence and will's inadequacy. Every problem, sanely viewed, implies the doctrine of limits. Much of our thinking is so out of focus because we fail to reckon with the doctrine of limits. There are such realities as suspended judgment, intellectual pause, hesitancy before acting out an impulse, reflection upon alternative brakes upon human responses, neurological and psychological and sociological.

We are not forever doomed to be serfs or helots. There is in man power to shape and reshape his destiny, personal and social, but only within very definite limits. Though the history of man is the tragic story of his victimization, there is at least one radiant chapter narrating his exploits as creator.

Compulsion rules the life of man. Indubitably. But

compulsion is not to be misread as doom, fatalism, helplessness. There are devices and enlightenments by the healing power of which man can at least aspire to become increasingly the master and decreasingly the slave of events within his human nature and within that social environment to which by the compulsion of habit and early training and traditional belief his nature responds far too readily.

Compulsions range from the simple obsessive desire to steal an article of small worth to the more complicated desire to commit rape. The psychopathology of compulsion is a theme large enough to occupy the attention of a philosophic historian for a decade scanning the rich lurid materials of history for instances of these queerly urgent compulsions.

In my opinion, history will never be profoundly worth while until it has become a study in pathology.

Having said as much, I must acknowledge that I do not begin to understand why compulsions are so compelling. Why must the mind repeat with a mad monotony some event in its past history? Why is there so fierce a tenacity in certain memories? What is the nature of that haunting obsessiveness that dominates the mind like a dream turned into a nightmare? Why is the past so desperately present in our perturbed thoughts?

What is the fundamental nature of "repetition compulsion," as Freud brilliantly characterizes it? Why are phobias so obsessive? Why are obsessions so closely allied to phobias? Why does anxiety continue unremittingly in a state of restlessness and tension and indescribable ache? How can we come to grips with these weird intangible forces that control our minds so powerfully?

Is there a condition of the mind comparable to that condition of the brain we call arterio-sclerosis?

Does compulsive behavior hint at an absence of alternatives either in the environment or in one's intellectual repertory? Are those most liable to the tyrannous sway of compulsion whose minds are, in some vital particular, inadequate? Is compulsion primarily a mode of behavior that accompanies emotional, particularly sexual, frustration?

What seems reasonably clear to the dynamic psychologist who belongs to no particular sect or cult is the existence of compulsive behavior as a perfectly normal phenomenon, though its pathologic exaggerations need not therefore be minimized as merely rare and incidental cases of definitely abnormal functioning.

If no other fact spoke eloquently in behalf of the dominance of compulsion in human behavior, the universal tendency in organisms to form habits which by repetition become automatic is of itself sufficient testimony in behalf of the prepotency of compulsive mechanisms in human nature.

Energy somehow gets itself shaped into certain forms by internal and external incentives and pressures. These forms become, for psychological and psychiatric purposes, habit patterns and predispositions. These patterns and predispositions in turn undergo stereotypy.

Energy achieves an equilibrium. Automatism tends to get control of reaction systems. Rigidity, in a physiological and a psychological sense, sets in. Here you have the background of what the psychoanalyst calls fixations.

The greatest triumph of the psycho-therapeutic art will be the invention of techniques for preventing, or at the least delaying, this swift process which leads to rigid-

ity of reaction preparing the pathologic way for obstinate fixations.

One might almost conclude that the essence of sanity is flexibility and that the quintessence of insanity is rigidity.

If you have ever been in a lunatic asylum as patient or practitioner—the difference is not to be taken too seriously—you will have remarked the great characteristic of the insane to assume this rigidity of reaction, this automatism in behavior, this uncontrollable complusion to a variety of fixations.

In your sanest hours, you knew yourself as happily free from the mad pressure of rigidity, a flexible-minded person inexplicably in control of himself. What in the name of uncommon sense is this final prop of sanity called by the moralists *self*-control?

In attempting to explain the dynamics of repetition compulsion, Freud speaks of the anxiety-ridden soldiers tormented night after night by haunting dreams of the original traumatic crisis that threw them into their unhappy state. Some compulsion ruled the mind driving it to consider again and again in frightened imagination the events that proved too unbearable for daylight consciousness. It was as though the mind could know no rest until it had by some device or other discovered or invented a method of mastery of that chaotic experience that originally broke in upon its normal functioning.

Does the power of compulsive behavior originate in the mind's unpreparedness for the emergencies of life and death? If so, one key to the dominance of compulsion in human behavior is the absence of intellectual categories and conceptions for the analytic reception of painful

experience. No doubt, the problem lies deeper and is not to be solved by intellectual methods alone.

Not until we have had many more studies of the meaning of fear in human life, shall we be able to account satisfactorily for the part that compulsion plays in our behavior. Or, perhaps it is wiser to say, studies of fear and of desire. There is a logic of desire, especially of sex desire, that runs the course of typically compulsive behavior. Civil life illuminates the desire component in compulsive acts. War illuminates the fear component in compulsion. Compulsion is the most real of the psychopathologic realities.

Patients often overwhelm us with a flux of words, with a torrent of information which we shall vainly endeavour to stem. Especially do they do this in the early days, before they have come to realize that we are in league with the devil! Nothing can stop the flow, and all the analyst can do is sit quietly and listen with quizzical attention. No one knows better than the psychoanalyst that speech was invented to conceal thought! We do not listen so much to what the patient says as to what he does not say, to what he says twice over, to what he emphasises. We take special note of gaps in his revelation, knowing that there we shall find his complexes—guided by the general technique of psychoanalysis, which by now is fully elaborated. The analyst allows the analysand to go on talking, confident that, in the end, the important and the true will rise unaided to the surface. I presume that Freud's primordial discovery must have been made in this way. He had to listen, so he listened to the end. But at the end there cropped out the hidden things which the flux of words was intended to hide.—Fritz Wittels, *Life of Sigmund Freud.*

X

IS CONSCIOUSNESS CURATIVE?

(THIS TRAGEDY CALLED CONSCIOUSNESS)

IT MAY be just as well at this point to discuss explicitly an assumption that is everywhere implicit in psychoanalytic thinking, to wit, the curative nature of consciousness. I am not aware of the existence in the whole wide range of analytic literature of the asking and the answering of the explicit question: Why should consciousness be curative?

At first glance at the history of thought we are justified in believing quite the reverse in fact: that consciousness is a pain, a travail, a burden, a malady.

Thinking as critical analysis, as reflection, as concentrated probing of memories and behaviors and experiences, is a task so difficult as to be quite beyond the capacity of commonplace minds, an enterprise full of peril even for the most audacious minds. The tragedy of thought expresses almost perfectly what thinking comes to when pursued as relentless reflection.

The history of philosophy is the history of pessimism (often disguising itself as absolute idealism or even as crudest materialism). The malady of thought is a phenomenon well known to those minds capable of thinking sincerely.

If it be reasonably true that thinking, as contradistinguished from day-dreaming and self-indulgent reverie

and mystic imagining and infantile wish-fulfillment, is a comparatively late development in the evolution of life, we ought to be on our guard against any easy assumption of thinking's magic efficacy as a therapeutic agency.

Thinking is not "natural" to man in the simple sense that he loves to think as he spontaneously enjoys eating, drinking, sexing, showing-off. Measured by philosophic criterion, man is anything but a thinking animal. The fierce compulsive driving power of instinct has ruled his life from the beginning like a force beyond his control. Habit is in fact a sort of second nature to him. Impulse eternally threatens the foundations of his human universe. Out of the maddening chaos of his badly controlled existence he seeks with a kind of desperate futility to construct those checks and balances of a reasonable and reflective nature which he somehow hopes will ease off the tensions and distractions and contradictions of his life.

Thought is a half-intelligible obscure footnote on life.

If it be true indeed that man seeks to escape the burden of thought, the tension and travail of reflection; if it be true that man feels naturally at home in a state of mind that slides by insensible gradations into a peaceful hypnoidal sleep; if he can only be stirred from this sleepy-mindedness by the shock and bite and sting and murder of reality, are we not in the presence of a creature whose primary organic need it is to shun the skeptic insecurity of thought?

It is easier to say what consciousness is not than to define precisely what it is. Of course, I reject the empty-headed behavioristic assumption that consciousness does not exist because it cannot be fetched into the laboratory for tangible experimental study. The silly logic of this

position is finally revealed by attempting a similar approach to the reality called death. No living person has ever experienced death. Is there any person still alive among us who will deny the reality of death?

The subtlety of consciousness resides in the fact that it represents the most unique condition of the human organism imaginable and, because of that biologic circumstance, contributes wonderfully to man's peculiar ability to survey his own past as if it were an objective historical record of events, to fashion concepts by means of which he can move about among experiences with a certain logical ease, to be capable of insights that are more closely allied to poetic inspiration, flashes of genius, sudden appreciations, intuitions, and levels of meaning, than a naïve scientific methodology can either probe or envisage.

In a negative sense, we know what consciousness is. Or, worded less awkwardly, we know in what kinds of behavior and of experience consciousness plays a minor role.

The extreme case for the minimal presence of consciousness is—most of us will wisely agree—death. If we attempted a flexibly graded series running the whole gamut from zero consciousness to the theoretic extreme of one hundred per cent consciousness, we should have an ascending arrangement something like this: death; organic lesion causing a temporary unconsciousness; unconsciousness under the influence of an anesthetic; perfect normal sleep (especially in childhood); a drugged state; traumatic shock resulting in memory lapses and varying degrees of unconsciousness; automatism in behavior, as in somnambulism; the mechanization of response as in daily routine—though the original effort at

adjustment and comprehension was a conscious experience, involving tension and attention and memory—; habit formation, at least as regards a considerable department of life below the philosophic level of responsiveness; the learning process as "blind" trial-and-error experimenting with alternatives; the learning process as that more complicated trial and error procedure in which clear-cut concepts, reasonable hypotheses, sagacious selection of options, insights and perceived goals are the subject matter of learning; thinking as suspended judgment; thinking as philosophic discourse; thinking in its most complicated and difficult sense of a psychoanalytic survey of one's inner imperfections and disharmonies with a view to a drastic reëducation of one's ideas and ways of living!

Consciousness, humanly conceived, may emerge from an emotional or an intellectual upset. In the former case we have those unforgettable memories that underlie compulsions, obsessions, anxieties, phobias, morbidities. In the latter case we have those unbearable contradictions with which logic and metaphysic and philosophy try to cope, for the greater tranquillity of the mind. These upsets are especially characterized by a disproportionate tension and attention. Consciousness is the organic registration of disturbance and the psychologic registration of conflict. To deny a high psychologic importance to consciousness is wilfully to underestimate the human significance of those events in life which are most meaningful to us as human beings, as personalities.

What do the psychoanalysts mean by their assumption of the curative power of consciousness? Their clinical experience has brought home to them the astonishing fact that experiences too painful to be accepted by the moral

personality are finally absorbed into the value system of the patient under the guidance of a candid analysis of his moral dilemmas and the building up of new concepts of approval of his shameful and painful experiences.

The patient, tormented by contradiction and conflict, devoid of a system of concepts and categories for the canalizing of perturbing experience, must undergo a reëducation of his habits of believing and thinking and acting.

Only the psychoanalytic technique promises this transvaluation of values, this recreating of the individual. When the patient is able to survey his own life's troubled course with a psychoanalytic evaluation of events, he may be said to be cured. Psychologically speaking, his cure consists in a *conscious* reorientation, reintegration, revision of habits and values.

The uncritical assumption informing this analytic technique is faith in the mind's capacity for accepting with equanimity very unsweet truths about its imperfections, evasions, dishonesties, vulgarities.

Since everything we know about the human mind points in the direction of its illimitable capacity for self-delusion, why should we too eagerly believe that we can psychoanalyze the mind into the happy acceptance of disillusionment?

If the desperate desire of the mind of man is to escape the burden of thinking, the torture of honest reflection, the distress of logical analysis, the genuine pain of doubt, the positively unendurable load of critical self-knowledge (since his self is the cowardly and frightened and shameful and imperfect thing it is), why should we commit the beautiful absurdity of believing in the power of con-

sciousness to put man at his ease, to cure him of his personality inadequacies?

In sober truth, as a result of the vast harm perpetrated by some of the crude surgeons of the soul who call themselves orthodox psychoanalysts, it has became a matter of the first importance, practically and theoretically, to inquire into the mind's capacity for *enduring* the exploratory operations which it must undergo, at whatever costs to personal harmony that the analyst, in his infinitely dogmatic certainty decides to inflict upon a mind already suffering tortures beyond its reasonable endurance.

If the practicing experts could summon the philosophic courage to report upon the cases which they have mismanaged or misunderstood (an analyst is a man for a' that), the new and very promising science of reëducation would profit enormously by their clean confessional.

To the extent that the psychoanalytic technique quits being religion and magic and metaphysic and humbly consents to become humanism and education and psychology, will the brilliant doctrines and ideas of the psychoanalysts have a better chance for contributing their more than normal quota of wisdom to the general enlightenment.

The three creative pioneers of the new psychology and the new medicine (and the new education), Freud, Adler, Jung, have generous-mindedly conceived of analytic technique as primarily a study in the reëducation of human nature by means of an emotional and intellectual transformation of habits and values and goals. This is dynamic psychology at its best.

It is the psychologizing of psychoanalysis that promises

best for the future of mental hygiene, the most valuable by-product of analytic technique.

Psychoanalysis, as a therapeutic agency, has some wonderful merits. Certainly. And also some flagrant defects. Undoubtedly.

The philosophic question is: How much *realization* is a given mind capable of? Not until this problem is candidly confronted and honestly reported upon shall we be in a position as analysts and educators and philosophers to fashion a science and art of reëducation sufficiently flexible and sensitive and wise to do more good than harm to the baffled minds of men.

What is the psychology of the analytic technique?

The explanation I wish to suggest has the merit of a certain originality and to that extent must be looked upon as tentative and perilous. The fortunate fact that a brilliant psychoanalyst, endowed with flexible mindedness, has found this explanation significant, makes me go ahead with it as a thing of importance.

What factors are involved in this therapeutic procedure called "being psychoanalyzed"?

As I see it, *two fundamental problems are to be solved: the problem of the release of tension, and the problem of the redistribution of attention.*

The tension manifests itself not only in an organic state that is popularly characterized as nervousness, but also in the more subtle forms of disquiet, like anxiety, watchfulness, phobia, irritability, suspiciousness, moodiness, etc. Interlaced with the problem of disconcerting tension is the enormously complicated problem of attention taking the pathologic form of fixation, repetition, obsession, reminscence, rigidity.

What specifically is the patient undergoing that will

relieve him of his load of tension and of fixated attention?

Let us recall a few very familiar facts. Everyone knows that confessional is somehow a relief; hence, it has been thought of popularly as good for the soul. Everyone knows that talking things over is somehow a relief, almost a pleasure. To confide in another person seems to be as necessary and meaningful as if it were a truly biologic fulfillment. To use a more technical term, catharsis is a perfectly human indulgence that has therapeutic meaning. To unburden one's heart is somehow curative.

Why are these things so? The answer, as I construe it, is not very difficult, though it is quite elaborate. Reduced to the most general terms, the psychoanalytic procedure is curative—when it is—because of four factors constantly at play in the analytic performance: dramatic objectification, analytic dismemberment, release of tension, realization. A discussion of these four remarkable processes in the reëducation of a psychoneurotic will help to make clear some of the mystery and subtlety of Freudian analysis.

What is meant by dramatic objectification? Expressed most simply, it is a series of rehearsals of experience, quite dramatic, in the nature of the case, in which one gradually comes to shift one's rôle from that of victim and villain to that of master and hero.

The points to note in this connection are the importance of theatricalism in human behavior and the psychologic significance of repetition in giving an originally subjective and highly emotional experience the status of objectivity.

As to theatricalism. Every humblest clod, given the least encouragement, guaranteed a congenial audience—

one person may be quite sufficient—loves exhibitionism: to talk about self, to parade the melodramatic egotistic episodes of the personal life, to show off with appropriate modesty, to magnify the ego, to play a part!

This theme of the theatricalism resident in human nature is deserving of an amount of study it has not yet even begun to receive.

Psychologically, this tendency in human beings to take themselves melodramatically, to oscillate drunkenly between villainy and virtue, to coax a primitive delight from self-degradation, to suck joy from self-glorification, to seek always to extract emotional profit from experience, is part and parcel of the hideously fascinating business of living.

Perhaps, underlying it all, is that disquieting sense of imperfection, of inferiority, of ungodliness which haunts the minds of melodramatic mortals. The sick compensation for this omnipresent sense of botched inadequacy takes the form of ego-glorification—even in the most modest earthworms.

So much for the dramatic element. Objectification is the general term for the process whereby the patient in communicating again and again his troubled state finally occupies the position of a person who is writing an historical record, a report implicating his innermost self, yet, because of its projection through the medium of language into a factual record becomes for him a quite objective reality.

This objectivity, adequately attained, implies *repetition* as a psychological device for squeezing the emotion out of an experience and leaving it in a state of detached dryness, so to speak; the learning of a *new language* for the specific absorption and comprehension of emotionally

perturbing experience; the conversion of a personally felt episode into an *historical record* that has the characteristics of a critically written autobiography.

Repetition as such is a psychological method for making a behavior commonplace. Hence its therapeutic potency in the emotional rehearsals of psychoneurotics.

Language as such is the most remarkable device invented by the troubled mind of man to give a local habitation and a name to an otherwise vaguely diffused and therefore terrifying uncontrolled experience.

The therapeutic power of language resides in its twofold capacity for canalizing experience and for making it amenable to management because of its specificity.

The restlessness and anxiety attendant upon an experience which has not been provided with suitable and specific garments of expression are laid to rest so soon as the mind can win a confidence in its ability to locate the experience, to name it, to study it as a tangible reality, to separate it out from other episodes; in short, to grasp it as a specific manageable fact.

When personal behavior, however saturated with emotion in origin becomes through repetition and habituation and linguistic definiteness a part of an historical record, it may be said to be under control of the comprehending ego, to be a reasonable reality no longer to be evaded or bullied by it. This whole process I refer to as *dramatic objectification.*

What can we say about analytic dismemberment? The question cuts deep into the problem of the relation between the emotional and intellectual factors in personality, especially as they are related to the problem of integration.

What is the specific attribute of an experience we call

emotional? Something happens: the mind is unprepared: the invading stimulus finds no specific response; but somehow it must be received by the organism: what takes place? Organic disturbance indicating what we abstractly call fear or surprise or delight. Psychological upset as revealed in a state of doubt, worry, anxiety, impotence, personality-maladjustment. The invading episode "floods" the nervous system. The neurological and psychological reactions are excessive.

What would it mean to say that the organism had been prepared for the reception of the stimulus? Simply this: habits and mental sets—preconceptions and judgments—had been already formed as a mode of receiving and controlling previous stimuli of a comparable significance under conditions originally more diffuse and emotional.

We may generalize and say that an episode is emotional to the extent that the personality is unequipped in habits, language, judgments, for its specific organization. Emotional experience tends to be characterized by this absence of specificity.

The task imposed upon analytic technique is to help the patient convert a vague diffuse emotional state into a rather specific intellectual fact.

What I call analytic dismemberment is a picturesque phrase for the complicated process of getting the patient to cut up his vast emotional situation into pieces and fragments, each one of which by being specifically labeled and linguistically set apart then gets the status of a fact, an object, a small reality within the intellectual grasp of the patient who now perceives the sick absurdity of tying into a complicated emotional pattern a string of specific behaviors which can be rationally understood and

controlled only by being surveyed as separate manageable facts.

The behaviorists are wonderfully right in stressing the central significance of language.

The psychoanalyst, to the extent that he is a capable psychologist, is assisting the emotionally perturbed and anxiety-ridden patient to build up a system of language habits that succeed by their very specificity and objectivity in draining the original emotional situation of its excessiveness.

Of course, in addition to the healing surgery of language, there are the supplementary requirements of a certain sagacity in the patient, a capacity for a considerable amount of personality reconstruction, and intellectual hospitality to a new philosophy of values. Thus we finally are dealing with habits and *values*.

The essence of a psychoneurotic reaction is its excessiveness: it lacks discrimination. It might be called a wholesale reaction to a specific situation. It carries too much of the past with it. Reminiscence is involved and repetition-compulsion. Psychoneurotic behavior is exceedingly egocentric and emotional.

The essence of what may by contrast be termed a normal reaction is the presence of discrimination. It is a relevant, limited, and specific adaptation or response to a specific situation. The past is implicated only in the sense that memory and choice and habit are relevant.

Normal behavior tends to be less personal, much less emotional, not so fraught with meanings to the entire personality, as the typical behavior of the psychoneurotic.

The analytic technique, to the extent that it is concerned with the problem of the dismemberment of epi-

sodes caught in a vast network of diffuse emotionalism, has as its goal the substitution of specific reactions for wholesale ones.

What is the relation to this special analytic process of the so-called release of tension?

If we sufficiently appreciate the fact that psychoneurotic behavior of whatever sort may be nicely defined as a special problem in tensions, we are prepared to view psychoanalysis as a method of relieving tensions. Mere talking one's heart out—to a sympathetic person, particularly if he be endowed with "magic" properties—is of itself a marvelous drainer-off of pent-up affects and tensions.

The learning of an appropriate new language is a highly important method of absorbing vague emotion into categories and concepts and symbols that subsequently perform the therapeutic service of holding within themselves the excesses of mere feeling and anxiety.

A kind of transference takes place from *the patient as victim of emotional perturbation to the (reëducated) patient as controller* of intellectual, and what might be called symbolic, malaise.

Fortunately for the health and sanity of the human mind, conceptual control—which means comprehension —of emotional situations is of itself a guarantee of poise and well-being.

For example: death as an emotional reality evokes an excessive, that is, a psychoneurotic reaction: it frightens and paralyzes. Death, intellectualized, conceptualized, given the status either of an item in the natural history of behavior or raised to the plane of a philosophic insight, becomes a relatively normal event both in the

history of the universe and in the autobiographical history of that fragment of the universe labeled Man.

The large significance of the intellectual factor in achieving normality, in escaping the crushing burden of psychoneurotic malaise, has not been sufficiently appreciated by the Freudian theoreticians.

What is tension? A state of indecision due to an as yet unsolved conflict between inhibition and expression.

The typical psychoneurotic lives in a state of inner torment because he is always planning to do what he can never summon the affirmative decision to do or definitely to leave undone. Almost all his pathetically ludicrous problems arise from his indecision which in turn is merely the psychologic counterpart of his unresolved tensions. Thus, if the analytic technique is to be efficacious, it must dissipate these tensions.

In many cases it succeeds beautifully in so doing. If the patient is coöperative, if he possesses sagacity, if his sense of humor is still alive, if his insight is reasonably lucid, he can be assisted enormously in the process of substituting words for feelings, new ways of thinking for old, an interest in other selves than his own, a practical appreciation of the difference between a normal and psychoneurotic reaction to certain perturbing events in his life.

He can be given new habits and new values, almost, I was going to say, a new personality. His tensions will be resolved in the non-magical sense of being subjected to analysis, intellectualization, dramatic objectification, and, most important of all, they will be eased off *by a redistribution of the objects of attention.*

Variety of interest, flexibility in thinking, an absorption in life, the cultivation of more humor, will be so

many psychological vehicles for carrying off and systematically redistributing his original funds of hysterically concentrated tension. The analyst will also become an important object of attention and to a large extent of the transference of tensions.

I agree with Dr. Alfred Adler and his school of individual psychologists that an attitude of cordiality and comradeship on the part of the physician (or educator), coupled with a constant eagerness to evoke in the patient moods of self-confidence and attitudes of courage, is of the greatest therapeutic value in all these cases of "problem children"—of whatever age up to seventy.

In the orthodox analytic technique there are modes of procedure that defeat these highly desirable ends: the patient's self-respect is tampered with, his confidence undermined, his courage thwarted.

No wonder the analysis often becomes so horribly entangled and bungled that the patient, outraged and bullied in relation to his most sensitive feelings and thoughts, comes away actually much worse off than he was at the beginning.

There is a delicacy in the handling of psychoneurotics which is frequently enough absent from the procedure of analysts. Dogmatism, magic authoritarianism, smart-Aleck interpretation, bullying, irritating silence, windy wordiness, the slinging around of Freudian jargon that means nothing in particular, are some of the unsweet facts that reduce the therapeutic potency of the psychoanalytic procedure.

Now that we have discussed at considerable length the factors of dramatic objectification, analytic dismemberment, release of tension, let us linger a little over the final element of the analytic cure, namely, realization.

To me, in the capacity of humble philosopher, the concept of realization is one of the most illuminating ideas in the evolution of human thought. In another connection I have briefly worked out the importance of the concept of realization in literature and in life.[1] Here I wish merely to indicate how it relates itself to the analytic technique and the ultimate cure of minds.

Realization is a very abstract term intended to represent the processes of the mind whereby a person comes gradually to appreciate facts in a new setting, episodes in a new interpretation, meanings in a new context.

Knowledge in the factual sense is not realization. Information is not insight. Knowledge is not wisdom. There are such subtle realities, highly intellectual in their very nature, as insight and intuition and wisdom.

The most intangible of mental categories is that of realization. What more precisely is realization?

Let me first state what it is not. It is not credulity, naïveté, delusion. It is not reverence, timidity, respect, acquiescence.

Into the concept of realization there enter such constituents as critical-mindedness, disillusion, imagination, irony, compassion, courage. The capacity for realization is most unequally distributed among minds.

If we were to rely upon the evidences of human history for our inference (and why not?), we should certainly say that the majority of people, that is, the mass of mediocrities that clutter up the living universe, are so low in the scale of capacity for realization that we might almost conclude that they were simply without endowment in that particular.

No one can explain the long unspeakable existence of

[1] Vide: Chapter on *The Psychological Depth of Literature*

war as the most congenial of the crazy pastimes of common men unless he assumes their sheer incapacity for what I call realization. They know not what they do. It is always so. They lack a certain combination of mental powers which, if present, would make impossible the never ceasing repetition of a behavior that promises nothing but misery, mutilation, and murder for their own unseeing kind.

This blindness in human nature is what I mean by the absence of the capacity for realization.

Imagination, compassion, critical-mindedness, irony: who among the sons of men are greatly endowed with these liberating qualities of mind and heart?

Thinking at its best is a study in disillusion.

Thought is most itself when it reveals limitations and imperfections. Do you wonder that life has produced so few great thinkers?

Who sincerely loves to discover imperfections, especially if they have a personal coloration? If there is one revelation more than any other which the mind will do everything in its pathologic power to escape confronting with open eyes, candidly, serenely, humbly, it is the revelation of personal imperfection.

Narcissism and egotism rule the mind like sick compulsions beyond the healing remedy of reason or humility.

Think of Socrates, Copernicus, Schopenhauer, Darwin, Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw, Freud, and ask yourself why these remarkable gadflies have enshrined themselves in the history of thought as wonderful tormentors of the torpid human mind?

To trouble the comfort and complacency of the mind is to commit the one sin for which a sleepy-headed humanity will not forgive you. The ancient biologic

struggle of life versus death; of curiosity versus contentment; of adventure versus stagnation; of thinking versus believing; of originality versus routine.

Realization is the mind's talented power of comprehending the relevancy of disillusion among a mankind that worships illusion, of critical-mindedness in a world that loves credulity, of compassion where obtuseness is the general rule of life, of irony where conceit and security mislead the mass of men.

Realization is intellectual insight made courageous by compassion and human by imagination.

The adequate mind comes through an evolution that runs its course from consoling illusion through skeptic disillusion to compassionate realization.

If we apply this conception more concretely to the surgical crudities perpetrated by the average analyst, we shall not be surprised to find that his procedure is capable of an illimitable mischief. He is so obsessed by the need of restoring the unconscious materials of the mind to conscious clarity, he is so involved in the translation of resistance into transferences and finally into self-poised convictions, that he fails to reckon with the nature of the consciousness he had so naïvely relied upon to carry, without too much stress and strain, the considerable load of revelation and bafflement originally deposited in the unconscious layers of the patient's mind.

Imagine the torture of a mind made critically conscious of tendencies and behaviors and desires evolved and evaluated through all the sensitive and plastic years (when idealism and pretense rule the life of self-esteem): for example, incestuous attachment, homosexual involvement, various types of nastiness that infect sexual desire, ego-inadequacy, possibly irremediable inferiority, marital

disharmony that will not be magically cured, the twisted maladjustments of personality that simply defy the healing art no matter how wisely administered.

The psychoanalyst is using a method of exploring the mind that has unhappily within it the power to wreck that mind.

The wreckage need not be manifest in the breakdown called insanity—such cases exist though scrupulously shielded from public knowledge—it may exist more innocently in an increase of mental confusion, a sense of bafflement, the painful reorientation of one's life with consequences that are unspeakably wretched, habits of self-analysis that finally out-morbid morbidity, sheer anxiety and woe.

The perils of the psychoanalytic technique are quite as real as its admittedly positive merits.

The haunting question for every honest analyst to wrestle with is the nature of consciousness, its power of absorbing new pains, new ideas, new realizations.

In what sense are we certain that consciousness is curative?

In what sense are we reasonably certain that consciousness, far from being curative, tends to be morbid?

Admitting that truth can sometimes make us free, is it not even more important for the psychologist and educator and analyst to remember that truth, in thus granting a new lease of liberation, in making us *free,* may also strangely succeed in making us *mad?*

The unconscious mind of the patient as construed by the conscious mind of the physician is then accepted by the consciousness of the patient as a true description of his own unconscious! Delightful legerdemain. Freud would convince us that the unconscious is incredibly

conscious and the conscious incredibly unconscious. Charming Freudian wit.

Since the problem of a sane analytic technique is so fundamental and all-important, one word more may not be superfluous. As we survey a troubled mind we become aware of the existence in the patient's mind of what I shall call a living context of experience wholly undifferentiated. It is this loose totality of reaction that confronts the probing analyst right off. The mind of the patient is a mass of—I was going to say a mess of—*irrational associations.*

Events and objects and persons are all inextricably interwoven, held together in this weird flux of experience by the bond of some remembered fear or shame or frustration. The patient in such a case simply cannot help feeling himself a *victim.*

There is at the patient's disposal no rationalist logic which he can summon for self-analysis and self-amelioration. He cannot adequately *realize* what is truly transpiring in his perturbed mind because his human nature is caught in contradictions which he (who is *he* in this situation?) cannot transcend.

However brilliant a mind may be, it cannot be as self-observant, as self-critical, as it needs must be if it would be adequately wise about the complicated goings-on within it. Hence the indispensable sage analyst.

Analytic therapy is a study, psychologically, in the process of dismemberment of emotional wholes and totalities that function too explosively and compulsively in the typical responses of the psychoneurotic.

Every smallest provocative stimulus sets off inevitably a vast battery of responsiveness. This excess in response is precisely the center of derangement in the reaction

system of our psychoneurotic. He behaves like a victim and he knows it—to his pain and chagrin. *He* can't help *himself*.

In the long course of analytic dismemberment, emotionality gradually evaporates out of the subjective situation, a something approximating objectivity taking its place. Language adds its healing power of specificity.

Analysis proceeds to the breaking up of the original pulsating and entangled lump of experience into fragments. These relatively objective fragments of experience take on the status of facts which can be handled by the patient whose reëducation consists precisely in the ability to perform this necessary task of confronting the separate realities of his painful past with a view to coördinating and reintegrating them into a livable pattern.

The analytic cure ultimately means control and insight.

Psychologically speaking, the Unconscious really signifies, in the last analysis, lack of insight.

Dramatic objectification is the technique by means of which the patient emerges from the status of victim to that of victor: he literally acts out, in melodramatic recital and confessional, the purturbed scenes of his life until he feels relieved of the tension of their subjective sincerity, in the process gradually finding himself an actor unburdened by his part, able to voice it as in a play, without excessive personal participation. He can speak his piece quite objectively, dispassionately.

As a therapeutic consequence of this wonderful relief of tension, the patient finds at his disposal a fund of energy capable of being directed toward *new objects of attention.*

This reorientation of the hitherto fettered and fixated attention toward a variety of new and therefore engaging

objects and events is the quintessence of that flexible-mindedness which is the core of mental health, that is, of sanity.

Psychoanalysis is a brilliant device for draining off passion and perturbation into objective recital of events originally excessively egocentric, now become part of an historic record, a manageable autobiography, by the exploratory techniques of catharsis ("free" association, dream recital-and-analysis), analytic dismemberment, the healing power of language substituting specificity for vagueness, and, as a climax, the redintegrative power of realization.

Mental health means mental adequacy, which in turn hinges upon the capacity for *realization.*

To the orthodox psychoanalyst, an element in his analysis more important and more difficult to grapple with than any other is the process he terms transference. He usually distinguishes two aspects, negative and positive transference. It is expected that the patient will inevitably convert the analyst into an object of alternating love and hate as embodiments of his deep-lying resistances.

I am interested in pointing out a characteristic of this neurotic relation between patient and analyst that is usually ignored, not even perceived or credited with importance. Letting someone else solve our problems is one of the most human things to do. The history of man is the story of his varied dependence upon forces outside himself: God, fate, heredity, environment, society, parent, priest, luck, nature, destiny, the inexorable.

The most penetrating fact in human history, conceived psychiatrically, is dependence.

This insatiable dependence upon outside forces and

persons springs from man's deep sense of inadequacy. He simply knows and feels himself incapable of solving his problems, too numerous and perplexing for his very limited mind and make-up.

What the psychoanalysts picturesquely refer to as positive and negative transference is quite clearly a study in emotional dependence, a theme that is splendidly illuminated by Adlerian psychology.

As I see it, the patient, in the course of the exposé of his dark and troubled inner life, unequal to the quite difficult task of confronting his imperfections and bunglings calmly and courageously, does the next best thing by attempting to load his troubled state upon the analyst whom he then proceeds to make a scapegoat of, seeking by this tactic to find someone at last whom he can hold responsible for his woes.

The patient transfers his unresolved hates and loves to the analyst in a bond of neurotic dependence—which it is the analyst's unsweet task to cut, as one might the umbilical cord, before delivering the patient as fit to live his own autonomous life.

An interesting difference between the so-called normal person and the so-called psychoneurotic may be visualized as the difference between the grown-up child and the overgrown child.

The analyst is frequented by men and women whose intelligence from an intellectualistic point of view may be, and often is, remarkable, but whose emotional development is childish and immature. Freud bears witness to this fact in his ceaseless harping on "infantile fixations." Adler reaffirms this same truth by stressing the period of earliest childhood as the perilous time of fear, lack of confidence, dependence upon the mother, timid-

ity, a sense of inferiority, self-indulgent habitude. Jung comes to the same conclusion when he emphasizes the therapeutic need of accepting the burdens of maturity as part of the healing of souls.

Transference is a way of referring to the psychoneurotic's desire to have someone else solve his life's major problems, namely, those of ego and sex fulfillment. If the analyst refuses to be his love object, he shows more resistances, behaves more negativistically, plays the part of spoiled child, may even go into tantrums, manifest hysterical symptoms, will not be appeased until he is once more subtly soothed into the hope of a satisfying dependence upon the beloved analyst.

If his sex desire or his ego is frustrated or humiliated or wounded by the analyst's attitude or behavior or remarks, his transference is marked by hate. This see-saw of the emotions of our overgrown child is characterized by the Freudian name of "ambivalence." Hate and love, the Siamese twins of the emotional life, haunt the behavior of the psychoneurotic. The analyst, in the nature of the case, becomes the object of these alternating moods.

What I perceive in this process is a very ancient device of human nature to find a scapegoat for its pent-up inadequacies. When the analyst responds favorably, he is an adored scapegoat. When he responds unfavorably, he is a despised scapegoat. In either event, a child incapable of self-dependence is desperately seeking a protector and dependable guide through the dark forest of the emotional life.

This view of transference supplements the orthodox conception of the Freudians which gets itself too deeply involved in the Œdipus complex—which may be in origin, not the son's guilty desire for the mother but the

emotionally starved mother's passionate attachment to the son; incestuous fixations; infantile sexuality; the ambivalence of the emotions; resistances; the weird tenacity of unconscious memories.

Though it is more precise—more accurate in a statistical conception of behavior—to speak of psychoneurotic reactions or behavior patterns, than of psychoneurotic personalities, we shall not go far wrong for general psychiatric purposes if we speak of the psychoneurotic as though his clear-cut type existed without scientific doubt. At all events, the mind of the psychoneurotic may be comprehended more vividly if, as psychologists, we attempt to analyze out the specific constituents resident in that kind of mental system.

The root reality is fear. Even when the experience has been sexual, the statement is still wonderfully true that the basic determinant of psychoneurotic reaction is fear.

Allied with fear goes shame. If the fear has been the by-product of a painful experience without sexual complication, shame has infected the ego, the sense of self-confidence, the feeling of adequacy. Fear vitally wounds the personality as a whole. We might call this kind of fear, *egoistic fear*. The fear that accompanies a sexual episode might be called *sexual fear*. The fundamenal fact is fear. No matter how real and causal the sex component appears to be in psychoneurotic behavior, nestling in the heart of the sexual episode is wide-eyed fear.

The mind of the psychoneurotic is haunted by fear and shame. Hence the tormenting need of escape. In attempts at escape from these oppressive tensions and unhappy attentions engendered by fear and shame, the psychoneurotic develops those pathetically ludicrous patterns of behavior, circuitous, evasive, duplicitous, habits of

beating about the bush, that consume time and energy so lavishly as to leave him with little available vitality for the pursuit of any other of the normal goals of life.

This roundabout behavior is precisely what ails the mind of the psychoneurotic. No wonder some analyses spin out for a year or two or three, the patient finding it congenial to circumnavigate the globe in order to make a safe journey from the city of New York to Niagara Falls.

The unceasing effort at escape is rendered all the more maddening by another pathologic event: every fact, episode, experience which the psychoneurotic casually bumps into becomes emotionally tainted with his original fear or shame, provided he can even remotely imagine a faint point of connection between the otherwise disconnected situations.

Thus, beginning in sensitive childhood with a fear of being drowned while aboard a ferry boat, he may carry over this excessive emotional reaction (to a specific event), *transfer* it to a multitude of objects and experiences that have but one intangible bond in common: their projected possibility of bringing calamity in the form of accident and therefore of death.

Fear is that excessive emotional response which by a kind of flooding of the nervous system, more particularly the sympathetic centers, somehow creates a sensitiveness, a kind of keyed-up expectancy, an alacrity that makes possible an almost instantaneous reaction to every kind of stimulus even remotely suggesting the original one.

What wonder that this state of insecurity which haunts the mind of the psychoneurotic like a doom should become the source of his characteristic indecision?

If there are two psychologic characteristics of psycho-

neurotic deportment more universally in evidence than any others, they surely are *insecurity and indecision.* My suggestion is that these two are very highly correlated, positively so. What else can we expect of a mind haunted by insecurity, literally tortured by fear, than a series of see-saw behaviors periodically rocked by indecision?

Fear—shame—escape—flight from reality—roundabout behavior—transfer irradiation—insecurity—indecision—compensatory reverie—here you have the psychologic series that constitutes the mind of the psychoneurotic.

Since fear usually attaches to certain objects and episodes and persons, the psychoneurotic has as his major task in life not only the running away from reality, but the equally arduous task of building up a fantastic world in which his divided and perturbed mind may find peace, a reasonable equilibrium, a point of rest for his restlessness.

By the strange and marvelous device of overcompensation, the mind of the psychoneurotic, at incredible cost, actually invents ways out of neurotic conflict and dilemma. He saves his mind from the unendurable pain of realizing personal limitations by overvaluing the very capabilities and qualities he lacks. The physical weakling admires pugilists, the dry-as-dust scholar worships the great lover, the sensualist may adore Christ, the homely-looking female falls in love with stage beauties and in delicious reverie imagines herself a ravishing courtesan.

Your typical psychoneurotic spends half his energy in flight from reality and the other half in flight into unreality.

No wonder that life in its daily normal varied aspects interests him less and less, his one consuming desire being

to enclose himself in a warm little universe where once more, as in his cradle in infancy, he may securely lie down to rest, to rest. The lullaby of the psychoneurotic!

Out of the twisted intertwining of fear and shame with their distressing offshoots of evasion and concealment springs an attitude toward life and toward oneself that may be characterized as a state of morbid anxiety.

Remorse, conscience pangs, self-consciousness, a vague sense of ill-being, all belong in the prevailing mental outlook of the psychoneurotic.

He fears though his clear reason denies the grounds of fear. He is ashamed though his intellect finds nothing really worthy of so much shame. He experiences anxiety continuously, yet he wonders why it is so. He acknowledges the habit of indecision at the same time that he offers acute rationalizations for its plausible presence. He leans heavily upon alibi and rationalization. He protests too much.

On the basis of his rational analysis of himself one wonders why in the first place he ever thought it necessary to consult an analyst at all. His predicament is precisely this sharp division between the facts of his life that breed neurotic malaise and the rationalizations that pretend to deny the ramifications and excessive implications of those facts.

Anxiety is the report upon the unceasing interaction of his fears and frustrations.

Logic was, formerly, the art of drawing inferences; it has now become the art of abstaining from inferences, since it has appeared that the inferences we feel naturally inclined to make are hardly ever valid. I conclude, therefore, that logic ought to be taught in schools with a view to teaching people not to reason. For, if they reason, they will almost certainly reason wrongly.—Bertrand Russell, *Sceptical Essays.*

XI

WHAT IS CONSCIOUSNESS?

(A PRE-FREUDIAN SURVEY)

THE nineteenth century, intellectually the most picturesque of all the centuries, witnessed the culminating conflict between the philosophies of intellectualism and anti-intellectualism. . . . Parenthetically, it may be worth noting that the anti-intellectualists, so-called, were as adept in the use of logic and reason and subtle analysis as were the lucid expositors of the intellectual life. Bergson's logic is no less brilliant or acute than Spencer's.

The central factor in the revolutionary transition from intellectualism to anti-intellectualism was the Darwinian conception of evolution with its enormous emphasis on "blind" forces.

The stabilizing illusions of special creation, design, rationality, which lent a kind of dignity and superiority to man were rudely shattered by the Darwinian hypothesis which introduced into the calculations of thinkers such unstable realities as chance, cunning, brute force, the sway of instincts, the logic of hit-and-miss, sheer irrationality.

Reason, as the divine prerogative of man alone, was dethroned, and impulse, common alike to man and beast, was enthroned as the determinant of behavior in a world ruled by the blind forces of luck and cunning. A sudden, intellectually disintegrating shift of the center of gravity

was effected from "divine" metaphysics to "human" biology. The great emerging antithesis between logic and life was powerfully accentuated by this new challenge to the assumed reality and superiority of "pure reason."

Spencerian evolution was not primarily Darwinian. Hence Spencer's systematic general evolution could rear its vast propositions on the traditional assumptions of logic and reason as determinants of behavior. For example, Spencer's anthropology was purely theoretical and formalistic and tightly logical, wholly unconcerned with those concrete realities which later, embodied in the first-hand observations of the school of anthropologists headed by Boas, revealed the fundamental inadequacy of the purely logical approach to the concrete phenomena of behavior.

Perhaps it is not too extreme to assert that among philosophers Spencer may be designated the last of the intellectuals. Spencer's classic attempt to "logicize" the mental processes of the savage is as good an instance as any of the traditional approach to reality which the Darwinian conception rendered null and void thereafter. Logic was superseded by psychology!

What we may refer to as the newer or anti-intellectualistic tendencies in thinking, the inevitable by-product of Darwinism, are excellently represented in various fields of scholarship, in the writings of the following authors whose ideas have contributed light in the late nineteenth and twentieth century: in Sociology, we may include, Kidd, Tarde, LeBon, Ward, Sorel, Nordau, Wallas, Boas, Ogburn; in Philosophy, Bergson, Schiller, James, Dewey (at least in the sense that he has increasingly subordinated metaphysics to social science and logic to psychology), Kallen, Whitehead, Russell (since

1914-16); in Psychology, Bain, James, Binet, McDougall, Rivers, Freud, Watson, Jung; in Economics, Veblen, Parker, Nearing, Chase, Tead, Webb, Hobson; in Politics, Wallas, Angell, Lippmann, Laski; in History, Bury, Robinson, Beard, Barnes; in Science, Poincaré, Mach, Driesch, Morgan, Jennings, Fabre, Sherrington, Haldane; in Ethics, Nietzsche, Butler, Wilde, Shaw; in Literature, Tolstoi, Ibsen, Strindberg, Brieux, Rolland, France, Joyce, Proust, O'Neill; in Art, Millet, Meunier, Cézanne, Manet, Gaugin, Picasso; in Criticism, Strachey, Chesterton, Brandes, Muir, Mencken, Brooks, Frank, Dell, Lewisohn, Mumford, Calverton.

This so-called anti-intellectualistic movement is in reality an enlightening revolt against the assumptions and pretenses of pure reason, that is, of formal logic. More positively, it is a defense and a clarification of the meaning of human impulse, instinctive behavior, mixed motives, "irrational" beliefs and faiths, in short, an attempt to work out the relations between *reason and rationalization.*

The mathematical conception of reality has been increasingly delimited and confined within the emphatically physical sciences while the psychological conception of reality has achieved an enlarging supremacy in all those sciences which may be called human or social. Historically considered, intellectualism connotes the mathematical conception of reality as embodied chiefly in logic, the older physics and metaphysics. The anti-intellectualistic tendency, therefore, connotes that divorce between metaphysical and socio-scientific tendencies which has taken place in the biological and human sciences.

Formal logic and psychology have divided the field

of human thought between them. Anti-intellectualism represents nothing more terrifying than the clarification of this wholesome division and the celebration of the fact that the psychological approach to reality is more fruitful, *at least in the human sciences,* than the logical or mathematical approach can be.

Perhaps it is speaking too sentimentally to say that the worship-of-reason has been supplanted by faith-in-life. This loyalty to life as the fundamental datum of fruitful thinking may be broadly termed the New Humanism.

In this connection it is important to stress the pervasive influence of the so-called industrial revolution upon those attitudes and values which have been called anti-intellectualistic. The arrival upon the historic scene of the "dark masses," the vast liberation of crude vitality, the spread of the democratic aspiration, the stirring existence of emerging classes in society whose humble values had to be reckoned with by reigning philosophies, were all influences of the first magnitude in sharpening the antithesis between intellectualism and anti-intellectualism.

The human, subrational, instinctive tendencies now dramatically in evidence with the rise of the unintellectual classes to power and prestige, have released a new emphasis upon utility and practicality, and by contrast diminished the prestige-value of pure reason, formal logic, sheer intellectualism.

Inevitably, under the insidious influence of "the democratic aspiration," the emotional life has received a vast emphasis in the valuations of men. The most illuminating evidence of the significance of this new, intensely emotional factor may be gathered from a survey of the

literature of the second half of the nineteenth century. Whether we read the Scandinavian or the Russian or the French or the German literature of this period we are impressed by what has been termed the morbid seriousness, the fierce emotionalism, the almost pathologic intensity of the analysis of characters and problems of life contained therein. These corrosive anti-intellectualistic forces have profoundly affected, recently, the more complacent English and American literatures. Thus we might say, without melodramatic exaggeration, that the historic stage has been set for anti-intellectualism.

Nor have we yet mentioned the significant contribution to the anti-intellectualistic tendency of the discoveries and revelations of the typically abnormal phenomena in the field of pathologic medicine. All the lovely age-old pretenses about man's pure reason and immaculate logic and cool rationality were canceled almost out of existence by the revealed mass of confusion, irrationality, baffling and inexplicable states of consciousness which the clinical studies of the medical psychologists had brought to light. These darker and obscurer aspects of the mind modified vastly man's conception of the relation between the life of reason and the life of "instinct," revealing the predominance not of the former but overwhelmingly of the latter.

And finally, we may note the importance of the growth of animal psychology in undermining the pretenses and assumptions of intellectualism. Once the naïve ascription of instinct to animals alone and intelligence to men alone was observed to be untenable, a whole series of illusions of superiority concerning man's mind were brought in doubt and finally were doomed to peter out. In short, the supposedly unique attributes of man's mind, which

raised him loftily beyond the animal kingdom could no longer be taken seriously.

And when we acknowledge the final triumph of obscure physiological and glandular processes as vital and possibly fundamental determinants of mind, we behold the emergence of a scientific humility which minimizes differences and emphasizes uniformities.

The "behavioristic tendencies" in current philosophy, psychology and biologic science add the final determining contribution to the attitude called anti-intellectualistic. The more recent mechanistic influence of Loeb, Watson, Lashley, Kuo, Weiss, Meyer, Sherrington, Head, and others in utterly repudiating metaphysical assumptions concerning mind and reason and consciousness and intellectuality, has carried to an almost too logical extreme the viewpoint which has been referred to throughout these pages as the doctrine of anti-intellectualism.

Thus we may summarize and say that there have been two main drives against intellectualism, one, the denial of the supremacy of consciousness as such and the affirmation of the supremacy of subconsciousness and the so-called unconscious; two, the complete denial of consciousness as such of whatever variety, upper or lower! In this essay we shall be concerned wholly with the former of these drives.

For good or ill, contemporary life is saturated with anti-intellectualism. In a recent issue of the *Journal* of *Philosophy,* Professor M. R. Cohen raises his brave lone vigorous protest, in an article entitled, "The Insurgence Against Reason": "It can not be denied that the roots of our conscious being are in a dark soil where the light of conscious reflection seldom if ever enters. But the

admittedly weak and fragile character of conscious reflection, in contrast with other cosmic or vital forces, does not deny its reality or diminish its unique worth. It certainly does not justify the romantic moral that we should trust our 'unconscious' promptings. For the latter are often conflicting and sometimes self-destructive and none of the specificially human values which we call civilization are independent of long and painful conscious effort. . . . For, not all who rave are divinely inspired."

In another part of his interesting essay he writes: "Against this [the charge that the old rationalism absurdly overemphasized the power of conscious reasons or motives], the romantic movement since Schlegel, Schelling and Savigny has emphasized the fact that human institutions are matters of growth rather than creation; and that the great achievements of life are the result of unconscious spirit rather than conscious deliberation. Even Hegel, despite all his extravagant panlogism, so emphasized the imminent necessary evolution (or dialectic) at the basis of human history, politics, religion, arts and philosophy as to leave nothing to human effort."

It is strangely revealing and quite illuminating, to note the conceptions of the subconscious, i. e., of non-focal consciousness, held by various metaphysicians who nibbled at the theme that has within the past twenty-five years achieved a prominence among professional and lay groups that is truly startling.

In Brett's *A History of Psychology* we may read: "Whatever Hartmann said always came back to the one and only essential conclusion—the Unconscious must be accepted. And it has been accepted. Some writers almost apologize for using the term 'rational.' The old habit of putting 'clear ideas' in the foreground is almost obsolete.

We are told that men live by impulses; that actions express the efforts of a vital energy which moves darkly on the wings of heredity through the generations of men; that we do not act from conscious reasons, but rather construct reasons to explain what has been done in and through us. The soberest psychology of the twentieth century is leavened by these ideas. In the analysis of conduct, normal or abnormal, the idea that consciousness does not really act but rather serves to recognize and appropriate the actions of an unconscious force, is everywhere to be met. It is true that Aristotle said, 'the understanding moves nothing' and Hume repeated the idea in the statement that 'the reason doth not move to action,' but it was Hartmann who elevated these phrases to the dignity of a cosmic interpretation, and, by sheer force of wide application and manifold repetition, made them subtly penetrate or openly dominate the minds of men."

On the high authority of the ever-exuberant William James we have this prophetic pronouncement: "I cannot but think that the most important step forward that has occurred in psychology since I have been a student of that science is the discovery, first made in 1886, that, in certain subjects at least, there is not only the consciousness of the ordinary fiield with its visual center and margin, but an addition thereto in the shape of a set of memories, thoughts, and feelings which are extramarginal and outside the primary consciousness altogether, but yet must be classed as conscious facts of some sort, able to reveal their presence by unmistakable signs. I call this the most important step forward because, unlike the other advances which psychology has made, this discovery has revealed to us an entirely unsuspected peculiarity in the constitution of human nature. No other

step forward which psychology has made can proffer any such claim as this."

Plato and Aristotle, who form the starting point for all characteristically modern speculation, did not fail to contribute to that fascinating Symposium on the Subconscious which is still in progress among thinkers, normal and abnormal. Psychoanalytic echoes reverberate through this classic passage in Plato's *Republic:* "Some of the unnecessary pleasures and appetites are, if I mistake not, lawful; and these would appear to form an original part of every man; though, in the case of some persons, under the correction of the laws and the higher appetites aided by reason, they either wholly disappear, or only a few weak ones remain; while, in the case of others, they continue strong and numerous."

"And pray what are the appetites to which you refer?"

"I refer to those appetites which bestir themselves in sleep; when, during the slumbers of that other part of the soul, which is rational and tamed and master of the former, the wild animal part, sated with meat or drink, becomes rampant, and pushing sleep away, endeavors to set out after the gratification of its own proper character. You know that in such moments there is nothing that it dare not do, released and delivered as it is from any sense of shame and reflection."

In his scholarly, albeit too uncritical, work entitled *Modern Theories of the Unconscious,* Dr. Northridge summarizes the notions of Plato and Aristotle as follows: "The storing up of images, Aristotle says, is the condition of memory. These retained images existing potentially may be revived by association of ideas present in consciousness. . . . Plato discusses man as the subject of impressions from without. Some of these never reach

consciousness though the organism reacts to them; some enter consciousness and are soon forgotten, such impressions ceasing to have any further existence; others reach consciousness and pass away, but are again capable of recall. These in the interval during temporary forgetfulness have existed in potential form, having been retained as impressions on the soul. . . . Here in Plato and Aristotle we get an approach to the unconscious states of the type described in modern orthodox psychology."

Not until Descartes emphatically defined consciousness was the impetus given for that variation and differentiation of opinion concerning the nature of mind which constitutes the high theme of modern philosophy.

Descartes' dictum that consciousness is self-evident proceeded from the presupposition that in the very process of doubt and denial consciousness is implicated and assumed. Hence the logical inconsistency in doubting the existence of consciousness.

We may get a bird's-eye view of the intellectual distance theorizing has traveled, for good or ill, since 1600 by juxtaposing the Cartesian dictum, "I think, therefore I am" and the Freudian dictum, "I desire, therefore I think!"

Descartes' positive emphasis on consciousness, his assertion that the soul always thinks, provoked Locke's criticism that "it is not more necessary for the soul always to think than for the body always to move."

In Dewey's critical exposition of Leibniz's philosophy, we read: "Leibniz asserts that 'unconscious ideas' are of as great importance in psychology as molecules are in physics. They are the link between unconscious nature and the conscious soul. Nothing happens all at once;

nature never makes jumps; these facts stated in the law of continuity necessitate the existence of activites, which may be called ideas, since they belong to the soul and yet are not in consciousness."

Leibniz reaffirmed the general doctrine that the soul always thinks and that innate ideas exist but introduced a significant modification of the Cartesian view by maintaining that innate ideas exist not actually, but in latent or potential form "as natural inclinations, dispositions and habits, and not as activities, although these powers are always accompanied by some activities often imperceptible."

Professor Levine, the English philosopher, condenses the view of Leibniz in these words: "Thought itself must be continuously developed out of processes clear and distinct, but the same in kind. In other words, consciousness is not to be regarded as a 'sudden arrival.' Nature never makes sudden leaps. The principle of continuity makes it necessary to interpret continuity as a clearer, more developed degree of what in less clear or developed degrees is called inanimate, or inorganic."

Leibniz expresses his view of the nature of "unconscious" perception as follows: "There are countless indications which lead us to think that there is at every moment an infinity of perceptions within us, but without apperception and without reflection; that is to say, changes in the soul itself, of which we are not conscious, because the impressions are either too small and too numerous, or too closely combined, so that each is not distinctive enough by itself but nevertheless in combination with others has its effect, and makes itself felt, at least confusedly, in the whole."

In another place Leibniz says: "These *petites per-*

ceptions have through their consequences an influence greater than people think. They constitute the identity of the individual. They determine us on many occasions without our thinking it. Unconscious perceptions are of as great use in philosophy of mind as imperceptible corpuscles are in physics." In short, ideas may be in the mind of which we are not conscious. A profound pre-Freudian insight.

A few quotations from Kant will, for the purposes of this essay, sufficiently reveal his attitude to the general problem under discussion. "To have ideas and yet not to be conscious of them—there seems to be a contradiction in that; for how can we know that we have them if we are not conscious of them? Nevertheless, we may become aware indirectly that we have an idea, although we be not directly cognizant of the same. . . . Innumerable are the sensations and perceptions whereof we are not conscious, although we must undoubtedly conclude that we have them, obscure ideas as they may be called (to be found in animals as well as in man). The clear ideas, indeed, are but an infinitely small fraction of these same exposed to consciousness. That only a few spots on the great chart of our minds are illuminated may well fill us with amazement in contemplating this nature of ours."

I suppose we may rightly insist that the first of the philosophers who strikes a truly modern note in relation to the character of vital processes somehow mental and yet not conscious is Schopenhauer, whose conception of the will has been compared to the Freudian conception of the wish, the special point of resemblance lying in the clear subordination of the cognitive to the conative aspect of mind.

Schopenhauer condenses his conception of mind in this

picturesque simile: "The thinking consciousness is like a magic lantern in the form of which only one thing can appear at a time, and, therefore, a distinction must be made, between a man's knowledge and what his mind is occupied with at any moment. The former is what he knows, 'potentia'; the latter is what he knows 'actu.' "

The famous doctrine of the will which associates his name with the philosophers of the unconscious is expressed in these words: "The will as 'the thing in itself' constitutes the inner, true, and indestructible nature of man. In itself, however, it is unconscious; for consciousness is conditioned by the intellect, and the intellect is a mere accident of our being, for it is a function of the brain which, together with the nerves and the spinal cord connected with it, is a mere fruit, a product of the rest of the organism."

A characteristic slice of Schopenhauer's philosophy is embodied in this well-known excerpt: "When we imagine life to be good, and in consequence strive to preserve and develop it, this is entirely due to the influence of the world-will (that is, the unconscious) on our ideas, although we ourselves are not conscious of it. It dangles goods before us, and is constantly exciting new expectations, merely to procure for itself new means to existence. . . . We are goaded on from behind, while all the time we believe ourselves to be making for our own freely chosen ends."

For Schopenhauer the essence of life is not rationality but irrationality, the restless urge of unconscious will which is mere blind impulse. The comparative impotence of reason impels him to believe that the universe cannot be understood by conscious, reasoned knowledge, but only by a "subterranean passage in our breasts," the uncon-

scious source of our ideas and psychic life. In this doctrine we find adumbrated the conceptions of Bergson and of Jung.

Herbart is important in a survey of the history of consciousness because he worked out that schematism which has become so familiar to us in the Freudian psychology. In a sense it might be said that he fashioned the architectonics of the Freudian psychology.

Several of those facile concepts which are the stock-in-trade of the students of psychoanalysis may be traced in large measure to Herbart as their originator. The concepts of conflict, submergence, repression, threshold, incompatibility of ideas, the nature of forgetting, the dynamic aspect of suppressed and ejected ideas are all clearly defined in the Herbartian "calculus of consciousness."

To be sure, a crucial distinction between the Herbartian and the Freudian systems lies in an important difference of emphasis, the "incompatibility" in the Freudian psychology being essentially an emotional fact while in the Herbartian psychology it is primarily a cognitive fact.

For Herbart there are three classes of ideas: those that are alike and may therefore co-exist harmoniously in consciousness; those that are disparate but yet co-exist in consciousness because of their complementary relation to one another; and ideas that are contrary, the co-existence of which is impossible; hence the ensuing conflict, each idea trying to exclude the other from an achieved place in consciousness.

In the words of Dr. Northridge: "Whether or not the newcomer will be banished into the unconscious depends on the position and strength of the system of ideas with which it seeks attachment. . . . But, as in the Freudian

theory, the ejected ideas do not remain in a passive position in the unconscious, their tendency is rather to regain a foothold in consciousness. That is, as it were, the goal of their ambitions, and accordingly as they succeed or fail they are said to be 'rising' or 'falling.' The point below which ideas become unconscious is called by Herbart 'the threshold of consciousness.' "

Herbart distinguishes two thresholds, the statical and the dynamical. They reach the statical threshold when they sink to a level where they can co-exist without further conflict and ideas reach the dynamical threshold when they are expelled altogether from consciousness, existing then in a state of suppression. The clear anticipation of the Freudian standpoint is represented in the Herbartian emphasis upon the fact that such suppressed ideas become very active and operate as significant factors in determining conscious states. Though unacknowledged as such, Herbart is the true forerunner of Freud so far as the logical analysis of the complicated mechanics of so-called unconscious functioning is concerned.

The treatment of the unconscious by Leibniz, Kant and Herbart was soberly metaphysical. Schopenhauer sounded the first loud note of mystic involvement when he postulated a world-will as operating blindly, compulsively, unconsciously, in human behavior. But the philosopher who broke loose from even the mild inhibiting limits set by the life of reason (sometimes designated as the pursuit of truth) was von Hartmann whose rhapsodic conception of The Unconscious—glorified now in vivid capitals—became the emotional pattern for all sensationally significant later "philosophies" of the unconscious and subconscious mind.

Hartmann, wrapt in a lyrical enchantment, wrote:

"Mankind very naturally began its researches in philosophy with the examination of what was immediately given in consciousness; may it not now be lured by the charm of novelty and the hope of a great reward, to seek the golden treasure in the mountain depths—in the noble ores of its rocky beds rather than on the surface of the fruitful earth? Undoubtedly auger and chisel and prolonged irksome labor will be needed before the golden veins are reached, and, then, a tedious dressing of the ore ere the treasure be secured. Let him however, who is not afraid of toil follow me. Is not indeed the supreme enjoyment to be found in labor itself?"

The essential slant of Hartmann's theory of mind may be clearly deduced from this passage which Janet quotes (and refers to as amusing): "Let us not despair at having a mind so practical and so lowly, so unpoetical and so little spiritual; there is within the innermost sanctuary of each of us a marvelous something of which we are unconscious, which dreams and prays while we labor to earn our daily bread."

Some interesting reactions to Hartmann's theory are worth citing. For example, James referred to it as a "tumbling-ground for whimsies" and Höffding remarked, "We may say of it, as Galileo said of the appeal to an almighty will, it explains nothing because it explains everything." And Professor Sully, in a review, sharply inquired: "What, in fact, is this 'unconscious' but a high-sounding name to veil our ignorance? Is the unconscious any better explanation of phenomena we do not understand than the 'devil-devil' by which Australian tribes explain the Leyden jar and its phenomena? Does it increase our knowledge to know that we do not know the origin of language or the cause of instinct? . . . Alike in

organic creation and evolution of history, 'performances and actions'—the words are those of Strauss—are ascribed to an unconscious, which can only belong to a conscious being."

Samuel Butler, the most distinguished and original-minded of the critics of Darwinism, whose insights have only of late received their due at the hands of biologists and psychologists, enjoyed poking fun at Hartmann's philosophy of the unconscious which he compared to the superstitious and mystical implications of "clairvoyance."

We find points of resemblance between Myers' explanation of creative genius as due to "uprushes from the subliminal," James' "subconscious incubation," and Hartmann's explanation of poetic inspiration and artistic production as "an intrusion of the unconscious—a flash from the hidden depths of the unconscious."

As Dr. Northridge explains: "Hartmann calls this unconscious mental process one of digestion and assimilation, and compares it frequently with the physiological process so named. . . . The climax is reached when it is suggested that 'those highly purposive' movements which the stomach carries out in digestion must be presided over by an unconscious intelligence."

To those who are acquainted with philosophies of anti-intellectualism, these intense assertions of Hartmann's will sound quite familiar and "en rapport" with the Bergsonian and Nietzschean spirit of our age: "Conscious reason merely denies, criticizes, compares, classifies. It is never creatively productive, never inventive. In these respects man is entirely dependent on the Unconscious. The Unconscious is the source of man's inspirations, of all that raises life above monotony. The Unconscious, therefore, is indispensable for him, and woe to the age

which violently suppresses its voice, because in one-sided overestimate of the conscious, of the rational, it falls irrevocably into a vapid, shallow rationalism which can achieve nothing."

Incidentally, it is amusing to note Hartmann's suggestion that "Woman stands for the Unconscious in the same sense as Man stands for conscious, rational life."

"Hartmann fairly boxes the compass of the universe with the principle of unconscious thought. For him there is no namable thing that does not exemplify it. But his logic is so lax and his failure to consider the most obvious alternatives so complete that it would, on the whole, be a waste of time to look at his arguments in detail." Thus William James.

In closing our comments upon Hartmann's theory of the Unconscious, it may be well to point out the influence of Schopenhauer and the anticipations in his doctrines of the views of Nietzsche, Bergson, Freud and Jung.

Scientific psychologists will hardly be in a mood to agree entirely with Professor Levine who says: "The Unconscious in Freud is not a metaphysical principle, nor is it mythology. It is true that Hartmann deals in places with the same problems as Freud. But Freud's method is strictly scientific, and it is from this point of view that the conception of the Unconscious in Psychoanalysis is to be differentiated from that found in the philosophical tradition. . . . However much, therefore, Hartmann might appear to have anticipated some of the lines on which later inquiry has proceeded, there is not any fundamental connection between his view and that of Freud."

Very briefly we may refer to Nietzsche's conception of the unconscious which is almost a repetition of what

Schopenhauer and Hartmann taught. He looks upon consciousness as "the source of countless follies and errors. To its activities are due the perplexities and the despair of man. Conscious activity is superficial and credulous. It judges perversely and dreams with open eyes. It is the Unconscious or the instincts to which man's preservation is really to be ascribed. The immature development of consciousness may even be said to constitute a positive danger to the organism. . . ."

Another characteristic Nietzschean fragment of wisdom is embodied in these reflections: "It is thought that here, in consciousness, is the *quintessence* of man; that which is enduring, eternal, ultimate, and most original in him. Consciousness is regarded as a given, fixed magnitude. Its growth and intermittences are denied. It is accepted as the 'unity of the organism.' This ludicrous overvaluation and misconception of consciousness has as its result the great utility, that a too rapid maturing of it has thereby been hindered. . . . It is still an entirely new problem just dawning on the human eye . . . to *embody* knowledge in ourselves and make it instinctive."

A word as to Samuel Butler's ideas. "Unconscious" for him signifies what is known perfectly. "Knowledge dwells upon the confines of uncertainty. When we are very certain, we do not know that we know." Butler's theory is not unlike that of Hering whose exposition entitled "On Memory as a Universal Function of Organized Matter" Butler includes in his book, *Unconscious Memory*.

Hering says, "Memory is a faculty not only of our conscious states, but also, and much more so, of our unconscious ones. I was conscious of this or that yesterday, and am again conscious of it to-day. Where has it been meanwhile? Our ideas tread but for a moment on the

stage of consciousness, and then go back again behind the scenes to make way for others in their place. . . . How do they live when they are off the stage? . . . The bond of union which connects the individual phenomena of our consciousness lies in our unconscious world."

Butler defends the conception of "unconscious thought." In a letter to a friend he writes: "Moreover, I think there is such a thing as unconscious thought, thought, I mean, too rapid and subtle for conscious analysis." In another letter, he says (echoing Leibniz): "I have finally made up my mind that there is no hard and fast line to be drawn, and that every molecule of matter is full of will and consciousness." Perhaps it is permissible to see points of resemblance between Butler's notion and that of Leibniz in their common assumption that "a mass of unconscious processes forms the nucleus of personality."

It is perfectly clear that Butler's ideas concerning life and habit and memory are in no vital sense comparable to the kind of theorizing which we have observed in the metaphysical and mystical speculations of writers like Hartmann and Nietzsche. Nor are his doctrines in any proper sense anticipatory of the psychoanalytic conceptions of consciousness and of the unconscious.

I am inclined to agree with Professor Levine's judgment when he says: "The facts which Butler adduces are probably better expressed now in purely physical terms, as in the 'Mnemic' hypothesis of Semon."

Dr. Northridge neatly differentiates between the German and the English schools of thought in their attitude toward the subconscious. "German philosophers attempted to build up positive theories; English writers concerned themselves more especially with the task of

rendering explicit and subjecting to criticism the implications of these theories. . . . The problem on which the English critics of the Unconscious more especially concentrated was: 'How can there be unconscious ideas?' Ideas imply consciousness, and therefore the expression 'unconscious ideas,' which is synonymous with unconscious consciousness, is a contradiction in terms."

Recently, in his very interesting polemic entitled *Mysticism, Freudianism and Scientific Psychology,* Professor Dunlap attempts to shatter the psychoanalytic doctrine of the Unconscious by hurling at it precisely this type of high-power dialectic.

Clear foreshadowings of typically contemporaneous theories of the subconscious and unconscious are observable in the views of Sir William Hamilton who believed that: "Thus the infinitely greater part of our spiritual treasure lies always beyond the sphere of consciousness, hid in the obscure recesses of the mind. This is the first degree of latency. In regard to this, there is no difficulty, or dispute. . . . The second degree of latency exists when the mind contains certain systems of knowledge, or certain habits of action, which it is wholly unconscious of possessing, in its ordinary state, but which are revealed to consciousness in certain extraordinary exaltations of its powers (which reveal themselves in delirium, somnambulism, and other abnormal states)."

He cites Coleridge's startling story of the illiterate young woman who, when stricken with a nervous fever, and in delirium began fluently to recite Greek, Latin, and Hebrew sentences ("she became possessed, and, as it appeared, by a very learned devil"). When her past history was traced it was found that in early life she had lived for some time in the home of a Protestant pastor

whose habit it had been to read aloud from Greek, Latin, and Hebrew writings. The conclusion reached by the investigators of this strange case was to the effect that the impressions had persisted through the years and that now in her delirium when the "surface" consciousness was removed, they had become active again and that the sentences she had formerly heard but did not understand were reproduced.

John Stuart Mill, criticizing Hamilton's doctrine, finds the notion of "unconscious mental modifications" quite as contradictory as that of "unconscious ideas." He prefers to speak of "nervous modifications" and reduces the idea of the unconscious to a purely physiological concept. "We know that these lost ideas leave traces of having existed, they continue to be operative in introducing other ideas by association . . . they exist in the shape of unconscious modifications of nerves."

This physiologic conception of unconscious processes has become familiar to us in the works of Carpenter, James, Hering, Butler, Huxley, Münsterberg, Pierce, Ribot, Janet, Jastrow, Prince and others. Carpenter's theory of "unconscious cerebration," to wit, "it seems convenient to designate as functions of the nervous system all those operations which lie below the level of consciousness" represents more or less adequately the physiological approach to the problem of the so-called unconscious.

All these notions which we have thus far briefly passed in review concerning the nature of subconscious and unconscious functioning were but playful metaphysicians' approaches to those baffling phenomena, so little comprehensible, which attracted their attention, but which

in truth were only incidentally relevant to their pursuits as philosophers.

Not until we come to the drastically modern period with its clinical experiences and dramatic instances and hysteric hypotheses—the physicians' approaches to those baffling phenomena—do we really move in an atmosphere saturated with abnormality: the phenomena of *pathologic behavior* reported upon as evidence of the obscure working of a subconscious (or an unconscious or a coconscious or a supraconscious) mind or self or personality or—consciousness!

Thus the complicated task of probing the mysteries of mind was handed over by the metaphysicians of the mind to the physicians of the soul. A notable transfer the meaning of which will grow clearer as we proceed with our summary.

It need not unduly corrupt our mood of credulity to recall a sentence of Binet's that stands out in rather bold relief from his dramatically interesting analysis of "Double-Consciousness." "I believe, in fact, that we know *absolutely nothing* regarding the nature of unconscious phenomena."

Nor is it amiss to remember with James that "In the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research for May, 1887, Mr. Richard Hodgson shows by an extraordinary array of instances how utterly inaccurate everyone's description from memory of a rapid series of events is certain to be."

Before delving in the deeper mysteries of the subconscious-and-the-unconscious, it may be worth our while to review the shifting conceptions of consciousness held by various philosophers and psychologists and biologists that we may grasp the more sympathetically the sig-

nificance of the spreading rebellion against "mentalistic" psychology. Perhaps we shall then have some light on the answer to this question: Have the traditional and apparently quite acceptable conceptions of *consciousness* been any less mystical, intangible, vague, unanalyzable, bewildering, unscientific than recent rather picturesque conceptions of the subconscious and of the unconscious?

The history of the philosophy and the psychology of the "unconscious" appears to be nothing more than the history of picturesque and fantastic, not to say grotesque, figures of speech. Has the history of the "conscious" fared any better? If anything, worse. Perhaps Royce's crisp insight is most apropos: "But why do I thus apparently degrade speculation by deliberately comparing it with a game? Because, I answer, in one sense, all consciousness is a game, a series of longings and of reflections which it is easy to call superfluous if witnessed from without. The justification of consciousness is the having of it."

Among classic conceptions of consciousness, we must include the following (at least these!):

Locke: Consciousness is the perception of what passes in a man's own mind.

Wundt: The range of consciousness denotes the sum of mental processes existing at a given moment.

Ladd: Whatever we are when we are awake, as contrasted with what we are when we sink into a profound and dreamless sleep, that is to be conscious.

Baldwin: It (consciousness) is the point of division between mind and not mind. . . . Consciousness is the distinctive character of whatever may be called mental life. Mind is the individual's conscious process, together

with the dispositions and predispositions which condition it.

Jennings: So far as objective evidence goes, there is no difference in kind, but a complete continuity between the behavior of lower and of higher organisms. . . . Perception, discrimination, choice, attention, pain, fear, memory, habit and consciousness are to be found in a rudimentary form even in the protozoa.

Royce: Our most perfect adjustments to our environment are accomplished unconsciously, unless we chance to become aware of them through their relations to what is actually concerning our conscious life. . . . What we are sure of is that our consciousness is a very inadequate representative of what goes on in our cortex. . . . A state of consciousness exists when somebody is conscious of that state. When nobody is conscious of that state it does not exist.

Titchener: Consciousness is as old as animal life, and the first movements of the first organisms were conscious movements . . . the earliest movements were conscious movements, and all the unconscious movements of the human organism, even the automatic movements of heart and intestines, are the descendants of past conscious movement.

Loeb: If brain physiology gives up its fundamental problem, namely the discovery of those elementary processes which make consciousness possible, it abandons its best possibilities. But to obtain results, the errors of the metaphysician must be avoided and explanations must rest upon facts, not words. . . . We are brought to the theory that only certain species of animals possess associative memory and have consciousness, and that it appears in them only after they have reached a certain

stage in their ontogenetic development. . . . Consciousness is only a metaphysical term for phenomena which are determined by associative memory.

Judd: There is no problem of present-day science of more vital importance to the psychologist than the problem of determining the relation of consciousness to the general process of organic evolution. This problem touches the very existence of psychology. . . . To study behavior more completely is therefore the most urgent of our problems,—in a very important sense it is our chief problem. When we know the evolution of consciousness we shall find the relation between consciousness and behavior solving itself as two phases of the same single process of adaptation. . . . Consciousness is a function which promotes self-sufficiency by literally taking up the environment into the individual and there remolding the absorbed environment in conformity to individual needs. Consciousness is an inner world where the motives of individual self-sufficiency are dominant. Consciousness is no less a fact than the inner standard temperature of the body. . . . Consciousness is the essential fact in human life as I have attempted to show. What man does with his environment depends upon consciousness. . . . Consciousness is a cause of events in the physical world.

Parmelee: Consciousness, then, like intelligence, will appear when the appropriate neural basis for associative memory has evolved sufficiently. . . . But at whichever point we place the origin of consciousness it is evident that it contains something more than the ideas which belong to intelligence, so that the two are not entirely identical. . . . I can only repeat that consciousness is a complex process made up of feelings and ideas which are unified by the sense of personality which may

begin as a vague feeling, but which becomes in course of time a clear-cut idea.

Morgan: Where, then, in the continuous process of development does consciousness come in? How, and whence? . . . Concomitant with the evolution of higher modes of organic energy from those lowly modes which alone obtain in the ovum or the amoeba, is the evolution of consciousness from lowly modes of infra-consciousness. . . . We must say that all modes of energy of whatever kind, whether organic or inorganic, have their conscious or infra-conscious aspect. . . . But so generalized, I submit that there is a conservation of that form of existence which includes both consciousness and infra-consciousness, co-ordinate and co-extensive with the conservation of energy. . . . Consciousness exists, of that there is no doubt. How did it come to exist? . . . It has been evolved, as I have suggested, from infra-consciousness.

Calkins: Animals, if they are conscious at all, must be conscious of selves, for consciousness of any other sort is inconceivable. To be conscious simply means to be conscious of oneself in this or that or the other situation.

Meyer: Consciousness accompanies processes in the "higher" connecting neurons, the higher "nerve centers," whereas processes restricted to the lower centers may go on without any consciousness.

Claparède: The question of the greater or less intelligence of animals no more prejudges that of their degree of consciousness than a concept of a tropism implies the absence of consciousness. These are two questions the solutions of which neither prejudge nor mutually exclude each other. We ought to oppose the simple to the *complex,* not the simple to the *conscious.*

Höffding: But the principle of the conservation of

energy is only the special, precise form which the general causal principle takes in the physical province. In this province the causal principle is satisfied, if physical causes have physical effects. But now consciousness makes its appearance as a plus which is added at certin points to these physical effects, as a something over and above, that cannot be explained by physical causes. . . . That consciousness seems to us to arise out of nothing is in that case only an illusion, precisely as it is a delusion to suppose that in external nature anything arises out of nothing. The apparent emergence of consciousness is then only a transition from one ideal form into another, just as every new material movement is produced by conversion from another form of movement. . . . An individual is a being which is in such a way separated off from and independent of its surroundings, that it can react upon them with a certain uniqueness. But as already hinted, the full stamp of individuality is found only in the province of conscious life, where central points are found for passion and action. This law of the universe receives therefore its clearest expression in the mental province, as a sort of compensation for the fact that the more elementary law of the conservation of energy cannot be established there. Could these two laws be brought into inner harmony or reduced to a yet deeper principle, all problems would be solved.

Holt: We know that there are countless elements in consciousness which introspection cannot recount. It is thoroughly fallacious then, however prevalent the habit, to confuse the content of consciousness with such small part of that content as subsequent reflection is able to vouch for. . . . This fallacy of confusing immediate with reflective consciousness has borne its fruit elsewhere than

in experimental psychology. It is responsible, so far as I can see, for that mysterious and luxurious jungle of the subsconscious, of which the finest flower is the Unconscious Conscious—or is it the Conscious Unconscious? . . . The true criterion of consciousness is not introspection, but specific responsiveness, and from this it follows that no (neural) responses are unconscious or subconscious, unless this is meant as sub-selfconscious. . . . The manifold of objects to which the nervous system responds is the conscious field of that organism, and in the organ of response (the brain and other nerve tissues) nothing, *absolutely nothing,* is to be looked for except just an organ of response. Certainly nothing else will be found. . . . I do not admit that the cerebrum is the sole "seat" of consciousness, nor do I suppose that any *sharp* distinction marks it off from lower centers as the seat of reflective processes: indeed, I have no opinion in the matter.

McDougall: We are compelled to postulate, as a necessary condition of the development of the magnetic field, a medium or substance which we call the ether. Just so we are compelled to postulate an existence, an immaterial being, in which the separate neural processes produce the elementary affections which we have called psychical elements, and this we call the soul. The soul then is the ground of unity of psychical process, of individual consciousness. Is it anything more? . . . Further, it would seem that it is consciousness on which natural selection has chiefly worked, and by which it has attained its greatest triumphs. . . . If we reject the doctrine of the simple concomitance of consciousness . . . we must believe that consciousness is one of the conditions of the establishment of the new connections (between neurons).

. . . And unless we assume that the mind either destroys or creates energy, we must believe that consciousness is subject to the law of the transformation of energy, and that it has its heat equivalent that may some day be determined with more or less accuracy.

Bergson: (concerning the antithesis between instinct and intelligence): While both involve knowledge, this knowledge is rather *acted* and unconscious in the case of instinct, *thought* and conscious in the case of intelligence. . . . Consciousness is the characteristic note of the . . . actually lived, in short of the *active*. . . . Instinct and intelligence stand out from the same background which for want of a better name, we may call consciousness in general, and which must be co-extensive with universal life. . . . But in the organized flow of vital processes, the consciousness is annulled; and in the instinct that is reduced to the level of automatic flow of organized routine . . . the knowledge is of the unconscious order. . . . The intellect is characterized by an inherent inability to comprehend life.

Münsterberg: There is thus no reason to conceive a psychical fact existing outside of consciousness—and that corresponds to the only significant meaning of consciousness. . . . Consciousness cannot do anything, cannot look here and there and shine on some ideas and leave others without illumination. No, consciousness means merely the logical relation point of its contents; the psychical phenomena are in consciousness as the physical phenomena are in nature; there cannot be physical phenomena outside of nature.

Koffka: Speaking strictly from an objective view, the behaviorist is right, and the principle is sound, that outside of adult psychology there are no criteria for the

existence of consciousness. . . . It must be admitted that we do not know what peculiarity it is that distinguishes those brain processes which correlate with consciousness from any others, and hence this line of thought does not lead to an actual criterion of consciousness. . . . The behaviorist is right in denying the existence of conscious criteria wherever the method of experimental observation is inapplicable, but in spite of this we shall refuse to accept his position, for the simple reason that there is a consciousness, reports of which can only be made by the experiencing individual, and which is therefore not subject to the control of others. Science cannot refuse to evaluate factual material of any sort that is placed at its disposal. . . . Paradoxically expressed, if one had only the capacity to make such responses as others can observe, no one would be able to observe anything. . .

Thus, the history of thought is cluttered up with a vast array of stimulating conceptions of the nature and function and definition of consciousness which may be construed as a positive contribution to metaphysics but as nothing more that a negative contribution to psychology.

Consciousness exists: of that there is no doubt.

Does consciousness exist?

Consciousness does not exist; of that there is no doubt!

The positivism of Lloyd Morgan, the skepticism of William James, the dogmatism of John Watson represent characteristically the phases of judgment that logically arise in the order stated when a problem at issue is subject to the law of conjecture. It should not surprise us to discover a similar oscillation of opinion when we come to survey the conceptions of the subconscious and

the unconscious. For conjecture generously permits that wide and sweeping variation of opinion which it is the painful duty of verifiable knowledge to cancel out of existence.

Philosopher Holt concludes his research into the *Concept of Consciousness* with this counsel to psychologists: "But the history of this branch of the subject, so-called descriptive or analytic psychology, seems to show that when unrestrained by the sobering guidance of physiology, psychology tends to become as speculative as any branch of philosophy and to forfeit all claim to be an empirical science. An introspective riot ensues when the Self tries to represent itself to itself for a number of times. . . . And thus on all accounts, it seems to me, physiological psychology, which is a branch in the broadest sense of physiology, may justly claim to be the true and authoritative science of the soul."

In conclusion, to quote another brilliant excerpt from Holt, "Descartes o'er-hastily surveyed the human cortex with metaphysical line and compass and charted it with his all-but-indelible dualistic ink."

Beginning with the classic modern doctrine of mind versus matter we have been regaled with an assortment of conceptions of consciousness that have dazzled and bewildered, when they have not appalled, the inquiring student in search of light and of verifiable knowledge.

There has been an abundance of light. The theory that everything mental is explicable in terms of matter, a "crude" hypothesis of materialism expounded in its most naïve and gross form by Moleschott, has in one form or other played its significant role in the history of modern thinking.

The antithetical doctrine that consciousness character-

izes all matter has in its turn made a deep dent in modern theorizing in the assumptions of the "idealistic" school. The "neutral stuff" theorists have been most ingenious and perhaps, most successful in solving this ancient dilemma, in laying the ghost of this weird dichotomy.

I must not fail to mention a neat and keen-edged concept that attempts, rather impressively, in one all-inclusive category, to cancel out the contradictions and confusions of the mind versus matter dialectic, viz., Professor Hollingworth's penetrating notion of the "psychophysical continuum."

We are treated to a rich variety of live options: the entelechy of Driesch, the epiphenomenalism of Huxley, the parallelism of Titchener, the animism and interactionism of McDougall, not to mention the varieties and subvarieties of conception that pervade, not only the speculative but also the experimental literature of human and animal behavior; and for completeness' sake, let us not omit the once famous "lapsed-intelligence" theory of Lewes, Romanes and Spencer.

Then, at a crucial moment, we confront the famous query of William James, Does Consciousness Exist? Finally, to cap the climax, we read with startled eyes the pat behavioristic pronouncement of John Broadus Watson that *Consciousness does not exist.*

Gaudeamus igitur!

ADDENDUM

All unexpectedly I came upon a most refreshing instance of the consciousness hypothesis (written in the year of our skeptic psychologic intelligence, 1926). In his very readable book courageously entitled, *The Mystery of Mind,* Professor Leonard T. Troland writes:

"Fortunately, a promising group of possibilities still remains to be considered. We can look for the meaning of mind directly within our *ordinary consciousness*. It may seem an artificiality to have neglected this line of thought for so long, yet in doing so we have followed the natural course of human inquiry, as revealed either in the history of knowledge or in the reflections of any individual, unsophisticated investigator. Consciousness is the most real and certain of all facts, but the last to attract attention. Indeed, it is difficult even forcibly to direct the attention of the layman to the realities of his own consciousness. As popularly considered, consciousness is a subtle and elusive thing, sharply contrasted with the obvious facts of the material world. How many persons who have not made a study of psychology can give a clear definition of 'consciousness'? It is a sad commentary on psychological literature and teaching that a good fraction of those who have studied the science are unable to define its subject-matter. Even certain professional psychologists find themselves at a loss to say what they mean by consciousness, and some of them go so far as to doubt whether such a thing exists.

"Under such conditions, it seems necessary to consider for ourselves the problem as to the meaning and nature of what is called 'consciousness.' In doing this, we shall be examining one of the most interesting questions which has yet been presented for human inquiry. We shall be reflecting upon a topic concerning which many thinkers entertain the greatest uncertainty, but within which lies the basis of all certainty. We shall be shooting straight for the mark in our quest for the nature of self. But, more than this, we shall be on the trail of an understanding of the whole world."

Now, it may be conceded without violence to notorious facts, that these official leaders of science do commonly reach conclusions innocuous to the existing law and order, particularly with respect to religion, ownership, and the distribution of wealth. But this need imply no constraint, nor even any peculiar degree of tact, much less a moral obliquity. It may confidently be asserted, without fear of contradiction from their side, that the official leaders in this province of academic research and indoctrination are, commonly, in no way hindered from pushing their researches with full freedom and to the limit of their capacity; and that they are likewise free to give the fullest expression to any conclusions or convictions to which their inquiries may carry them. That they are able to do so is a fortunate circumstance, due to the fact that their intellectual horizon is bounded by the same limits of commonplace insight and preconceptions as are the prevailing opinions of the conservative middle class. That is to say, a large and aggressive mediocrity is the prime qualification for a leader of science in these lines, if his leadership is to gain academic authentication. . . .

And, it may be remarked by the way, the influence of this academic science, both in its discipline and in its tenets, appears to be wholly salutary; it conduces, on the whole, to a safe and sane, if not an enthusiastic, acceptance of things as they are, without undue curiosity as to why they are such.
—Thorstein Veblen, *The Higher Learning in America.*

XII

NEW PSYCHOLOGIES FOR OLD

(THE CONTEMPORARY SCENE IN PSYCHOLOGY AND PSYCHOANALYSIS)

THE MOST ironic comment on the older static psychology is that it was a psychology without human nature. When we speak of the newer dynamic psychology we mean to draw attention to the perlexities, disharmonies, and maladjustments that collectively constitute a human nature *in reality.*

We may distinguish five stages in the evolution of psychology: the metaphysical, the mathematical, the physiological, the psychophysiological, and the psychological proper. The great names representative of these approaches would include Aristotle, Fechner, Helmholtz, Wundt, Freud. The emphasis, until the ascendancy of psychoanalysis, had been almost wholly upon organs and specific reactions and precise laboratory technique. The revolution in the content and method and aim of psychology that the Freudians ushered in stressed not organs but organisms and personalities, not specific sensory reactions but rather general and human emotional reactions, not mathematically precise quantitative technique but what we may call a clinically valid qualitative technique.

Human nature in its complexity and perplexity became the vital subject-matter of psychological exploration under conditions that promised a maximum amount of clin-

cal contact and observation of *the personality as a whole* in a state of tension and stress and inner conflict. Psychology became for the first time in its history genuinely dynamic and humanistic.

It is worth while lingering a moment to survey the deep differences between the assumptions of the older and the newer psychology. If we agree to characterize the former as essentially static and the latter as quintessentially dynamic, we shall understand the more readily how sharp the antithesis between their basic preconceptions! Perhaps the presentation of these differences in a parallel enumeration will make the matter fairly clear:

Assumptions of Static Psychology	Assumptions of Dynamic Psychology
rationality	irrationality
normality	abnormality
consciousness	subconsciousness
organs	organisms, personalities
science = facts	science = interpretations, values
laboratory = research center	life = research center
adult reactions most important	infantile reactions most important
method: quantitative perfection	method: qualitative generalization
social forces neglected	social forces appreciated
utility lightly regarded	utility highly regarded
association: primary fact	dissociation: fundamental datum

In a brief analysis we must content ourselves with a merely sketchy summary of the vast field under discussion. Two facts stand out with marvelous clarity: the shift of the center of gravity from the academic laboratory to the psychiatric clinic and the substitution of the dynamic concept of personality, of organism, for the static concept of fragments-of-personality, of organs, as the significent subject-matter of psychological study. Strangely enough, psychology concerns itself almost exclusively now with human nature.

It is no end amusing to realize that the most stimulating contribution to psychology has come from a man and a method that brushed aside with an almost vandalistic contempt the lovely instruments of precision which indoor psychologizing, proudly fashioning itself upon physics as a virginal model, had been modestly perfecting for a generation or more. Freud, trusting to imagination and insight and personal wisdom, ignored as if they were of no account both the mathematical and the physiological approches to the problems of psychology.

It is surprising to realize that the method pursued in medicine and deemed to be the only legitimate one because of its scientific quality failed in a crisis of the greatest importance to mankind to produce those insights into the maladjustments of the human organism which neurology and physiology had been thought quite capable of doing.

The Great War provided the most remarkable laboratory ever offered to medical science for the pursuit of pathologic knowledge. Yet, had the problems of a psychopathological nature precipitated by the war been dependent for their clarification and solution upon traditional medicine, more particularly that subtle and overminute branch of it which the experts in neurology had been cultivating, the lives of hundreds of thousands of soldiers, especially the cases of so-called shell shock, would have remained in a bad way indeed.

Ironically enough, neurology, at the very height of its skillful career, remained astonishingly impotent in the presence of the war neuroses. Only the remarkably novel insights of the psychoanalytic psychiatry, disregarding as of almost no importance the findings of the hitherto distinguished organic neurologists, were equal to the big

task of understanding and assisting with almost magical therapeutic success the overwhelming number of psychoneurotic breakdowns that occurred in the war.

The demonstration was at hand that only a psychological view of the human organism, bulwarked by a psychonanalytic conception of mental functioning, was adequate to a comprehension of its various troubled states as manifested in conversion hysteria, anxiety neurosis, phobias, compulsions, obsessions, hysterical anaesthesias: —"flight from reality" expressing itself in a queer assortment of hitherto unintelligible symptoms and behaviors.

Two recent books, both brilliant Freudian texts, one by the Master himself, *The Problem of Lay-Analyses,* and the other *The Theory and Technique of Psycho-Analysis* by Sándor Ferenczi, remind us of the great progress made by the psychoanalytic point of view in psychology and psychiatry during the past twenty-five years. Freud is a tough-minded dogmatist who cannot be persuaded to relinquish except with a very great half-concealed reluctance any of his original ideas. He still writes in a style that partakes of metaphysic and mythology, using concepts too animistically. He juggles such vital terms as "super-ego," the "I," the "It," the repression, the censor, the unconscious as if he were handling terms magically endowed with potency for good or evil. It is surprising that so great a mind as Freud's has not made a better intellectual accommodation to scientific sobriety. His speculative and luxuriantly imaginative mind is congenitally hostile to simplicity and humility and tentativeness. For all that, the Freudian theories and analyses are wonderfully illuminating. A new generation of psychoanalysts, honoring psychology and education and social science, will revise those dogmas in the direction of

greater simplicity and objectivity. Until that important work of reconstruction in dynamic psychology takes place, the Freudian insights will hold their own as the most brilliant and penetrating in the entire field of contemporary thinking.

Freud's intelligent and impressive defense of the right and competence of the trained layman to practice psychoanalysis will fail to convince only that vested interest which flourishes by the tactics of exclusion and discrimination. Nothing is more evident these excessively professional days than the silly hostility of the medical man to those invasions of "his" sphere of influence which are being made by consulting psychologists, experts in individual psychology, specialists in re-education, habit clinicians, and lay psychoanalysts whose temperamental and experiential fitness for the job may be greater than his own. In America, thanks to the remarkable growth of the Mental Hygiene Movement, many bonds of cordiality and sagacious coöperation have been forged as a result of which doctors, psychoanalysts, psychologists, social workers, educators, and analysts of various schools are all pooling their interests in behalf of the creation of a humanistic psychology that will meet the personal crises and social emergencies precipitated by our increasingly psycho-pathologic civilization.

Ferenczi's keen and readable volume will be of particular interest to the specialist. It covers a wide and provocative variety of subject matter and manages to leave the impression not only of a splendid scholarship but what is more to the point, of an unusual personality. Ferenczi's ingenuity as an analyst is great. He has made several contributions, the most important of which is perhaps his insistence upon an "active technique" in many

cases that go along too haltingly when the patient is permitted to indulge the unhindered reverie-mood of sheer passivity. In my opinion, this cautious correction of the orthodox Freudian technique which Ferenczi, too loyal to his master, stammeringly presents as of real importance in a truly adequate psychoanalysis, deserves much more attention. If the psychoanalytic way of thinking and of healing is to be more and more widely employed for educational and re-educational purposes, then this more active therapy will certainly gain a great vogue, as it already has among the Adlerians and Jungians and the psychological consultants.

No more significant tendency in the human sciences can well be imagined than the interpenetration of medicine and psychology.[1] Psychological medicine, sometimes called the new psychology, symbolizes this fruitful coalescence. The astonishingly *new* element in the new medicine and the new psychology is the fact that medicine has become essentially a study in education, or more accurately, in re-education—as Doctors Adler and Rank and Williams have clearly indicated. Pedagogy achieves a new importance. The teacher becomes for the first time, in reality as well as in rhetorical pretense, the most significant functionary in society. The teacher's re-education is of course an indispensable prerequisite to the re-education of the child.

The re-education of the sexes is the ultimate inspiring hope of an increasing number of men and women who, perceiving the recurrent futility, irrationality, and tragedy of human nature, are yet dedicated to the idea that human beings can be saved to beauty and high utility by

[1] Compare my friend Professor Jastrow's splendid Paper "Psychology and Medicine" (1929).

a courageous transformation of the social system toward non-acquisitive goals, and of human nature toward creative activity.

No one interested in the most lucidly presented of the Freudian studies will want to omit *The Problem of Lay-Analyses,* especially the part entitled, "An Autobiographical Study," that reveals Freud as the most ingenious and creative mind that modern psychology, and certainly modern medicine, has produced.

The Adlerian approach to the problems of disharmony and maladjustment resident in human nature constitutes a new chapter in psychology and, what is more important, a fresh beginning in education.The most interesting fact in contemporary medicine is its overwhelming importance for the new education. By the new education we are beginning to understand an acceptance of the child as possessing personality from its earliest infancy, a perception and recognition that imply the cultivation of a technique for comprehending the problems of the child's adjustment to the social and human milieu that surrounds it momentously at home, in the school, in the street, in church, at play and work.

We might refer to Adler's maturer work *Understanding Human Nature* as educational sociology and compare him in his general social philosophy and creative attitudes toward education with John Dewey. Or, if one thinks of his enlightening contributions more medically, he might be referred to with considerable accuracy as the pioneer in the comparatively new field of *educational psychiatry* (a term which I have originated to represent that fruitful inter-relation between the new medicine, psychology, and education which the mental hygiene movement in America embodies so adequately.)

Dr. Adler does not wish to be known as a psychoanalyst but as an individual psychologist. He does not sympathize with the Freudian exclusive emphasis on sex as the causative factor in psychoneurotic disturbance. To him the central reality is the human personality with its omnipresent sense of inadequacy, of inferiority, that gives rise inevitably to that search for compensatory satisfaction which is abstractly known as the will-to-power. His philosophy is colored by the Nietzschean wisdom, humanized by an enormous respect for the superiority of the principle of coöperation to the reigning ethic of competition. His psychology has its affinities also with the so-called Gestalt psychology which views human reaction as essentially synthetic, organismic, configurational. Adler finds Freud in error for abstracting from the total human personality one significant segment, labeled sexuality, to which psychoanalysis devotes that excessive attention which belongs more properly to human nature in its entirety as the embodiment of ego strivings restlessly in quest of dominance and superiority and the unattainable equilibrium of personal adequacy.

In Adler's psychology the pervading emphasis is on the universal existence of the feeling of inferiority, organic or functional, real or imaginary, which drives the self-conscious and handicapped child to withdraw from the more vigorous tests of reality, of fellowship, of social communication, and to cultivate fantastic and petulant and neurotic patterns of behavior as modes of introverted escape from the burden of reality. Therapeutically, Adler therefore never stops emphasizing the need on the part of parent and teacher to stimulate in the child a sense of confidence, to evoke his coöperative dispositions, to socialize and humanize his ego. Communal fellowship,

an affectionate attitude toward children, a genuinely humble comradeship with them, an appreciation of their inner life, are the impressive doctrines that constitute the Adlerian basis for understanding human nature.

It is a pleasure to find a psychologist writing so humanly and humbly, avoiding the technical sterility of the academician on the one hand and the speculative luxuriance of the dogmatic psychoanalyst on the other, about problems that concern all of us so intimately.

Dr. Adler's work is sane and human and impressive and modest. It is not scientifically solid or analytically deep but for all that it remains enlightening. Adler has become well known as an educator, a fact of great importance when you realize that the psychological revolution which medicine has undergone is the work of philosophic physicians (Charcot, Janet, Freud, Adler, Jung, Sidis, Jones) who have made it abundantly clear that the re-education of human nature is the great goal toward which all the human sciences are tending. Mental hygiene has become the most important of enterprises in contemporary enlightenment. It is well to think of Dr. Adler as a great contributor to the field of mental hygiene.

To understand human nature in the Adlerian sense is to be possessed of a social philosophy that honors cooperation rather than competition, to see in the young child a plastic and creative personality, to regard the home and the school as the most promising centers for inculcating in the child self-confidence and self-dependence, to view life as a series of problems of equating the ego with a variety of social environments, to understand that the feeling of inferiority runs deep in human nature and must find compensatory fulfillment if not in normal then in psychoneurotic and pathologic patterns of be-

havior all of which seek a sufficient realization of the will to power and dominance and superiority.

Dr. Adler's work teaches us that psychology at the service of life is the only kind of psychology worthy of our serious attention as humans urgently in need of a realistic insight into the dynamics of behavior and of misbehavior. Educational psychiatry, as I have called it, is interested in "problem" children and in "problem" adults with a view to ameliorating and clarifying their maladjusted relations to their own egos, to the familial constellation, to society at large. The central problem that confronts the new psychology is the study of personality-deficit. The teacher and the parent and the psychologist—these three in particular—are invited to undergo re-education that they may become "educational psychiatrists" to the younger generation.

Freud moves in a world of concepts and values that are sharply dissimilar to those ideas congenial to Adler. If ingenuity, sheer creative insight, is evidence of mental power, I doubt not that Freud is far and away the most original-minded of thinkers. Whoever will take the trouble to read carefully his brilliant studies, *Totem and Taboo,* and *Delusion and Dream,* will agree that the father of psychoanalysis is possessed of an intellectual agility that is positively uncanny in its more subtle ramifications and insights.

In *Totem and Taboo* Freud makes a most ingenious attempt to show that the primitive veneration of the totem animal and the awe-inspiring far-ranging taboo associated with it, culminating in the baffling phenomena of exogamy (the compulsory seeking of sex mates outside of the totem-loyal group) are ultimately traceable to

psychological factors, to compulsions resident in human nature.

The most ancient underlying concealed reality in human nature is the dread of incest. To account for this still obscure dread in the human breast Freud, encyclopedic and inexhaustible, ransacks the whole fascinating field of literature of ethnology, leaning upon the illuminating researches of MacLennan, Westermarck, Lang, Spencer, Robertson Smith, and most particularly Frazer, in order to discover clues for his bold psychoanalytic speculation that the phenomena of totemism and exogamy are traceable to one psychological origin which he finally sums up in these words: "The beginnings of religion, ethics, society, and art meet in the Œdipus complex. This is in entire accord with the findings of psychoanalysis, namely, that the nucleus of all neuroses as far as our present knowledge of them goes, is the Œdipus complex."

To be sure, this conclusion of Freud's is not to be taken as science but as brilliant and conceivably meaningful speculation. No anthropologist will want to accept so generalized and simplified an origin for so vast a variety of psychological and cultural activities. Freud speculates upon the existence in the dim dawn of history of a primal horde over which a father ruled ruthlessly to the cruel disadvantage of his sons, all bitten by sexual jealousy and envy of that power-intoxicated ruler.[2] The brothers banded together and slew that most unnatural father and proceeded to mate with the hitherto tabooed females of the group denied them by an omnipotent sire. As a

[2] Robert Briffault, the English anthropologist, in his recent visit to New York, was pointing out to a group of us (who were discussing this very work of the founder of psychoanalysis) how completely inaccurate is this thesis of Freud's—patriarchal dominance being a relatively late event in human history.

consequence of that unseemly murder, conscience and remorse and ceremonial atonement and a traditional respect for the primal father developed. Murder and incest have troubled the minds of the race since the dawn of human life. Freud sees in that primeval crime the origin of the sense of guilt that haunts the dreams of men like an ancient doom.

Even if everything that Freud says in this scintillating study is merely exhilarating conjecture, the reader is none the less intellectually refreshed by so much bright cerebration.

Those who love psychoanalytic jargon and Freudian technique will be delighted with *Delusion and Dream.* All the famous concepts are illustrated in this study, such as repression, displacement, the unconscious, rationalization, flight from reality, the dream as wish fulfillment, the erotic motif in reverie, the psychoneurotic purposes served by delusion, the mechanism of projection, psychoanalytic cure.

This psychoanalysis is built upon a charming and fantastic narrative by Jensen called *Gradiva.* The story concerns the delusional ideas of a young archæologist whose infatuation with the replica of a bas-relief of a sprightly young female (whose manner of poising her foot somehow fascinates him) stirs a restlessness that impels him to travel to Rome and Pompeii in the fond hope of rediscovering the original.

His dreams and experiences and delusions are exquisitely related by the author and as acutely accounted for by Freud who patiently takes up thread by thread of the entire narrative to convince the reader of the unconscious repressed sexual motivation of the dreams and the delusions of our young scholar who had fled from love into

science as an elaborate defense against being human, tasting passion.

Freud assures us that "every psychoanalytic treatment is an attempt to free repressed love, which has formed a miserable compromise-outlet in a symptom. . . . The disturbance disappears then by being traced back to its origin; analysis brings cure at the same time." (Let us hope so). . . .

The author of *Instincts and Emotions* Roger W. Babson, is a psychologist in the same sense that the man who sells you your newspaper is a journalist. Here is a startling psychological fact: how does it happen that a man trained in the coolest and most objective of sciences, namely statistics, in which precision, objectivity, controls, are the very essence of appropriate technique, will so completely fail to carry over into another department of knowledge these precious trainings and precautions? An important discovery of experimental psychology, rather disheartening to the educator, is the demonstration of little or no "transfer of training." There is no intellectual guarantee that a man who proves himself superior in methods of thinking in mathematics will *therefore* reveal an equal competence when he discusses history or heredity. In the latter cases he may simply prove himself a babe in arms, as James Harvey Robinson sagely pointed out in his *Mind In The Making.*

A psychologist with a decent respect for accuracy in the use of concepts will not sanction Babson's loose-tongued use of "instincts." His attitude toward his subject has a Y. M. C. A. and pseudo-spiritual hortatory flavor. He sanctions religious dogmas that are no longer meaningful to educated minds. His salesman-like solicitude for the soul's salvation does not commend itself to

the critical mind as either profound or psychologically valid. In parts this book is a contribution to what might be delicately referred to as consolatory buncombe. Unfortunately, there is a growing tendency in prosperous America to endow psychology with magic properties for making men healthy, wealthy and wise. It will soon be necessary for psychologists possessed of intellectual integrity to take a firm stand against the rapid spreading invasion of their significant field of inquiry by a group of writers to whom the new psychology is magic and religion. . .

When we think of the pioneers of modern medicine, Charcot, Janet, Bernheim, Liébault, Breuer, Freud, Jung, Adler, Prince (to mention only the most conspicuous ones), we can't help wondering about the quaint paradox that had arisen to baffle the minds of the dynamic psychologists, academic and clinical. Medicine had built its theories and practices wholly upon organic assumptions concerning human nature in health and disease. The subtlest achievement of organic medicine, namely, neurology, had reached a state of perfection so minute as to render it the most admirable and the most useless of sciences. Therapeutically, organic neurology hadn't the remotest conception of the disharmonies and perturbing conflicts that rocked human beings to their psychoneurotic and psychotic depths. Evidently, the organic approach to human nature as a study in the disharmonies of personality was very limited indeed. Hence the creative audacity of that small group of dynamic psychiatrists who reconceived medicine in terms drastically psychologic and functional.

The emergence of the psychoanalytic technique put an end once for all to the vain boasts of the organicists that

materia medica is sufficient unto itself and can dispense with psychological insight. The war, as every old-school psychiatrist knows, provided the perfect demonstration of the failure of organic neurology and the astonishing triumph of psychoanalytic psychology in understanding and solving the problems of neurotic breakdown ("shell-shock").

Thus medicine which had leaned so long upon physiology achieved its most memorable triumphs by becoming unequivocally psychological. But psychology which had intertwined itself since its metaphysical beginning with mentalistic and relatively intangible assumptions suddenly decided to become nobly scientific by wooing physiology most shamelessly. Enter behaviorism, trailing clouds of scientific glory, exuberantly affirming its physiologic and most materialistic basis, and as raucously repudiating the purely psychological assumptions of the traditionally accredited "science of the soul."

A pretty state of things, forsooth! Behaviorism modestly assuring us that psychology as a real science was born in 1913 in the brain (the behaviorist is not burdened with a mind) of Dr. Watson when he definitely decided that the most perfect model for an adequate comprehension of human behavior was the laboratory study of the white rat, the *only* difference between man and other animals being language, all other differences and discrepancies in nature being generously cancelled out of existence by the overwhelming necessity of finally putting psychology on a basis as reputably scientific as that of physics. Bravo, Watson! the behavioristic bull in the introspectionist china shop. But lo! a mystery. Watson had failed to note that there were two varieties of introspection, one academic and absurd and sterile, against the

authority of which he had rebelled most persuasively (in laughing out of court Messrs. Titchener, Angell, Bentley, *et al.*), the other clinical and profound and fruitful, which he had thought highly of until he found shrewd reason for boosting the stocks of behaviorism by a competitor's assault upon a flourishing psychoanalysis.

Psychology, traditionally mentalistic, seeking to rid itself of the asphyxiating burden of a self-enclosed, utterly vapid and unmeaning introspectionalism, crudely repudiating mind and consciousness and personality and idea and thinking, blindly ignoring a more fruitful and humanistic kind of introspection (self-analysis), seeking reputable status as a true science; while, on the other hand, medicine, traditionally materialistic and physiological, caught in a desperate *impasse* of descriptive accuracy and therapeutic futility, bravely breaking the bondage of old-fashioned scientific technique and enthusiastically creating the new medicine on the incredible basis of purely psychological concepts! And so matters stand at present. Two vital psychologies obsess the contemporary mind: psychoanalysis and behaviorism.

Dr. Gordon's studies of *The Neurotic Personality* are an attempt to provide a concretely experimental basis for the vague and generalized psychoanalytic mechanisms underlying psychoneurotic behavior. He props up Freudian hypotheses with a scientific logic borrowed mainly from physiology and neurology. The behavioristic concept of *conditioning* is employed to good advantage in discussions of anxiety states, obsessions, compulsions, conversion hysteria, phobias, sex conflict. The epochal researches of Sherrington on facilitation and inhibition, of Head on the symbolic aspects of aphasia, of Hurst on the relation between hysterical symptoms and suggestion

(by the physician!), of Cannon on emotional states in fear, hunger, rage, and pain are deftly woven into his instructive work. Orthodox Freudians would add a cubit to their psychoanalytic stature by a morbidly conscientious perusal of Dr. Gordon's critical study.

If space permitted I should want to discuss the author's theory of "cortical inefficiency" as the key to psychoneurotic behavior. Its ramifications would conduct us into Janet's doctrine of dissociation, James' theory of sagacity, Sidis' views on suggestion, Hollingworth's mechanism of redintegration, Prince's conception of the co-conscious.

Dr. Gordon might be called a sane psychoanalyst (though the analysts who are more orthodox, i. e., more devoutly Freudian, are not to be labeled insane). His medical philosophy is inspired by psychoanalytic discoveries but for all that he will not rest content with speculative assumption when he can reduce it to scientific hypothesis. Hence his drastic emphasis on physiological and neurological concepts, such as behavior patterns, cortical redintegration, facilitation and inhibition, conditioning, reflexes, reactions, engrams, etc. His discussion of the psychoneurotic modes of thinking and acting is very illuminating. The psychopathology of anxiety, hysteria, fear, obsession, sexual perturbation is lucidly presented, with the aid of diagrams, as a branch of "Behaviorism."

The Neurotic Personality represents a fine integration of the contributions more particularly of McDougall, Janet, Freud, Sherrington, Head, Watson, Pavlov, toward the profounder understanding of psychoneurotic behavior. Dr. Gordon's own view is expressed in such crisp observations and judgments as these: "We may, however, point out that neurosis essentially depends upon the disharmony in the proper integration of just these [emo-

tional] dispositions. Of these sex is doubtless the most important, but the conflict between self-abasement and self-assertion is also of the very greatest influence in determing neurotic behavior. We find that while the neurotic is capable of a great deal of prospective imagination, it is too often visionary and out of touch with reality. From this we see that it is in the realm of sentiment organization rather than in the higher development of cognition that the neurotic is at fault. The difficulty in the neurotic's life is to adapt himself to circumstances both within and without himself. No doubt the intrapsychic difficulties are the more important, but the extraneous difficulties must not be forgotten, for one intensifies the other."

Dr. Gordon's contribution is a welcome and most luminous commentary on the rich potentialities for reeducation resident in human nature envisaged in terms of psychoanalytic medicine and behavioristic psychology.

There is an urgent need in These States for a varied specialization in theory and practice that will lead to the degree of Doctor of Psychiatry. The traditional medical course is top-heavy with useless information. The conventional psychological course is excessively academic, verbalistic, aimless withal. What a fine contribution to enlightenment if one of our universities possessed the courage and the vision to create a school for the study of *philosophic medicine* that would span the gamut from mythology and philosophy through bio-chemistry and neurology to psychoanalysis and social science!

The proper study of mankind is the bafflement of man as he wrestles with his personal frustrations and his social maladjustments. The new medicine is, in the most fruit-

ful and humanistic sense, the new psychology, the new sociology, and the new philosophy.

Doctor White is America's most distinguished exemplar of what philosophic medicine can mean to a perturbed mankind. The crisp pages of his recent volume *Essays in Psychopathology* are a continuing luminous commentary on all the problems that intrigue the modern mind. We are treated to discussions of vexing problems in neurology, biology, psychology, psychiatry, anthropology, psychoanalysis. The nucleus of his medical wisdom is embodied in this generalization: "The meaning that immediately emerges from looking at mind and body as but two aspects of the organism is that *for every situation there is a psychic as well as a somatic aspect,* or, as there is no controversy about the latter, that every situation, for our purpose, *every disease, has a psychic component,* and further that this component has a history as long and as important for its understanding as has the somatic component. It is only since the advent of the theory of evolution that the importance of the past for the understanding of the present has been appreciated. Heretofore, however, the importance of the past has only received a partial acknowledgment by somatic pathology. We are now beginning to learn that it has an equal importance for psychopathology. This concept in its length, breadth and thickness, that is, in all that it implies, is really revolutionary and to my mind may easily be the most important thing to happen to medicine in many a day. It means no less than that for an adequate understanding of any present situation the entire past, which necessarily includes the past of the psyche, must be understood. The present does not stand alone, it emerges from the past."

Dr. White's philosophic attitude is expressed in his

conviction that: "I have said for some time that specialization in medicine was rapidly approaching the point of saturation. Medicine will not be able to maintain very many more specialties under the existing state of affairs. More specialties, if other things are not changed too, will soon mean disintegration. What medicine needs more than anything else in this day and age is the synthetic type of mind."

In a critical parenthesis I might add that Dr. White takes certain Freudian viewpoints too scripturally and leans a little heavily on the Jungian speculation about the so-called racial unconscious. Critical-mindedness in these unsettled matters is the beginning of wisdom.

Why can't we build in America that fine fellowship between the doctors and the psychologists which makes British scholarship in these disciplines so much more mature than ours? As witness the excellent works of Hart, Jones, Miller, Mitchell, Gordon, Head, Hurst. What a wide view of reality these physicians can encompass. What a hospitality to novel ideas and significant research. You get the impression of a competent knowledge made radiant by a personally wrought wisdom. These men are as remote as can be from the proverbial pedagogue or professor or scholastic dry-as-dust. Their knowledge *lives*. Thinking is somehow congenial to them.

In Dr. Mitchell's *Problems in Psycho-Pathology* we confront the unabashed Freudian in the modest rôle of one of the twelve Apostles of Psychoanalysis. The publishers serenely announce on the cover: "The aim of this book is to examine the foundations of Medical Psychology and to discuss some of the problems that have arisen in the course of the development of Psycho-Pathology." What we are treated to is a tender-minded rehearsal of

the main tenets and dogmas of the great Viennese religion, mitigated, now and then, by a few feeble counter-arguments and soft-pedaled criticisms of the Master. For all that, Dr. Mitchell has contrived to give us a freshly written book, perhaps the most coherent and lucid exposition of Freudian psychology-and-metaphysics we now possess.

Why the corrective criticisms of the original psychoanalytic doctrines by Jung, Adler, Rivers, McDougall, Hart, MacCurdy, Hinkle, Prince, Meyer, Wohlgemuth, Burrow, Tannenbaum, Dunlap, Woodworth, Watson, Rank, Humphrey, Hollingworth, *et al.* have not made a deeper dent in his cerebrospinal or sympathetic or glandular nervous system, I know not.

Dr. Percy Goldthwait Stiles of the Harvard Medical School has written a nice little book, with playful drawings as an obligato, charmingly called *Dreams* in which at the very outset he bravely asserts: "When he read Havelock Ellis's book, *The World of Dreams,* it was with singular stimulation and a sense of cordial agreement. His reaction to Freud has often been hostile." Ah, there's the rub! Ellis has since became a pretty good Freudian. Dr. Stiles writes pleasantly, with a quiet humor, and can be safely read by all the New England ladies of both sexes who dream of Upton Sinclair as a *bête noir* and of H. L. Mencken as Mephistopheles Jr.

Dreams should be made of sterner stuff! . . .

About Ourselves, (cleverly sub-titled: Psychology for Normal People) by Professor Overstreet is, from whatever angle viewed, a most excellent contribution to general enlightenment. In lucidity of exposition, happiness of style, liberating philosophy of life, it compares favorably with the illuminating popular works of Bertrand

Russell. No service could be more useful these pathologic days than to utilize the momentous findings of abnormal psychology for the re-education of normal men and women. Overstreet achieves that task beautifully.

Clinical cases dealing with the flight from reality, the flight into disease, psychoneurotic disturbances rooting in functional rather than in organic motivation, hysteria as a cunning pathologic method of evading the insistent burden of reality, the mechanism of rationalization with its compensatory self-delusions, the subtle tricks and resources of the mind for distorting truth and reality, the various subconscious devices for magnifying the egotistic and narcissistic tendencies in human nature—these enormously significant discoveries of the new psychology are discussed and illustrated in Overstreet's fine work.

His original contribution lies in the contrasting of two types of human reaction which he calls contractive and expansive. These graphic concepts are not mere synonyms for the famous introvert and extravert categories elaborated by Jung. The expansive type is presumed to be the fellow whose dispositions cordially coöperate with man and reality to make of the adventure of living a significant experimental comradeship. The contractive type is asumed to be the self-centered person, the shut-in type, who cannot easily muster the emotional generosity or the intellectual compassion to join hands with his fellow men in the business of socializing and humanizing life.

An important criticism of this distinction would draw attention to its excessive sharpness, its failure to note many exceptions and contradictions and overlappings, its too uncritical acceptance of the concept of type, and most important of all, the failure to realize the value to civili-

zation and culture of certain "contractives" whose very detachment and specialization make their contributions to knowledge and accomplishment the unique things they are.

There is an excess of faith in the possibility of re-making the individual. There is an almost complete neglect of the influence of social forces in the creation of behavior patterns. There is a total surprising disregard of the highly important concept of compulsion as underlying human behavior. Inevitably, so hopeful and pleasant a book conveys an oversimplified picture of human nature and its potentialities for sweet sanity and rationality.

Professor McDougall's *Character and the Conduct of Life* makes it clear beyond any philosophic doubt that America has been neglectful in its ignoring of a really great humorist. I suggest to Mr. Mencken that he brush aside whatever important articles he is maliciously concocting for the exquisite pleasure of reading (preferably out aloud) McDougall's chapters entitled: To Young People, To Girls, To Young Men, (he may modestly skip the next one on Married Life), To Wives, To Husbands, Age, and, most enlightening of all, The Management of the Body.

But let our latter-day Comstock speak for himself: "I say nothing about the horrors of the modern custom of 'petting parties.' Such practices are too loathsome to require any word of condemnation. But it must be recognized that the sex tendency craves for physical contact. This craving should be held in hand during the preliminary period. It would seem wiser that it should not be indulged even to the point of a fleeting kiss on the cheek; and certainly not to the point of taking the young lady on your knee. The moment of formal betrothal is time

enough for the first kiss. . . . Immodesty consists in going a little beyond the customary. If it is customary to expose three inches of your thigh do not expose six, or you will be liable to the charge of immodesty. If it is customary to expose your shoulder blades, do not expose the small of your back also; and if it is customary to expose only the nape of your neck, conform. . . . It is commonly felt that a girl who has been engaged, and whose engagement has been broken, has lost in some degree her value in the marriage market, that she is as it were a little shop-soiled or has become second-hand goods. It is for young men to see that, during the preliminary or first period of engagement, no trace of such soiling shall be produced. This last suggestion leads me to deprecate the overemphasis which so many different lines of approach combine to lay upon sex love and sex exercise in general. A strong man can live, and live well, without love and without any indulgence of the sex tendency. The latter may cause him some uneasiness at times; but not to a serious degree, unless he becomes afraid of it. . . . One touch of nature makes the whole world kin; and in this respect, one touch on the hair-trigger of the sex tendency is more powerful than any other. Such a touch brings us all to one level and reveals our close kinship to the primitive savage. . . . The man who wishes to avoid adultery cannot afford to be friendly in an unrestrained way with a young married woman."

There are too many scintillating bits of wisdom to quote at greater length but the modern young reader of all sexes will have an uproarious time reading this pontificial contribution to Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera.

Now that McDougall has definitely quit being a scientist and a psychologist and has become a bull-dogmatic

moralist and theologian, it is fortunate that he is located at Duke University where the spiritual atmosphere is congenial to his Calvinistic temperament.

In Professor June Downey's delightful little book *The Kingdom of the Mind,* written for children (of all ages), the young student of psychology will be confronted with various puzzles and exercises and experimental techniques for mastering the more important and interesting bits of knowledge in the field of academic psychology. The work is gracefully written and humanly presented so that he who reads can not help wanting to learn. One wonders whether it would not be highly desirable to incorporate in such a lucid book for youngsters not only a fragment of knowledge concerning introverts and extroverts or a playful exercise in inferring emotional states from facial expression, but also a quite serious account of the findings of abnormal psychology which, after all, illuminate human nature in a way that the traditional academic approach cannot match for vitality and interest and significance. Our author could make a very good job of rendering clinical psychology interesting and provocative to young minds. May she be called upon to do so forthwith. There is a kingdom of the subconscious mind which is well worth the exploration of our ultra-modern little wiseacres who crave more truth and insight than their elders have the courage to provide them with.

There is a new kind of sociology being written these days, thanks to the liberating and vitalizing influence of the new medicine and the new psychology, to which Miss Van Waters is making a remarkable contribution. The graphic emphasis on concrete clinical cases, a fine respect for human personality, a growing faith in the potentialities of human nature for re-education, a nice apprecia-

tion of the immeasurable complexity of human nature and social situation, a skeptic attitude toward conventional morality with its cruel dogmas and unimaginative taboos, are all a part of the mental attitude of the new sociologist.

A keen bird's-eye view of her enlightening study, *Parents on Probation* may be gained from a casual acquaintance with these titles: The Family in Search of a Goal, Problems Peculiar to Parents, Nineteen Ways of Being a Bad Parent, Some Modern Obstacles to Successful Parenthood, Who is The Legal Owner of this Child? I Would Rather Die Than Go Home, Parents in Search of Education, The Glorious Adventure of Being Grown Up.

If one has some talent for philosophic analysis, one may perceive three fairly clear-cut stages in the evolution of thought, to wit, illusion, disillusion, realization. The mind of man is loaded with infantile attitudes and reactions and imaginings which yield their sovereignty but slowly to the impact of reality. Illusion is fed by this ancient and deep dwelling stream of infantilism. The experiences inevitably arising in maturity that so often make a ghastly mockery of infantile anticipation and adolescent self-delusion, teach the mind the inescapable relevancy of reality. Mature experience, contradiction and conflict, a scientific conception of behavior, a knowledge of the relation between one's self and a multitude of other selves, all conspire to introduce into the thought of man a painful recognition of the rôle of disillusion in human nature's coming-of-age. Out of the never ceasing strife of illusion and disillusion finally emerges either the defeatist mood of sheer frustration and tragic failure or the liberating mood of realization. Realization is that

precious by-product of illusion's disillusionments and disenchantments which the maturing mind must courageously undergo if it is ever to be adequately equipped for wisdom.

This soul-searching new sociology that Miss Van Waters is helping to create for our sane guidance sheds a keen light on the part played in human experience by illusion and disillusion and realization.

In reading some of her clinical narratives, one can't help thinking of W. L. George's sprightly remark: "There's no place like home—thank God!" Our urgent need is for more Child Guidance Clinics—for parents. How do parents manage to be the unimaginative creatures they are? No one knows, least of all the perturbed parent himself. The home is a terribly revealing study in psychopathology.

One valuable criticism which our author is invited to ponder is briefly this: the fragmentary and varied nature of her material leaves an impression of a bright incoherence in presentation that could be remedied by a clean division of her subject matter into two sections, one devoted to an analytic and theoretic survey of her field of study, and the other devoted to the case material and the clinical episodes. Her work is too miscellaneous. Too many vari-colored beads strung in a noble disorder on a long thin thread of narrative and confessional help at times to blur the vision of the delighted reader.

What the new education plus a flexible psychoanalytic outlook on life *plus* uncommon sense can contribute toward the redemption and clarification of human nature is becoming the one sane hope in a rather chaotic and insane world.

The Child and the Home is a worthy supplement to

Parents on Probation. Dr. Liber is that rare type of physician who is also an educator and a social philosopher. His views are almost too rational for human beings whose one special gift is for irrationality. But the corrective of his reasonable and most humane ideas is what we all need if we are ever to introduce into the home, the school, the political party, the church, and most particularly into society, those attitudes and ideas which alone can build free and courageous and happily integrated personalities.

Dr. Liber writes so sharply and intelligently that a few quotations will be the pleasantest way of introducing his important work to the reader. Imagine the sweet sanity of a mind, nurtured on the drastic doctrines of anarchism and socialism, capable of this utterance: "It is easy for radicals to speak about liberty, but the real test of their love of liberty is in their relations with the child which, when wrong, prove that their radicalism needs a revision."

Here are a few more mind-awakening scraps of wisdom from out this excellent volume. "The purpose of bringing-up in all its phases should be to make the child as happy as possible and we can reach that goal only by allowing his individuality to develop as freely as possible." "What the child almost always lacks in his home is: (1) freedom, (2) truth, (3) respect for his individuality. . . . Love, as such, is no guarantee against conscious or unconscious cruelty. Love may be, and often is, destructive. . . . All love—including parental love—is egotism. . . . Curiosity is the mother of science. The child is a student, a worker, and is always experimenting. What is an old story to you is new or unknown to him. We are accustomed to our ignorance, but he is not. . . . But do not fail to tell him the truth and the whole truth

in reply to all questions. No matter what falsehoods you are compelled to utter daily for a living, leave your unclean cloak outside and approach your child with a pure mind. Become an innocent child in his presence. . . . It is good that boys and girls are sufficiently 'bad' not to be entirely suppressed morally by their parents and other adults."

The considerable section devoted to sex is a clean and lucid exposition of a troubled and too often falsified theme. We are unlearning the silly and humiliating virtues of shame and concealment and pretense in favor of the dignity and virility of candor and expressiveness. Dr. Liber's pungent volume is an exhilarating breath of fresh air in a stuffy and asphyxiating universe. Because his views are so utterly rational, they may be charged with the typically logical sin of oversimplification. How can parents treat their children with logical serenity, when they themselves are such victims of psychopathological malaise?

Pity the parent: his lot is not a happy one!

Your Nervous Child by Dr. Wexberg (a disciple of Dr. Adler's) makes abundantly clear how vast a responsibility rests on parents and on teachers for the happy guidance of children into a maturity unburdened by neurotic malady. It is no longer permissible to believe in heredity as a dark fate beyond human control. The heredity-mongers in science are either caste-conscious professors who are opposed to democracy (because they fear the rise to power and prestige of the humble) or indoor experts who are out of touch with the social forces that shape human nature, ignorant of behavior as determined by the interplay of realistic forces in society. Nor is it permissible any longer to worship environment as the

illimitable creator of good and evil behavior patterns. The sanest view—the most scientific, too—beholds in cultivated human nature a vital interplay of childhood predisposition and social forces. Even acknowledging that childhood predisposition is a function of the glandular situation, we are still in a position as educators to mold the plastic nature of the child, to inculcate habits, instill attitudes, evoke moods, in accordance with various psycho-sociological goals. Human nature is malleable.

The greatest hope of the education of the race lies in the potentialities of human nature for re-education. Re-education along the lines of courage and confidence! The feeling of inferiority, so natural in childhood (the period of helplessness) must be counteracted by counsels of encouragement, parent and teacher intelligently and humbly conspiring to welcome the growing child as a full-fledged personality, a human equal.

The great need on the part of parents is humility. The great need on the part of teachers is compassion. Humility and compassion: these alone can make adults the sincere companions of children. The goal in the new education is fellowship.

Nervous children (so-called) are merely those children whose natural feeling of inferiority has been reaffirmed and painfully fixated by parents and teachers and elders-in-general who somehow have managed to prevent the child from developing independence. The bullying father, the overindulgent mother, the authoritative pedagogue, the egocentric elder, the whole tribe of meddlers and intruders have robbed the growing child of self-confidence.

This Alderian theme is full of good sense and enormously significant as psychology and psychiatry. We need to re-educate the parents and the teachers so that

they in turn may know how to help the younger generation attain to courage, confidence and pride of personality.

This splendid primer in individual psychology, made very readable by the free-flowing and sprightly translation of Dr. Wolfe, is a good introduction to the whole field of educational psychiatry now coming into its own in our institutions of learning.

The new medicine has become a study in re-education, the most promising approach to human nature in its tangled variety and irrationality.

In Dr. Everett Dean Martin, America has one of its most gifted teachers. His splendid work *The Meaning of a Liberal Education* will be highly esteemed by those leisured ladies and gentlemen of the middle and upper classes whose guaranteed freedom from economic urgency and competitive strife renders them amenable to the gospel of sweetness and light, of tolerance and the higher sanity.

If it is permissible to say so, the book is too sane for a world as insane as ours. The ascetic who advised mere men and women to quit the degradation and turmoil and disquiet of sex love, to practice in its troubled place holy abstinence, would be guilty of an excess of sanity!

The intellectual ascetic who can find salvation and a blessed life only in contemplation and verbal felicity, whose nature cannot abide the fierce discords of reality, whose role in life is ever that of cold-blooded spectator rather than of warm-hearted participant, is in the envious position of the sterile saint counseling his follow men to quit being human.

Perhaps this is only a way of saying that a liberal feels the world's pain rhetorically, while a radical feels the

world's all-too-human pain realistically. There is a kind of tolerance that lives happily by simply ignoring intolerance, a sleek skepticism that flourishes by feeling no human event too deeply, a superiority of mind that is synonymous with a quite charming self-complacency.

There is a certain emotional shallowness in middle-class liberals that protects their minds from ever taking any of life's problems too seriously. Hence their adoration of the sense of humor. Hence their veneration of poise and tranquillity. Reality as pain and compulsion and torture is literally beyond their soul's comprehension. They are deficient emotionally and overcompensate for their imperfection by worshipping wisdom. Wisdom that sees so clearly because it feels so feebly!

These preliminary remarks are a necessary prologue to a proper appreciation of Martin's ideas on education and life.

Since the Great War, which like his fellow patriots Doctor Martin wholeheartedly accepted, he has been haunted by the spectre of "the mob"—which he often calls "the crowd"—meaning, quite naturally, the uneducated herd. He is obsessed by "the fury and stupidity of the mob." Nowhere is there the least hint of the malevolent existence of the educated crowd, the cultured herd that sets the historic stage for illiterate mob performances. . . . Our author would do well to re-read the enlightening works of Brooks Adams and of Henry Adams to gain a more accurate perspective of the lurid rôles played in history by the educated and haughty-cultured minority. As Froude pointed out long ago, the most astounding fact in history is the patience and submission of the masses. Dr. Martin, remembering the War—which was initiated and directed by the intellectuals, i. e., the

educated and the cultured minority who call themselves Liberal in peace time—thinks obsessively of the crowd as irremediably wicked and foolish. No realistic historian will agree.

There are two fallacies that mar the logical beauty of this book of Dr. Martin's. The ancient delusion of the verbalist, to wit, that men possess a free will in the manipulation of their lives, underlies the soft seductive reasoning of his fine pages. Bricklayer and professor emeritus of Greek are both equally eligible to pursue the best that has been thought and written through the cultured ages, if that be their sincere goal in life.

Culture is an accomplishment personally wrought and is therefore accessible to anyone, whatever his social status, in the alluring grip of the creative urge. Man is free to choose to be a really cultivated person provided only his human nature prompts him to trod that sublime path to the good life. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Erasmus, Montaigne, were, in the best sense, educated men because that was the kind of men they could not help being. To be of their company is to be among the blest.

Well, that may be so. The realistic question is: of what pragmatic value is a conception of education and culture that suits the temperament of but a dozen picked savants of the race?

In an age of specialization consequent upon a marvellous increase of verifiable knowledge and of a time-consuming preparation in the use of delicate instruments of precision in the various sciences, the attempt to define (which means, etymologically, to delimit) the educated mind is both futile and arrogant. There can be no generally satisfactory definition or conception of the educated mind in a world where, quite *inexorably,* science

has come to take the place of philosophy. Any person has the right to think of himself as educated who is a master of any field of human or scientific inquiry whatsoever. Whether he is liberally educated or no will then become an academic problem of interest to metaphysicians and humorists.

A second rather insidious fallacy that permeates this excellent work of Dr. Martin's is statistical in nature. It is an error in sampling. There is no justification in statistical logic for the particular selection of congenial temperaments whom he personally enjoys designating as, in the best sense, liberally educated. The criteria employed by the author are not scientifically adequate. They are merely a rationalization of personal predilection. Psychoanalytically speaking, a man is fond of minds and temperaments that reaffirm his own. In short, the educated man is the fellow who is most like ourselves. The key to our likes and dislikes may be found in our private brand of narcissism. Self-love and self-admiration unconsciously motivate our evaluations.

The book is remarkable for two reasons: first, because of what it includes; second, because of what it ignores. It includes a lovely appreciation of the classical temperament, an intelligent criticism of the dogmatic mind, a generous sympathy with the humanistic tendencies in culture, a rational respect for the conscious and personally wrought values of unique men. It ignores the crude determinisms of behavior, the pressures and urgencies and compulsions of our irrational life, the perturbed and neurotic state of man under civilization, the complicated problems of human desire and longing that lie fathoms deep below conscious pretense and civilized make-believe, the revolutionary re-education in the subtle realm of sex

and morals that is undermining the whole contemporary basis of human deportment, the creative potentialities of the new masses.

Such incredible omissions can be accounted for in an enlightening work on education only by assuming in its author certain limitations. Dr. Martin lacks a vivid and dynamic social sense, he lacks totally a sympathetic insight into modern mechanics, he is not at home in the presence of mass logic and mass behavior, he evades the overwhelmingly important problem of sex. In other words, his particular type of liberal education is in several vital points rather limited and egocentric and, by implication, illiberal. We can sum up his *Weltanschauung* by saying that his special training and therefore interest have lain in the logic of thought, that is, of words and concepts and pedagogic communication, and not at all in the equally important department of the logic of action. Hence his book is too intellectualistic, complacent and artificial. The poignant realities of life do not deeply agitate his sweetly civilized mind. Books, not passion-perturbed men and women, appeal to him as the legitimate subject matter of a liberal education.

It was our own intellectually passionate Emerson who wrote: "God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please. You can never have both."

Dr. Martin's noble thesis is a scholarly attempt to demonstrate that you *can* have both.

As a contribution to the popularization of an important field of knowledge, *Why Men Fail,* by Doctors Morris Fishbein and William A. White, is almost too successful. Since it was intended for average minds (shades of the Army Intelligence Tests!) and motivated by the

interest of business people in the new psychology and the new psychiatry, this facile volume has the merit of simplicity and swift readableness. It also has the demerit of a too transparent shallowness. However, since the American intelligentsia-in-the-making is being re-educated by palatable presentations of the A B C of the higher learning in all its once mysterious ramifications, we must be charitable and patient and even permissibly sagacious in these matters, thankful for any work that is enjoyable and not intellectually vapid. *Why Men Fail* is a stimulating and quite exhilarating series of essays by a group of fairly wise mental hygienists and psychiatrists whose extraordinary experience, clinically and bookishly, makes their opinions important.

You can get a captivating bird's-eye view of the work as a whole by glancing at the picturesque titles of the various chapters: Parents of Failure, The First Job, Sex Has Thrown a Bomb Into Business, Wives Who Help Their Husbands to Fail, "Queer" Failures, Day-Dreamers and Bluffers, Depressions, Beating Handicaps, Handicap —or Alibi?, Fear, Why Women Fail, Job Misfits, Home-Made Failures. Of course, the editors, if a little more genetic and behavioristic-minded, might have included a chapter on Why Children Fail, accompanied, for purposes of objectivity, by photographs of parents, teachers, priests, and the relevant elders of the tribe who assist in the civilized though uncivilizing business of superimposing upon children's naïve behavior a complicated repressive code of adult ethics: this intimidation of souls being technically referred to as "training children to be moral."

I suggest as a more philosophic companion volume, with identical title, a series of studies emerging from

what might be called a cosmic background, including such analytic themes as:

"God," the World's Worst Failure.

The Miscarriages of Evolution.

The Inherent Instability of Protoplasm.

What's To Be Done with Heredity?

Successful Men Who Commit Suicide.

Is Life Itself Petering Out?: A Study of the Conflict Between Individuation and Reproduction.

Great Civilizations that Have Failed to Survive.

Is Our Civilization Higher or Lower than Savagery?

The Case Against Success: A Symposium by Poets, Philosophers, Artists, Unique Thinkers, Cerebral Women, Dreamers, Neurotic Geniuses, Talented Introverts.

Some of the World's Great Failures: A Psychological Study of Socrates, Jesus, Savonarola, Bruno, Spinoza, Schopenhauer, Wagner, Henry George, Samuel Butler, Whitman, Francisco Ferrer, Daniel De Leon, Eugene V. Debs, Thorstein Veblen.

Mal-Adjustment: The Basis of Progress.

The Finer Values that Success Destroys: A Literary and Humanistic Study of Russia and America.

The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing But the Truth Concerning Success.

Is There any Room for Satire and Irony and Philosophic Humor in Business? . . .

Dr. White's interesting Introduction to this Symposium contains a few keen sentences worth quoting. The quintessence of re-education is contained in his statement that "Progress, happiness and success are attained only at the cost of a constant revaluation of our beliefs, ideals and habits of thought and action, and failure comes only too often as the result of being saddled with

a dead past." A very fine indoor experiment for those who think themselves psychological-minded would be to try to explain why *homo sapiens* (what a misnomer!), always urgently in need of revaluation, is forever dodging it in favor of re-affirmation. Philosophers know that man fears nothing so much as thought, not even death itself. What a commentary on human nature!

"It is these inner values—our catalogue of assets and liabilities with which we tackle the problems of life—that matter most. The world as it is we have to accept for the most part, but our own ways of dealing with it may or may not be efficient. These ways can be changed if only we know about them, what they are, and how they work. Most persons take themselves and their ways of feeling and thinking for granted. If it were only possible to take stock of them from time to time, just as we are learning to take stock of our physical selves by regular health examinations!" This view of Dr. White's represents the conviction and wisdom of the mental hygiene movement in America.

To the extent that psychology and psychiatry are the keys to the predicaments and contradictions in which man and his troubling civilization increasingly find themselves, we cannot find fault with this view of human nature. The question arises whether psychology, both laboratory and clinical, has not failed to understand the overwhelming importance of economic and sociologic and cultural and historical factors in that subtle equation between man and his milieu called life. The environmentalists, especially the radicals, overstress economics and history, despising most foolishly psychology and psychoanalysis. The psychologists are almost equally

guilty of ignoring or unwarrantedly assuming the sociological background and context of human behavior.

Why Men Fail reveals the great need of a *rapprochement* in American scholarship between the social scientists, including the cultural anthropologists, and the psychological and psychoanalytical specialists. We need a new synthetic branch of knowledge to be entitled, psychosociological research.

The scientific method with its control groups, statistical checks, correlational findings, precautionary sampling, quantitative technique, is still almost completely absent from the writings as from the minds of the medical psychologists. So many profound insights into the underlying mechanisms and motivations of human nature have been discovered by psychoanalysts and psychiatrists without the blessing of a meticulous scientific technique, it is not difficult to understand the continuing neglect of precision and statistical adequacy in the work of the medical scholars. *Why Men Fail* is no exception to the rule. The case citations are all of a personalistic, impressionistic and intimate nature, a sort of high-grade gossip that undoubtedly has its clinical merit but rather low scientific reliability. It is unfortunate that the medical men do not respect scientific technique more, much more.

The Adlerian psychology is beginning to challenge rather effectively the hitherto triumphant Freudian analysis, as this book astonishingly exemplifies. Dr. Adler will find this work an "unconscious" tribute to his Individual-Psychology. A vast section of human maladjustment is clearly explicable in terms of "inferiority" and "compensatory strivings."

There is unconscious bourgeois bias in this hygienical

work. Toward the close of the book, the chapter on "Job Misfits," we read: "Many a high-priced executive would be a failure if he had to change places with his secretary." Which makes me think that many a Churchman would be a failure if he had to change places with a Christian and many a good Christian would be a failure if he had to change places with a Christly man. *N'est-ce pas?*

The Unconscious: A Symposium is most intelligently edited by Ethel S. Dummer. Few works in contemporary psychology can outrival this in sheer excellence and beauty of scholarship. Strange that the unconscious should finally prove to be so conscious. It was the ingenious Freud who was bent on persuading us to believe that the conscious mind of man is surprisingly unconscious and that the unconscious is incredibly conscious. This paradox has quite as much truth in it as wit.

The stereotyping through habit formation of an originally conscious act quickly enough reduces it to automaticity of response, containing in the nature of the case minimal consciousness. On the other hand, the analytic probing of behaviors that have for long been side-tracked or linguistically taboo or emotionally unpalatable will produce a specialized attention to originally unconscious acts and result in a new series of intensely conscious perceptions.

As F. L. Wells, one of the most expert psychologists in our midst, points out: "There has appeared no 'critical point' of distinction between conscious and unconscious, and comparison of their properties must be made with this fact in mind."

Interestingly enough, the unconscious, in the Freudian sense, is hardly so much as mentioned in this erudite volume. An omission that should trouble the anxiety-

dreams of our dyed-in-the-wool Freudians. The reader is invited to study this work in order to become adequately acquainted with the original and provocative treatment of the unconscious by specialists like C. M. Child, Kurt Koffka, John E. Anderson, John B. Watson, Edward Sapir, W. I. Thomas, Marion E. Kenworthy, F. L. Wells, and William A. White.

These psychologists are concerned with a repertory of behavior and experience ranging from intra-uterine responses to the mother's pregnancy—as a cluster of novel stimuli evoking in the fœtal darling muscular tensions, Isadora Duncan postures, behavioristic pre-conditionings, embryo anxiety-neurosis and general psychoneurotic preparation for life among the frustrates—to values in social adjustment and the higher levels of mental integration.

The key to the entire symposium is sounded in Professor Child's remarks concerning "the beginnings of unity and order in living things": "When we fully realize that living things are not closed systems but each of them represents the behavior of a particular protoplasm in reaction to a particular environment and influenced by the records of past behavior, some of our past difficulties disappear and we have a point of attack for investigation of living things which has already proved itself fruitful in many ways and which promises much in the future."

He is referring to the brilliant new doctrine of emergentism which a significant school of biologists and psychologists, inspired by Lloyd Morgan and H. S. Jennings, has been developing in explanation of what appear to be genuine novelties, like consciousness and individuality and creative imagination, found in evolution.

Though Professor Koffka, ingenious expositor of the

Gestalt psychology, disagrees, in several fundamental points concerning the structure of the unconscious, with Freud, he writes sympathetically of the unconscious in these words: "The unconscious has been likened to a store-house. But what a strange store-house we find it to be! Things do not simply fall into those places into which they are being thrown, they arrange themselves in coming and during their time of storage according to the many ways in which they belong together. And they do more; they influence each other, form groups of various sizes and kinds, always trying to meet the exigencies of the moment. A miraculous store-house indeed!"

Dr. Anderson sagely reminds us "Very early in life, almost at the cradle, our social schooling commences. . . . The early experiences and reactions of the individual are of great importance, not because of their intrinsic character but because they are the stones upon which the building of the individual must be constructed. The behavior of the adult toward persons has its genesis in the behavior of the child toward persons. Social behavior is of a piece with all other behavior and is governed by the same laws."

Behaviorism, psychoanalysis, individual-psychology, mental hygiene, academic dynamic psychology, even the intelligence tests (so often unintelligent) all reaffirm the overwhelming importance of the intimate personal relation between child and strategically-situated adults.

The personal equation in thinking and experiencing is of the utmost importance in every phase of life, however intellectual or abstract. Only a small surviving band of narcissistic logicians and mathematicians will still deny the relevancy of the personal equation in so-called impersonal propositions. If they were better acquainted

with the unconscious determinants of conscious perception, they would realize the deeply psychologic nature of logical analysis.

John B. Watson blithely denies both the unconscious and the conscious categories as the subtle absurd creation of metaphysics. To him science means smoke-drum recording of tangible twitchings and squirmings and respondings of living organisms (preferably, white rats) uncomplicated by the psychological state of the respondee.

The Watsonian point of view is greatly in vogue for the very good reason that it chimes in almost too perfectly with the mechanization of human process in contemporary automatized industrialism: the perturbing theme of all those philosophic critics who cannot help being a little sad that men shall actually celebrate their status as robots.

Behaviorism, as a living psychology, is possible only in a country which is devoid of cultural antecedents, proud of its barbarous extroverted mechanical accomplishments, indifferent to philosophical and spiritual values, in love only with externals and visible signs of progress—measured by the advertising psychologist's conception of the good life. Watson, not being a philosopher or, in any vital sense, a thinker, cannot even imagine the profound difference between experience (behavior) and reflection upon experience (value). So undiscriminating a mind can hardly be our wise guide in the study of that most complicated of all phenomena, human nature.

Those of us who cannot accept Watsonianism as anything but the shallowest form of pragmatism (a splendid corrective of the sterile metaphysical introspectionism of the excessively academic Titchener) can yet respect Watson's significant experiments on rats as aiding in that

coördination of human and animal psychologies which promises more objective techniques in the study of behavior. However, the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley.

We must conclude our brief study of this extraordinary work with a futuristic quotation from Dr. White's chapter: "If I were given to prophesy, I should say that the next most significant emergence for man will be a realization by him that knowledge of himself is of at least equal importance to a knowledge of his environment. I fully believe that such a realization would bring to pass an advance in man's welfare, particularly wherein it relates to his contacts with others, quite as astounding as have been the advances in his relations to his environment brought about by the development of the natural sciences."

Nor is psychology (or, more accurately, the psychologist) without a sense for humor. Behold this psychopathologic anecdote narrated by F. L. Wells concerning two frogs: ". . . one of which is from this metropolis of the inland seas, the other's origin invidiously ascribed to the banks of my own native Charles. These two batrachians had the misfortune to fall simultaneously into a very large bowl of cream. Eastern fatalism accepted destiny with resignation, sank to the bottom and expired. His more occidental fellow, minded come what might to die fighting, ceased not with his hind legs to lay vigorously about him; and so churned from the surrounding medium a substantial pat of butter, from which he leaped to safety."

The Psychology of Personality by Professor Bagby is a welcome book, within its brief compass a splendid supplement to Professor Overstreet's *About Ourselves*. Bag-

by's approach to "common emotional disorders" leans on behavioristic methodology and psychoanalytic subject matter and mechanisms. It is a pleasure to find the indoor psychologists availing themselves increasingly of clinical experience, and functioning as consultants:—no one is in a better position to do so.

The *psychiatrizing of psychology* is the most significant phenomenon in the modern history of academic psychology.

The clinic supplements, and often replaces, the experimental laboratory, in the nature of the case, more often than not, a highly artificial arrangement.

Professor Bagby has developed and illustrated with great ability the tension theory of behavior and misbehavior. Normal behavior depends upon the discovery of adequate outlets—which generally means, socially approved and morally not reprehensible—for various emotional and visceral tensions. Abnormal behavior is the failure to discover such adequate outlets, or if discovered, the inability to make a felicitous use of them.

He who would be acquainted with the dynamic psychologist's approach to the disharmonies in human nature will want to read this most excellent little volume of Bagby's.

The Lure of Superiority by Wayland Vaughan, is sensational only in title. The subject matter is sober, scholarly, and fascinating. This book is a real tribute to Dr. Adler whose point of view is almost too congenial to the writer who speaks of his book as "a study in the psychology of motives," meaning the Nietzschean will-to-power and the Adlerian mechanism of compensation. In reality, the whole study pivots about one luminous motive: the unresting desire on the part of man to eke

out the congenital imperfection of his body or mind with compensatory solace and fulfillment.

As I see it (and most sympathetically, too) there is a deep defect in the Adlerian reading of human nature which is shared by his enthusiastic and literal-minded disciples here and abroad. A quotation from Dr. Adler will make clear what I mean: "Often a morphologic or functional deficiency of an organ is converted to a higher development of that organ. We seldom find any such heaping up of defects of speech and signs of degeneration of the mouth, as are observed in orators, actors, and singers."

Of course, it is nothing less that *lèse majesté* to point out to these medical experts that there is in existence a statistical technique which supplies a method for checking up the truth or falsity of our impressionistic insights. Where is the adequate evidence, from a scientific point of view, that defects of speech and signs of degeneration of the mouth are most often observed (because they are present!) in orators, actors, and singers?

Until clinical psychiatry learns to honor and carefully to apply statistical method to its judgments and generalizations, we shall not be in a position to bridge the gulf that still separates medical science from real science. Dr. G. V. Hamilton has called attention to this kind of "speculative guessing and its medical twin brother, generalizing from uncontrolled observation."

Dr. Adler has boasted of the fact that his Individual-Psychology is based on common sense. Common sense is not science, though science cannot get along without a good deal of common and of uncommon sense. As Herbert Spencer long ago taught us, common sense would hardly be aware of the fact that a cake of ice is full of

heat. Science is organized and disciplined and statistically validated uncommon sense.

The serious defect in Adlerian psychology underlying this statistically unreliable, wholly inspectional method of generalizing about human nature, is the assumption that the energy available for superior accomplishment and the drive behind such surprising achievement are engendered in the palpable inferiority of the handicapped person, whose very defect is construed to be the begetter of the will-to-superiority.

I doubt the accuracy of this analysis. As I see it, *the primary fact is latent ability or talent or capacity for singular performance in a given field of activity.* We can call that: the positive source of accomplishment. Coupled with this positive drive for achievement, if organic or psychologic (handicapping) defect be present, a certain surplus of energy may be available from what we may call: the negative source of accomplishment.

Thus a speech defect has no inherent magical power for furnishing a drive to oratorical talent! But a powerful original interest in public speaking or politics or after-dinner anecdotalizing may receive a startling increase in proficiency as a result of the special efforts put forth by the sensitive and self-conscious mind to overcome a painful obstruction in the way of smooth-flowing success in talking.

The best check on the Adlerian assumption which has never been satisfactorily made—is of course the statistical one: of a thousand boys in Greece between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five all of whom by hypothesis (if not, by the grace of God—at any rate, by the grace of the gods who juggled with human fate among the Hellenes) were eager to become orators, and all of whom were vic-

tims of various major and minor speech defects, how many were capable of becoming distinguished speakers? The amusing point is the recurrent reference among the Adlerians to Demosthenes (and Beethoven, when the text requires) as the brilliant exemplar of their conception of defect as primarily motivating overcompensated superior achievement.

Then, too, in a second group comparable to the first in size, sex, color, age, educational status (the so-called "control group"), which competent physicians have declared to be *free* of the speech and mouth defects presumed to exist in the first experimental group, how do the records stand for competence in oratory? If such a "normal" group can produce its Demosthenes, what shall we conclude, from an Adlerian point of view?

The *reductio ad absurdum* of this inspectional and intuitive way of understanding human nature is found in Lombroso's description of genius "as an overcompensation for an inferior brain." The persuasive author of *The Lure of Superiority* is constrained to add "We need not go to such an extreme doctrine to get evidence for compensatory processes." Why not?

Vaughan, quoting a biographer, writes: "The incentive in Byron was that mark of deformity on his person, by an acute sense of which he was stung into the ambition of being great." To which I append this cruelly intelligent marginal note: *Having had the capacity for being so!* And when our delightful author says, summarizing several most interesting chapters: "As we have seen, deficiency has its part to play in the evolution of greatness," I can't help whispering into his learned ear (not the Adlerian deaf one!): *The emphasis is on greatness, not on deficiency.*

In his brilliant study of Schopenhauer's life, in terms of the Adlerian psychology, Vaughan writes significantly: "He felt powerless before women. The depth of his contempt for them may be taken as a measure of his fear. The strain of celibacy was too much for him. He cracked under it and fell into bad ways which stirred within him a burning sense of sin. An intense urge grew within him to atone for the disgrace which undermined his self-respect. The secret of his personality is to be found in the sex hunger that harassed him throughout his manhood. When old age brought a cessation of desire, he settled down into a kindly, contented existence."

Here we have a beautiful illustration of the interpenetration of Adlerian and Freudian motifs, though each "school" of Viennese psychologizing sins against the larger truth by overemphasizing its own particularistic brand of motivation.

In Harvey Wickham's *The Misbehaviorists,* bitingly sub-titled *Pseudo-Science and the Modern Temper,* we are treated to a most appetizing dish, a delicious vegetarian diet for these dyspeptic times. Wickham's unremitting sense of humor (that can undermine fallacious doctrine more acutely than pure logic) is happily exemplified in this anti-behavioristic *aperçu:* "We have not, it seems, enough knee and similar jerks to enable us to write a Ninth Symphony with their aid alone. Some other trifle was needed."

His powerful assault upon Behaviorism gains edge from this citation of Watson's credo (the brash Americanism of which speaks far too eloquently of the triumph of moneytheism in our uncouth land): " 'In my opinion, one of the most important elements in the judging of personality, character and ability is the history of the

individual's yearly achievements. We can measure this objectively by the length of time the individual stayed in his various positions—the yearly increases he received in his earnings. . . . If the individual is a writer, we should want to draw a curve of the prices he gets for his stories year by year. If from our leading magazines he receives the same average price per word for his stories at thirty that he received at twenty-four, the chances are he is a hack writer and will never do anything but that.' "

Vaughan adds: "Bertrand Russell (upon whose authority I take this quotation) has tried to apply this criterion to 'Buddha, Christ, Mohammed, Milton and Blake,' and confesses himself staggered by the result."

Wickham's sense of humor is nothing if not deucedly clever. While engaged in the congenial process of inserting his wisdom teeth in the vulnerable intimate places in Freudianism, he stops long enough to write this distressing paragraph: "It is interesting to note that 'the first scientific task' at which Bruecke set him 'was concerned with the nervous system of a fish—the Ammocoetes.' Have we here the origin of the Freudian philosophy? It seems to me so, but perhaps this is merely because I have recently been reading Roland Pertwee's inimitable 'Fish Are Such Liars,' in *The Saturday Evening Post.*"

Leaning upon religious and metaphysical assumptions and a certain sprightly dialectic, Wickham makes out a good case (for those minded to agree with him) against the doctrines of mechanism and determinism, and the general acceptance of science as a method adequate to understanding human nature or illuminating life as a whole. The method of Whitehead, though less clever and facile,

is certainly more profound and, for purposes of intellectual revaluation, more meaningful.

So hit and miss a technique as Wickham employs often leaves the impression of a scatterbrained treatment of problems that need above all a more synthetic and solid coherent analysis. There are so many ways of refuting important ideas, of undermining them bit by bit and yet, strangely enough, the impression may persist of the quite intact vitality and undeniable relevancy of the original system or generalization under fire.

Still, it is a pleasure to find a writer whose competence in scholarship and whose extraordinary equipment in wit and argumentative subtlety make his vandalistic drive against the "misbehaviorists" (Watson, Freud, Dorsey & Co.) both enlightening and exhilarating.

In reading Professor Altenburg's *How We Inherit,* one can't help envying the young students of to-day and thinking with an ache in one's cerebellum of the textbooks of yesteryear. Our professors, our scholars in general, are learning to pay attention to writing as such. This is the noblest revolution of them all. Simplicity, lucidity, a certain charming friendliness of presentation, a commendable willingness to meet the inexpert reader more than half way, are elements in the new style of writing textbooks.

Professor Altenburg's exposition of a most difficult science is clarity itself. Heredity is not an easy subject even when it is simplified by a most intelligent teacher. Its complexities can, however, be clarified by a patient and pellucid presentation of the major problems that concern this special branch of biology. Rarely do the diagrams in a textbook do anything but make confusion

worse confounded. *How We Inherit* is a beautiful exception to the rule.

We are treated to illuminating discussions of the function and nature of the chromosomes; the genes (which are located in the chromosomes and carry within their miraculous infinitesimal selves the complicated heredity of the race); color blindness, the hereditary basis for which is found in the sex chromosome, being transmitted through the female and more preponderant among the males of the species; sex determination; mutation; the genetical interpretation of sex ("Yet reproduction is not necessarily bound up with sex"), with special emphasis throughout on the profound importance to biology in its more recent discoveries and researches of the Mendelian principles.

In the words of our author: "Mendel made a discovery which is just as fundamental in the world of living things as Newton's laws of mechanics in the lifeless. Whether or not an Einstein will appear in the field of biology to tell us that Mendel's principle, exact as it is, is only a close approximation to the truth, still remains to be seen. Certainly the more complicated cases of inheritance do not direct a damaging finger at Mendel. They point to something dependent upon his principle: multiple factors."

Professor Altenburg adopts, it seems to me, the sanest and pragmatically the most fruitful position in the still vital controversy between those who argue about heredity *or* environment as the primary determinant in a life history. The behaviorists and the radical sociologists stress with a dogmatic certainty the environmental factors. The so-called intelligence testers and the eugenicists emphasize with an equal unscientific positiveness the hereditary

factors. These controversies are in the nature of the case rather futile. Heredity and environment are so intimately interlaced from the aboriginal beginning of things as to make any attempt to slice the continuity of life by artificial analysis a quite unmeaning enterprise.

Incidentally, we get some light on the biologic—the cosmic—origin of the inferiority complex in human nature! "It is difficult to imagine just how small you were at the beginning of your existence. You and I and the rest of the human race, a billion and a half of us in all, could at this very earliest stage in our development have been crowded into a two-gallon bottle."

It is clearer than daylight that there is a new body of fascinating knowledge which can be put at the service of boys and girls so that by the time they have reached their sixteenth birthday they will have been inducted into the mysteries of the universe, natural and human, in which they have their dreams and frustrations.

If a new curriculum were framed for the elementary and high schools, interweaving the sciences of geology, embryology, physics and psychology (with their various kindred and allied branches), our adolescents might for once in the history of a blind and stammering world be adequately equipped to understand what life in general, and their human nature in particular, are really and objectively like.

I agree with Watson when he eloquently pleads for a new kind of behavioristic education with central emphasis upon self-knowledge (in the new, psychoglandular sense) and says: "The youth of fourteen trained as I suggest may not know as much literature, history and mathematics as the youth of fourteen to-day, but he

need never fear either the psychoanalyst's unconscious or the behaviorist's unverbalized."

Only I should want this re-education to be highly *conscious.*

This lust of universities for scientific truth would seem a strange thing if it were not so familiar. Why should universities care to know the truth about electrons, and pterodactyls, Betelgeuse, and the path of light in a gravitational field? We have heard of the thirst for knowledge. Universities cultivate it. But other thirsts are frequently overdone and lead to drunkenness. The mere existence of a thirst is not ordinarily regarded as sufficient reason for gratifying it. Indeed, quite the contrary is the case. Morality has often been described as the suppression of thirsts in the interest of reason. Not even a thirst for knowledge is moral unless there is some good reason for possessing the knowledge that is thirsted after. A passion for knowledge without discrimination is as mad as a passion for the moon. Such a mania should appropriately end in suicide in a fit of despondency over our utter hopeless inability ever to take observations of the far side of the loony satellite.—C. E. Ayres, *Science: The False Messiah.*

XIII

IS PSYCHOLOGY A SCIENCE OR A RELIGION?

PSYCHOLOGY, especially in America—the land of miracles —is in danger of becoming a religion. In fact, it is surprising to what an extent psychology is being called upon to *solve* the problems of life.

Religion with its confessional is being replaced by psychology with its psychoanalytic purgation.

Old-fashioned medicine is going out of existence, a happier substitute having been found in that branch of medicine which deserves to be called mental hygiene.

For the first time in history we are beginning to realize the importance of knowing what goes on within our minds, rather than within the world at large. Human nature has become the most important subject in our newer conceptions of education.

Why has human nature become so fascinating a study? Primarily because civilization is in peril of breaking down, and we want to know why it is that human beings botch and bungle life so terribly, when their chief aim appears to be happiness and fellowship.

No science, however wonderful, not even the marvels of mechanics, can make man feel at home in the world, can help him to get along intelligently and joyfully unless he understands human nature.

We might put it this way, and say that man has busied himself through the centuries with everything on earth except—the nature of himself.

Why do we hesitate to get acquainted with our own minds and hearts? The new psychology gives as the correct answer our fear of realizing what overgrown children we all are, however mature and grownup we pretend to be.

Even wise men can play the fool with surprising frequency.

Human nature has an illimitable capacity for believing of itself what no mind playing the critic will grant. This mildly insane talent for overvaluing ourselves is responsible for an egoistic rapacity that contributes colossally to the brutalizing of human relations.

There is a kind of theatricalism in human behavior, especially in the more profound and emotionally intense moods of life, that cannot be easily differentiated from disingenuousness. There is a strange and baffling intertwining of sincerity and insincerity. The most insincere behavior has an internal psycho-patho-logic of sincerity. The human mind is hysterically sane.

Since all the world's a stage and we pathos-ridden humans actors of sorts, it is not surprising that psychology and pathology shall appeal so morbidly to our mock-heroic and melodramatic and make-believe natures.

If we ask why the newer clinical psychology is so fascinating, I suppose half the answer comes from the existence in human nature of a genuine gift for exhibitionism and psychoanalytic inquisitiveness. There is the further fact that latter-day psychology utters its wisdom with a wonderful oracular candor concerning the most vital and intimate elements of our personal lives, such as sex and love and narcissism, and the will-to-superiority—and the remarkable possibilities of breakdown of many fine minds.

The soul of man is given once more a status of infinite importance—if only because of the pathology and pathos that cling so poignantly to the humblest human nature. It is as though the unbearable de-gradation of life brought about by a merciless scientific reduction of man to mechanism is being subtly neutralized and overcompensated by an almost religious absorption in psychological discovery and psychoanalytic revelation.

If *homo sapiens* has been robbed of his sense of omnipotence, of personal dignity, by scientific analysis, his consciousness and rationality having been reduced to a status of quite pathetic insignificance, he has known how to reëstablish his sovereignty and his self-respect by rediscovering in his unconscious startling sources of power and potentiality: all the beautiful and brilliant attributes of a hypothetical consciousness have been subtly assigned to a magically unearthed unconscious!

Re-educationally, the most potent fact that we have learned from this new wisdom is the incredibly large rôle played in our lives by childhood experience. Many of the experiences of fear and shame and disgust and worry that belong to the earliest years of childhood have a way of darkening our lives in adolescence and maturity.

Psychoanalysis is a brilliant method for discovering the nature of these early experiences and of helping a person to understand them and in consequence to "master" them. What each one of us needs is a knowledge of this great branch of thinking and therapeutics so that we can undergo a re-education of our habits and of our values.

Re-education means a better insight into the early history of our lives, a deeper knowledge of puberty and adolescence, a franker appreciation of our emotions, a more courageous grip on reality.

It is the part of good sense, if we are to live less painfully and more wisely, to know what our human nature is like, in clinical reality. How many human beings can honestly say that they have the courage to see themselves critically? And yet, unless we do learn much more truth about ourselves, we cannot undertake to be intelligent parents or happy lovers or wise teachers.

If people behave cruelly or foolishly or stupidly or criminally, the new psychology and the new education prepare us to understand the hidden motives of such ruinous behavior. We no longer feel ourselves innately superior but are rather in the mood to listen with tolerance to the histories of those who are trapped in difficulty. We come not to judge morally but to understand scientifically with psychiatric compassion. This is the humanitarianism of the psychoanalytic school.

America, more than any other country, civilized or primitive, has suffered for many generations from emotional and artistic starvation. We have been too busy with making a living to have any time or free energy left for actually living. Living, it begins to dawn upon us, is an art. Making a living is a business. We need much more art in our lives.

We cannot make life a joyous art unless we understand human nature more deeply. The new psychology is not only a profound science but also a brilliant art. It helps human beings to find more significance in themselves and much more opportunity in life for creative expression.

Without the wisdom of the newer psychology we remain blind bunglers, never knowing why our dreams are so often transformed into nightmares. We must learn to believe in dreams again.

PART FOUR

RE-EDUCATING THE CONVENTIONAL MIND

SONG

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away? *

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, *The Vicar of Wakefield.*

* The correct answer can be found in the sacred texts of Marie Stopes, Margaret Sanger, Norman Haire. Art wedded to science!

XIV

THE IMMORALITY OF CONVENTIONAL MORALS

(A STUDY IN SADISM)

Part One

IN BORIS SIDIS' *Philistine and Genius* you will come upon this memorable sentence: "The very men who looked down with delight when the sand of the arena reddened with human blood, made the theatre ring with applause when Terence in his famous line proclaimed the brotherhood of men. . . ."

We are incorrigibly moral. The irony of it is that we are proud of our incorrigibility. The wickedest man will righteously argue that his conduct has some higher purpose than self-advantage. (Vilely immoral or criminal persons have a most rigid justification of their code.) As far as he is concerned, there is no logic on earth, no controverting fact, that will shake his conviction. If it were not so, how could we explain man's inhumanity to man?

There is a universal insanity—quite normal to the human race—the mania of self-righteousness.

The stagey part man plays in life depends for its theatric success upon the conviction of an impersonal integrity, an impersonality by the side of which the affairs of his conventional and familiar self are trivial indeed. *Pretense is the key to man's conduct in a so-called civilized society.*

This "instinct" for make-believe I shall call: his capacity for theatricalism. You cannot rob man of his theatricalism. He knows that all the world's a stage and that playing a rôle, however minor, elicits applause and admiration. The one indispensable requirement is good acting. Even if one plays the villain's part, the listening world (of the self-righteous) will applaud if only the acting—the dramaturgy of pretense—is absorbing.

The "instinctive" need of approval—no man is sufficient unto himself—though some deluded souls are cynically joyous in the belief that they are—adequately accounts for man's habit of self-justification. *The primal essence of all morality is the need of approval.* Morality may be defined as the Art of Self-Approval.

Morality is a tyrannous code of agreements the open violation of which provokes such fierce and concentrated hostility that only very exceptional persons (occupying strategic positions in society) dare be out-and-out "immoral," while mediocre creatures must hide behind closed doors, so to speak, to assert their private anarchisms.

Why this fixity of the moral code, this harsh pronouncement against trespassers?

In a treacherous world, security is the goal of all unconscious striving. Security is at best a passionate assumption; it is never a certified reality. Security emerges from the possession of useful advantages. For everyday mortals, conventional morality is the most useful of those advantages. It simplifies life by standardizing conduct. It builds approvals and shields men from the painful consequences of self-analysis. It lubricates the machinery of intercourse between man and his fellows. It lends the appearance of wholeness, of continuity, of significance,

to an otherwise chaotic life. It buoys up common men in their turbulent hours of need; to these familiar sanctions they cling lovingly as to life-savers.

And most important of all, conventional morality surrounds youth's impulsive experiences with fringes of righteousness, the adornment and consolation of make-believe characters. "Person" etymologically derives from the Latin *persona* signifying mask. Humans play their mock-heroic parts with more verve and gusto and self-distinction when they are masked. Life is for the generality of mankind more interesting when viewed through a medium. Is not conventional morality precisely that medium through which ordinary folk like to glimpse the panorama of existence? Masks, like horses' blinkers, shut off impinging sights and sounds and disconcerting views, narrowing the vista to accustomed sign posts and milestones.

Conventional morality is the ample mask *Homo* puts on as soon as he grows old enough to be conscious of his rôle in society. And so we shuffle through life's common ways "tricked in disguises," our real scheming and plotting selves hidden not only from the quizzical outside world but frequently from ourselves. We shudder to think of ourselves unmasked, as virtuous women shudder to think of themselves unclothed in a public place. The world is not to be trusted. Our discomfiture is the world's delight. Our ample masks cloak that discomfiture. We live by pretense and delusion.

Morality is the hegemony of inherited customs. Inherited customs standardize conduct. Standardized conduct anticipates life's emergencies for the average man. *Conventional morality prepares him by preliminary catechisms for the crises of maturity.* He is taught how

to behave in company. A breach of etiquette is the irreparable sin because it makes conformists abruptly aware of the fragility of their glorified routines. A breach of morality is a heinous offense because it makes all moral folk wonder whether their congenial brand of conformity is the last word in wisdom. Here we trip upon the very crux of the situation. A moral man attains to the "moral" estate by the social processes of imitation and repetition. Before he could even know the meaning of the bond, he had already been taught to act thus and so. He becomes moral by fiat of external authority. His morality has in literal truth been imposed upon him unawares.

Suddenly, one fine analytic day, a passionate voice challenges him: "How do you know?" "Why?" And his toy-house of right and wrong topples over and with it his heavy accumulation of make-believe. The trapped conformist is stunned into a poignant realization of inadequacy. He honestly admits to himself ("sub-vocally") that he doesn't really know why he believes as he does. The simple truth is that he does not believe as *he* does; he has believed, parasitically and imitatively, as others in his provincial universe have dictated that he believe.

The plight of credulity was never more touchingly expressed than in the following confession of Mrs. Knox in Shaw's *Fanny's First Play:*

"*Mrs. Knox*—No, Jo; you know I'm not. What better were my people than yours, for all their pride? But I've noticed it all my life: we're ignorant. We don't really know what's right and what's wrong. We're all right as long as things go the way they always did. We bring our children up just as we were brought up; and we go to church or chapel just as our parents did; and we say

what everybody says; and it goes on all right until something out of the way happens; there's a family quarrel, or one of the children goes wrong, or a father takes to drink, or an aunt goes mad, or one of us finds ourselves doing something we never thought we'd want to do. And then you know what happens; complaints and quarrels and huff and offence and bad language and bad temper and regular bewilderment as if Satan possessed us all. We find out that with all our respectability and piety, we have no real religion and no way of telling right from wrong. We've nothing but our habits; and when they're upset, where are we? Just like Peter in the storm trying to walk on the water and finding he couldn't."

What an unforgettable commentary on the dumb morality of habit!

At the luminous moment when a mortal asks himself the why of his faiths, he has pulled loose from the placenta of provincialism and has become, however gropingly, an individuality. The familiar approvals are no longer tenable. The accustomed certitude is fractured. Accepted loyalties are distraught. Selfhood has arisen, challenging and challenged.

Think of a person as having taken his conduct for granted—what surprise that he fights tigerishly for moral survival when pounced upon by a whys-man who asks the rationale of that conduct. The besieged fellow doesn't know what defenses to erect. Hitherto he has not felt the need of analysis. His inevitable first attitude is one of hostility, the hostility that is a variant of self-preservation. He draws his mask tighter. He pretends that his beliefs are *just naturally* right by inherent force. He defends what he does not clearly understand.

If his vanity is not too incrustated with delusion, he will retire, apparently victorious, unmoved, self-justified, but in reality, inwardly dismayed, a heavy-hearted uncertainty tugging at his conscience. Self-analysis has broken the heart of loyalty. He must begin anew the unsweet task of reaffirming his faith in his ancient faiths, lying bleeding now on a battlefield of doubt.

Morality resists criticism for the same reason that human beings shun disapproval. Disapproval disorders one's neatly appointed world. Disapproval is the jarring discord in the mind's quondam harmony. To banish the discord, to reinstate the harmony, is the serious business of the will. Man cannot live energetically nor achieve whole-heartedly with divided will. An unquestioned and unquestioning unity seems necessary to that high confidence which finds fulfillment in life's manifold duties.

Morality is the unwritten bond of approval between bungling humans. It is the mask that screens uncertainty. Those brutal intellectuals whose mission it is to tear off mediocrity's masks meet the fate of all the ungodly. For their excessive inquisitiveness they are persecuted and cast out. . . . It is interesting to note how inquisitorial is our affectionate concern for other human beings.

Our image-breakers and mask-deriders ask too much of man. They would have him ingloriously exposed to the biting winds of disillusion. A tonic exposure indeed for those who can survive it, unbroken in spirit, unembittered in heart! The Spartan fiber has not been bred into the whole human race. With pathetic cheerfulness men will confess their discordant weakness, if only the confessor will promise absolution. But suppose a human is exhorted for truth's sake to peer into his unmasked mind,

to probe the vainglorious depths of his affrighted soul—not for Christ's sweet sake but for Truth's bitter sake—the gift of absolution no longer dangling hopefully before his awakened eyes, would confessional be the welcome thing it conventionally is reputed to be?

Men must justify their conduct to the world because, preoccupied with schemes and hopes and tasks never-ending, they have not available enough ethical energy for disputing every difference with a hostile jury. Sweet accord, inwardly and outwardly, the soul of doubt-haunted man doth crave.

It is good to ask ourselves now and then such disconcerting queries as: Why do we need morality at all? What is conscience? Can men—as we know them in war and peace—be moral? Can lofty minds do without the restraints and solaces of morality? Why do creative thinkers war upon conventional codes? Who is equipped to define morality for all of us? Why does an excess of self-righteous zeal tend to be persecutive? . . .

For clarity's sake let us analyze four significant phases of morality: the ethics of conventionality; the ethics of persecution; the ethics of loyalty; the ethics of humanism. In these four types of self-portrayal we may discover what is good and what evil in human morality—as practiced in civilized communities.

Only a simpleton will be amazed to unearth a shocking amount of evil in the familiar practices of virtuous folk. The pride of virtue, like the hard disdain of vice, is inherent in the melodramatic poses and pretenses that constitute the theatricalism so dear to unimaginative minds to whom, on the plane of melodrama, life is perennially absorbing.

Virtuous ones little understand their vices. We know

that long before humans have attained the age of reason-and-reflection, their codes of conduct have been ready-made for them. The compulsions of instinct and of impulse and of habituation have grooved out in the non-resistant clay of memory tenacious patterns of disapproval long before the age of wisdom. And life during its agonizing period of reason and reflection tragically spends itself in conflicting justifications, recriminations, backslidings, resurgences, floppings and standings erect, painful combatings with instinct's vagaries and reason's treacherous whimsicalities. . . .

Ethics is the disheartening attempt to straighten out a crooked world.

The mischievous experiment of the precedent generations, viz., the splitting of humanity into two hemispheres, labeled respectively The Good and The Bad, The Good manifesting their native superiority by mercilessly ostracizing The Bad, by wielding the torture instruments of a studied persecution, by creating a hell on earth for the outcast; The Bad parading their superiority by bitter retaliations, malign perversities, and excessive indulgence in the unclean tactics of hate of The Good—the Age of Melodrama still triumphs!

The majority of humans drain their most effervescent delights from the vivid antagonisms of Virtue and Vice. That melodrama seems exhaustless in its human appeal. And yet, here we are, good and bad, virtuous and vicious, hating, scandal-mongering, accusing, envying, distorting, paining, torturing one another. We are experts in vivisection. We tear life to shreds with about as much concern as a drunken driver who runs down a passer-by, manifests. The fellow was in the way. Life (as the other

person sees fit to live it) is in our way. So, we run it down.

Butchers by instinct, we delight in brandishing the blade. "As I reflected upon the intensive application of man to war in cold, rain, and mud; in rivers, canals, and lakes; underground, in the air, and under the sea; infected with vermin, covered with scabs, adding the stench of his own filthy body to that of his decomposing comrades; hairy, begrimed, bedraggled, yet with unflagging zeal striving eagerly to kill his fellows; and as I felt within myself the mystical urge of the sound of great cannon I realized that war is a normal state of man." Thus writes Dr. Crile in his unforgettable, *A Mechanistic View of War and Peace.*

Our lovely instincts make existence less than a paradise but more than a boredom. Perhaps we ought not to lament. At any rate, here we are and for flickering periods diurnally we must somehow contrive to get along. And we do. How? Essentially, by fixed and memorable conventionalisms. When Oscar Wilde wrote "Manners before Morals, my dear," he immortalized more than a flippant epigram. He gave us the key to conventional morality.

For unquestionably, a certified code of salutations is a harmonizing force of incalculable importance in a society whose underpinnings are pretense and make-believe. "Gaucherie"—an embarrassing left-handedness—is the badge, in a conventionalized society, of the uncouth. To be uncouth in polite society is more fraught with menace than being downright immoral. For splendid reasons. Immorality is (to moral persons) a source of clandestine joy and of hushed speculation; hence it bears its recompense in human interest. Half the intense delight of con-

ventionally good people is illegitimate, snatched as it roguishly is from the unruly deeds of the daredevils. Then, too, the very knowledge that you (or I), undiscovered, may fluently discuss the immorality of a caught offender argues quite a delightful superiority. Vanity is too self-conscious to neglect that histrionic opportunity.

The mind loves to wallow in its own hysterical purities. Scandal-mongering is the spice of life. That's what conventional humans half-wittedly have in mind when they say that a perfectly good world would be a bore!

Immorality "pays" the race by keying its interest up to the pitch of a thrilling dime novel. But uncouthness—a violation of manners—is really intolerable. For you afford others no pleasure, only the uneasiness of suppressed surprise. In defense of their own rigid etiquette, well-mannered people must pretend not to have noticed the slip. If they laughed, they would be violating their own impeccable standards (which the lord of hosts forbid!) Good manners in "society" are not unlike Japanese diplomats. When the whole world is moved to laughter, they remain rigid.

The etiquettical pretense is the salt of the body-moral: it affects the systole and diastole of the heart instantly. "Manners before Morals" is the shibboleth of a people who, distrustful of one another's motives, must humorously pretend to the enjoyment of one another's society.

Manners are the most elemental of the conventionalities. *They prescribe the mode of behavior prerequisite to membership in a stratified society.* Manners standardize "right" behavior. Formalism garlands commonplace transactions with so dignified a wreath, informality looks like rank incivility.

People will insist upon their hero-worshippings, their

obeisance-makings, their stereotyped flatteries and insincerities, their hierarchic tweedle-dums-and-dees, because the inveterate habit of make-believe, the histrionic talent for masking and showing-off and playing one's part is so deeply imbedded in the stuff of irrational human nature.

The most ancient of all moralities is this code of conventionalisms. The code is simply the embodiment of (good) manners as defined by the strategically situated members of a stratified society. Social agreeableness is publicly fostered even among antipathetic souls. We learn to behave better than we wish to. The formalities coerce politeness ("good breeding").

Conventionality has so high an ethical value because it builds the pretenses of good fellowship and, like the medieval truce of God, established with the beautiful intention of affording enemies adequate breathing space for recuperation, and the renewal of hostilities, fosters camaraderie in avocational spare time.

Of course, even unconventional persons ("unconventional" is largely a misnomer) are guided by codes of routine behavior, the violation of which is a menace to their charmed hierarchy and treated as such.

Very rarely do you find a person so genuinely wise as not to centralize the insignificant manners and mannerisms of life as the all-important meaning and content thereof.

Why, for example, are first impressions so tenacious—and unreliable? Because at best they reveal personality; at worst, eccentricity; in neither case, that more human thing, individuality. And yet, the whole world of gossips is in a proud conspiracy to judge a mortal by the initial "impression" he makes. Hence the tyranny of conven-

tionality. "They say. What do they say? Let them say it!": above a serene mantelpiece in the Shavian household—so they say—this Machiavellian motto is enshrined.

The petty intrigues and insolences and repressions of conventionality are mild and humane compared with the incredible tactics of dogmatically moral persons. Serious moral natures are hunters-by-instinct. Forever on the hunt for game, they develop an abnormal olfactory nerve which helps them to pecksniff wrongdoers even at a psychically remote distance.

To the hunter-after-righteousness this savage delight is more demoralizing than salvation is moralizing to the hunted.

The delight ("Schadenfreude") in detecting, hunting down, hounding, trapping, and spiritually stoning a wrongdoer is a self-indulgence we must not permit our good people to enjoy (in the guise of righteous indignation).

The ethic of persecution tells a sadder tale of the masked malice of morality than some holy brethren would care to listen to.

To understand the malice of good people and the wanton folly of bad, one must never lose sight of the momentous fact that conduct is not a matter of premeditated choice. Long before the mind is awake to the reflective need of justifying its code of behavior, its conduct has been predetermined by a hundred insistent and persuasive influences of heredity and environment, personal and social. The compulsions of instinct and of imitation set the pattern for our specific behavior; if that pattern comes into sharp juxtaposition with a different

(i. e., unfamiliar) pattern, we instinctively and habitually prefer our own.

A moral person may be defined as one who cannot help "preferring" his own accustomed infirmities to those of any other mores-bound human.

The salient distinction between a conventionally moral and an unconventionally moral person is usually a difference in pet prejudices.

Morality is like the weather: its behavior is moody, whimsical, indifferently good, playfully bad, provocative and wholly irrational.

The fundamental truth, underlying every morality is a simple one: every human believes in himself. He must. To that extent every person is—in his own view—moral.

For, basically, morality is self-approval. All the moral mischief-making arises from the too rigid evaluation of particular acts.

Conventionally moral persons are strong prohibitionists in public. They are not such nice teetotalers in private.

A sanctified and corrupting duplicity mars their loveliest pretences. Morality immortalizes the congenial folly of ignoring the beam in our own eye and attending—how passionately—to the mote in our neighbor's.

Morality, in a stratified society, is hard and intolerant and self-righteous. If it were tolerant and magnanimous and sage, it would not afford its enthusiastic devotees the exaltation they now derive from their prides and prejudices and prepossessions. The only moral reason why morality is so popular is because it bolsters up self-importance.

As that charming and humanistic philosopher, Art Young, expresses it: "It's a world of pots and kettles, a

continual condemnation. Each calls the other black. When we condemn another, is it not a form of conceit? Does not the assumption go with it, that we are all right?" Again he says penetratingly: "We do things that require all of our moral courage only to find that others call our courage immoral."

Morality is built upon a jesuitical and unverifiable distinction between me and thee. Hence its inevitable duplicity and the sanctimonious aroma that envelops its mock-heroic poses and pretenses.

Common sense reminds us that if we only dared to meditate upon the carnage of dreams violated, and of trusts lying betrayed in our own venal souls, we should be so preoccupied indemnifying life for our own flagrant trespasses that our neighbor's sins would by contrast appear venial. But no! To sit in judgment—that is the tantalizing reward of virtue.

Even the disillusioned ones, whom it shames to thrive on the chagrins and pains of a frustrated and trapped fellow-man, are frequently pressed into the mob of judges. We who know better must pretend to be shocked, outraged, surprised, offended, when one of our inherited superstitions (conventionally called a virtue) is infringed.

If we ask why it is seemly and virtuous to be shocked, the only reply at all adequate seems to be that the unruffled serenity of a detached mind embarrasses and perplexes the conventional hunters-after-righteousness; they will not endure dispassionateness; they fear its tonic effect upon their overwrought self-righteousness. Calm is not a sufficiently moral pose! Morality, as we know it, would collapse like a toy balloon if men and women acquired the habit of cultivating intellectual poise.

Moral people are full of venom. That venom they

humorlessly refer to as righteous indignation. O conceited moralist, why seest thou the hypocrisy in thy brother's eye and seest not the duplicity in thine own? Conventional morality has its deepest roots in the morbid desire for self-approval and self-aggrandizement, not in the love of virtue. So much is plain.

Fool or knave may conform externally to every prescribed canon of sanctified conduct; the fool or knave within him has not therefore been redeemed by the eucharistic pretense. Since behavior is not a reasoned-out procedure but only a sheepish posture, why is it so highly appraised, why does it affect to be so outraged when it is challenged, why is it so quick to bespeak for its devotees the sanctity of the ages?

To begin with, the vast majority of people are in the conspiracy to moralize the world according to their fixed patterns. Conspirators cannot be expected to turn "State's evidence" against themselves. More important still, old sanctions, like old wines, old oaks, old friends, old bric-à-brac, old prejudices, old follies, come of themselves to be sacred and incredibly precious. And most significant of all is the pragmatic reason; to be moral as this world goes is to profit enormously in the cherished things of the flesh, if not always in the things of the spirit. The profit is manifold and cumulative. You may walk with head erect among all manner of men (nobody knows what is in your heart). You may enjoy the insatiable prerogative of talking like a messiah; the preacher in you will add cubits to his spiritual stature:—is there any joy more alluring to man than preaching? The wisest of us do far too much of it.

The mischievous art, morally sanctioned, of tyrannizing over others who cannot escape our domination be-

gins with childhood and ends only with senility. The Way of All Flesh! To dictate to others: do you know of any business for which the race's experience has better fitted man, the incorrigible moralist?

Another profit accrues from the affectation of moral superiority. By roguishly playing hide-and-seek with the perilous facts of life you may "set a good example" to children. Children will mistake your acting for actions, and, hugely edified, will set to building houses of make-believe upon the sands of pretense—until, one fateful day, to their horror, they perceive the rottenness of the whole drainage system. That's a sad day in the career of credulous youth. Who but our foolish moral folk are to blame for the suppression of the commonplace and graphically obvious facts about life's intimacies? Who but our sheepishly moral folk are to blame for the morbid, almost rabid opposition to profound dramas dealing with the familiar-momentous experiences of maturing men and women?

Morality is so uncertain of its fragile virtues, it honestly knows not what to approve nor what to condemn, nor why nor wherefore!

Morality is a gadfly tormenting a perplexed and unhappy mankind with its malicious stings. External conformity holds out so many profitable advantages. You have the whole world on your side. Mere numbers count amazingly when they are all repeating the self-same catechism. Precisely in the realm of morals is majority rule most obnoxious. For the routineers understand neither the origin, function nor varied development of codes of morality.

Of one thing we may be infallibly certain: if your average moralist could not find melodramatic excitement

in persecuting non-conformists, he would abandon his particular code as stupid and unadventurous.

Who can doubt that conventional morality has been *the* unfathomable source of man's malicious fun in a dull world?

Morality's inner corruption consists in this: it sucks its pleasure from another's pain.

Watch the face of a teacher when she has "caught" a pupil lying. Observe the expression on a detective's face as he cuff-links a culprit. Behold the equivocating lawyer as he disconcerts an unnerved witness. See the priest glow with self-righteousness as he sips his brew tapped from the bursting heart of a wretched penitent. Witness the brute delight of the patriot as he leads the miserable spy to his doom. Study the young flirt's sadistic joy as she steals her girl friend's beau. And the schoolboy's rascally pleasure as he sticks pins into a puny neighbor. Notice the humming knots of gossips enjoying their "sight-seeing" through misery's dark alleys.

Nice people take a day off to visit a prison, inspect the inmates like so many prize dogs at a show, and come away whispering innocently, "So interesting." Scrutinize your virgin social worker in the slums peeping and straining to mind other folk's business. And let us not fail to look at our own faces when we have gained an advantage over an adversary. O so moral, so moral!—what shall we do with these ubiquitous moral folk?

"In the South Sea Islands they have for contagious diseases a horror as great as your horror of crime. A man or woman stricken with a loathsome disease, such as smallpox, is seized, isolated, and the individual sores of the smallpox patient are earnestly scraped with sea-shells—until the patient dies. It hurts the patient a good

deal—without ever curing, of course—but it relieves the feelings of the outraged good ones who wield the sea-shells." These penetrating words were written, in his pre-sclerotic days, by Mr. Arthur Brisbane in a remarkable editorial entitled *The "Criminal" Class.* He concludes his stinging satire with this caustic utterance: "Rich good men, nice bishops, comfortable, benevolent ladies—every man and woman on Blackwell's Island, every wretched creature living near a 'red light,' would gladly change places with any of you. . . . Scrape away with your sea-shells, but try also to give a few more and a few better chances in youth to those whom you now hunt as criminals in their mature years. . . ."

It is interesting to try to explain why all conventionally moral natures have in common the pernicious habit of being eager to condemn what they have not taken the pains to understand.

Understanding is a dangerous habit of mind; through the uncontaminated eyes of reflection one learns to sympathize with almost every conceivable behavior. He who understands is perilously near to condoning.

To forgive calmly and dispassionately as wise men do is equivalent to depriving oneself of the ecstasies of self-righteousness. Mr. Average Man cannot so easily be weaned from that voluptuous breast. The delights of preaching and of judging will not be so lightly yielded up in behalf of the colorless duty of understanding.

We cling to morality, not because we know what it is all about; not because we have philosophic theories of right and wrong; not because we are solicitous for our neighbor's immortal soul:—no, a thousand times, no!—but only because this tedious life would be infinitely less exciting if we were less moral—and more humane.

Is it not a noteworthy fact that those who best understand life's trammeled ways; who sympathize unstintingly with all the children of men; who with disillusioned eye glimpse the tragedy of broken wills; who catch the meaning of our baffled strivings; that these seers, the only honorably moral members of our community, who can most afford to condemn, tyrannize over, and moralize a decrepit mankind, are the greatest humanitarians of all?

Is it not revealing that small souls whose conduct is so utterly irrational, whimsical, aimless, and bungling; who, therefore, are constantly committing (though often "unconsciously") the most outrageous follies and trespasses and sins:—is it not significant that these conventional creatures are the first to point the finger of scorn, and to wield the weapons of persecution, against a fellow-weakling?

Perhaps, after all, such topsy-turveydom is not strange. Not, if we remember that experience of and by itself cannot make us either wiser or better: it makes us sadder or sillier. Only calm reflection upon our experiences can avail to make us more wise and more humane. Small moral natures are persecutors because they contrive to learn little or nothing from their recurrent experience. They do not understand. Their capacity for realization is dwarfish. They condemn in another a fault rampant in their own hearts because condemnation yields the righteous soul the tingling sensation of superiority.

Magnanimous persons can afford to forego common delights. Only such exceptional souls are possessed of the genuinely moral nature. How wide and deep the gulf between morality and spirituality!

A world swamped by conventional morality would be a madhouse. To the extent that our civilization is swamped by the poses and pretenses and prejudices of conventional morality, it is a madhouse.

Philosophy cannot itself determine the ends of life, but it can free us from the tyranny of prejudice and from distortions due to a narrow view. Love, beauty, knowledge, and joy of life: these things retain their lustre however wide our purview. And if philosophy can help us to feel the value of these things, it will have played its part in man's collective work of bringing light into a world of darkness.—Bertrand Russell, *Philosophy.*

Part Two

A world swamped by conventional morality would be a madhouse. To the extent that our civilization is swamped by conventional morality, it is a madhouse. . . .

Think of conduct's obscure and tangled origins.

Let a fellow sit down and make a list of his likes and dislikes, predilections and aversions, approvals and disapprovals, in short, let him try to analyze his behaviorist code. A significant truth will emerge. The more emotional his aversion, the more irrational. The more intense his approval, the more irrational. The more unemotional and analytic his predilection or antipathy, the more rational.

Our deepest feelings, the mainsprings of behavior, are "deepest" precisely because they are disassociated from our reflective powers. A probing analyst—a disillusioned thinker—discovers no startling contrasts of vice and virtue in our all-too-human world because he has reasoned out the bases of conduct. He has found that good and

evil are indissolubly linked, enmeshed in origins and tendencies and dispositions, hardly controllable, and intensely emotional. He has learned—what the inflexible-minded call cynicism—that the specific precipitates labeled good and evil are merely the casual by-products of that experiment in self-realization called Living, and that these products are unpremeditated by man.

Virtuous folk, that is, lovers of pretense, become intensely enamored of their few familiar virtues—which prove on reflection to be unanalyzed habits long sanctioned. Thus the nascent good is tainted at its source by an excess of emotionalism. And goodness is thus ever in danger of becoming fanaticism. Fanaticism is the irrational assumption that one all-embracing "good" is preessential to the salvation of an erring and unheeding mankind. These prophets of sublime folly are the romantic men of blood-and-iron (sometimes pacifists at heart): the messiahs, inquisition-experts, war-lords, millennial-promoters, salvationists-by-profession. Beware the man with one wonderful idea for saving the race. I have never known of a salvation that was not to be purchased at the cost of everything men of temperament and humor hold dear here below. Let us beware the hot-blooded sincerities of men. The Good Life cannot be built on regimentation and uniformity.

There is a passage in William Ellery Leonard's little classic, *Socrates, Master of Life,* which is well worth quoting: "Kant founded the moral life in the good will; Socrates in right thinking. Yet each implies the factor made paramount by the other: Kant says act so that the maxim of thy conduct is fit to become universal law and implies the rationalizing, generalizing, judging, knowing mind; Socrates says a man without self-control is little

better than the beasts, and implies that energy of soul to which modern psychology gives the name will. A worthy moral life is impossible without both, but the romantic ethical tendencies of today need the propædeutic of Socrates more than of Kant. *The good will we have always with us, giving often enough, with ghastly best wishes, unwittingly a serpent for a fish and a stone for bread; but the intelligence to see the practical bearings of conduct* and to discriminate between higher and lower ideals is too often lacking—to the dwarfing of the individual and to the confusion of society. *The fool in Sill's poem* (which goes deep) *prayed not for the good will, but for wisdom; and therefore the less fool he.*" (The italics are mine).

In their "off" moments of lucid insight, men are poignantly aware of the need of tolerance, as between humans whose changeful conduct is not the outcome of premeditation but the expression of impulse. When "good fellows" foregather on festal occasions to reminisce, they unbuckle their hard-and-fast intolerances, loosen their make-believe moralities, unstiffen their formalities, and gladly unbind the suffocating mask of pretense (worn for the world's sake). Then they feel *at home.* On such rare occasions, the natural man steps forth from his plaster-of-paris cast and runs free for a few unholy hours.

Nothing can be more interesting than to watch this faun at play! And what does one observe? Each participant, brimful of triumphal experiences, rehearses his valorous exploits as shrewd bargainer, clever antagonist, wily adventurer, subtle victor. Always the revelation of smartness—of wrongdoing and double-dealing—seems to delight the auditors hugely. There's a zest and a gusto and a thrill in the dramatic recital of wrongdoing success-

fully consummated. Not the most moral heart is altogether unresponsive to that surreptitious thrill!

When they cluster in informal gatherings, men are sensible enough to make large human allowance for their "weaknesses." Perhaps because no one has the courage to moralize across the wine cups. The risk is too great, the gain too small. What is exasperating is the callous cynic duplicity of these little pillars of society. They will not be as tolerant toward a culprit at the moment of detection. Never. They cannot afford to let a golden opportunity for mock-heroics go drifting by. Not they.

The human desire to reap sadistic consolation from another's pain is too deep-rooted and insistent. Hence, when the joy of wielding a persecutor's power is placed in their hands by law or accident, our conventionally moral folk are intensely in earnest about honesty and virtue and fair-dealing. What more convincing evidence that herd morality derives its validity from a profit-and-loss psychology of ethics, grossly tainted with self-regarding cunning?

A juror (in informal moods very human) is often a potential hangman. A judge is too often a judicial murderer.[1] A mob, aristocratic or democratic, is always villainous. Scalp-hunting, in its Protean guises, is still a favorite sport. Lynching is still considered an outdoor pastime.

It is instructive to observe a curious trait in human nature. Wrongdoing, viewed in perspective, through the subdued light of memory with its soft-toned, wistful reminiscence, is no longer wrongdoing. It is simply an excusable, a forgivable mistake; a mere foolish error or

[1] No more graphic instance of the truth of this assertion exists in modern legal history than the fiendish judicial execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

stray lapse. Hence it comes about that we forgive our ancestors, but we hound our brethren. The irrationality of it all!

The same person, be he teacher or judge or priest, who gleefully recites his sins of yesteryear without a blush of compunction or self-rebuke, will persecute a subordinate for a similar offense because, strange to say, the misdeed should have been perpetrated years ago. Crime, reminiscently viewed, is no longer crime: it is only regrettable folly. And the paradoxical conclusion seems to be that detection, not wrongdoing, is the real offense. The inference is clear: Let the offender who commits a transgression at twelve o'clock set the moral alarm for seven; by noon, he will have been amply forgiven!

Only by some such device of evasion and concealment can the hapless fellow expect to escape the humiliation and punishment sure to be visited upon his victimized head by the moral ones. Let bygones be bygones is usually uttered too late. Men are very sympathetic—in retrospect. Why not? Vindictiveness has been appeased, a culprit has been punished, a straying fellow-human has been made a proper example of. What is more soul-satisfying than to crown one's moral conduct with the lachrymose assurances: "I'm so sorry. Poor fellow. He wasn't really to blame, you know. Perhaps he couldn't help it. Who knows?"

In reminiscence we are all so humane, so considerate. When it is too late. For we are all incorrigibly moral: self-approving and self-regarding, for our botched behavior giving highfalutin' reasons to our callous consciences.

What shall we say of our undetected duplicities? What justification shall we offer of our lust-for-vengeance? How

shall we ever explain away the terrible truth that another's torture moves us not—until it is too late? Perhaps we ought to condemn less and reminisce more. We might learn thereby to build us a more humane perspective.

Strange, strange fact that crime viewed reminiscently is no longer crime, but only understandable (and forgivable?) folly. Can we not learn to crystallize into an immediately useful ethic the wisdom of reminiscence? Why not judge crime as folly?

Suppose we did judge crime, major and minor, as types of folly? What kind of punishment would "we" mete out? Surely not the justice we now know as vindictiveness. Our object would be psycho-therapeutic rather than punitive. We would honestly—and courageously—realize that a man's a man for a' that even when the beast or fool within him has broken loose. We would view him as anthropologists do various unlike-minded human types. We would not survey the culprit as a member of an alien species to be denominated, The Criminal Class, a procedure that has the double demerit of being scientifically untenable and humanly unworthy.

It is matter of common knowledge at least among the sophisticated that every society's Criminal Class is not in prison but rampantly and successfully out of it. Why obscure facts by spurious nomenclatures?

Must society continue the primitive ceremonial of wreaking its long suppressed wickedness upon a few scapegoats, immolated periodically as blood atonements for collective bad temper and evil conscience? The transmitted desire of men to make an "example" of someone is a brutal indulgence for which our ethics and civilization pay too high a price. The criminal is society's sacrificial

offering to a god of wrath: that god of wrath is the personification of man's vindictive impulses. The English anthropologist, Frazer, supplies a wealth of evidence, lurid and illuminating, for this hypothesis.

Psychoanalysis understands *our* criminal human nature only too well. Are we moral or only sadistic and respectable?

Every detected wrongdoer ought to be brought before an informal court composed of humane anthropologists, educators, psychoanalysts. Frank questionings put in a sympathetic manner would surely reveal insights into human nature for the lack of which (thanks to our vindictively moral folk) so-called justice remains the hideous travesty it is to-day.

As Judge Edward Parry says, in his remarkable book, *The Law and the Poor:* "To me it appears strange that, whilst in every science the professors of it are making earnest efforts to place the results of their studies to the credit of mankind, the law seems more incapable than theology of the march of time."

The Law is the most perfect reflex of the conventionally moral attitudes of a people. Word-juggling, advantage-taking, persecution-by-cleverness, judging by scarlet-lettering, disquieting formalism of procedure—these are not the ways of the humanely civilized.

When a wrongdoer feels that his judges ("society"!) are anxious to get his point of view, to share his difficulties, to visualize his temptations, to fathom his chaotic inner life (which is a hot-bed of instinct and impulse—and no fault of his), when he feels that they are capable of sympathetic pain, he will utter himself deeply, significantly, and speak startling truths.

A true morality would begin by being unaffected and humane toward "wrongdoers".

The souls that suffer most intensely on this implacable earth are those elemental creatures without guile or influence who cannot evade the law's spiteful punishments, sanctioned by our vindictively moral guardians of "law and order." The instinct-driven creatures, whose blundering and hot and untutored impulses have made a sad mess of life, suffer for the rest of us.

Vicarious atonement is an old, old, dirge, the threnody intoned by broken souls in broken bodies behind walls of adamant where moral men entomb their fellows as an object-lesson to a Janus-faced world to learn to evade detection.

But the greater criminals, at large in society's high places, why do they move about so complaisantly, crafty preachers of good doctrine? Why do they in their trespasses feel so secure? What special divinity shapes their ends?

Always, in our make-believe society, a society in which pretense and duplicity rule the moral life, the still small voice of reason admonishes us: 'Tis not wrongdoing the moral folk object to. 'Tis not lawlessness the moral folk condemn. 'Tis not cunning's iniquities these censors despise. Nay, not these familiar practices do the censors outlaw! Only bungling is hateful to the world at large. Do your duplicitous business skilfully: the righteous folk will applaud you. Do whatever you please—only do not botch it. And the moral ones will shout, Well done!

Conventional morality is inherently disingenuous. As Freud powerfully asserts: "We can prove to society mathematically that its code of ethics has exacted more sacrifices than it is worth, and that its procedure rests

neither on veracity nor wisdom." A magnificent utterance —if only the right people could be gotten to listen to it.

The most fruitful test of the expansion of morality is its attiude toward the numerous classes who have been looked down upon historically, as beneath contempt. What is our latterday attitude toward the drunkard, the prostitute, the convict, the defective, the insane, the eccentric, the congenitally incompetent?

When we reflect upon history's inquisitor treatment of these classes, poignantly we realize the inadequacy of our ancient moralities, still regnant in our day. Whatever humane progress has been made in the understanding of these groups has been markedly away from Judgment-Day (theologic) morality to Suspended-Judgment-Day (humanist) morality.

We know that individuals are victims of inherited passions so rapacious that will-power—or the power of expending one's energy in equally passionate but less dangerous modes—has been impotent to interpose its vetoes. We know that instincts and impulses and habits are coercive forces of the first magnitude. We know that will-power is at best an inefficient instrument.

We now realize that the mind's conscious power is small; its unconscious tendencies all-powerful. We understand in a new and deeper sense, thanks to psychoanalytic research, that the process of suppression (and, of course, of repression) is fraught with peril to the human psyche incalculably beyond what we had ever imagined possible.

If there were no other utility in psychoanalysis, there would be one surviving social utility of inestimable good to mankind. Psychoanalysis is the only branch of educational science which prides itself on making a continu-

ing and exhaustive appeal to man's intellectual honesty.

Intellectualist psychology with its mock-austere array of generalizations and its unapplied, pompous formulæ is pitiable, almost contemptible, in juxtaposition with the gripping, personally orientated, probing theories of this latter-day medical psychology.

Those who aspire to psychoanalytic insight must forswear their darling prejudices and romanticized shames. To see one's self as one is, constitutes a fine achievement for self-deluded *Homo*—particularly if the unwelcome knowledge makes one neither a pessimist nor a cynic nor yet a salvationist. Unless—and not until—he abandons all his fixed attitudes, a man cannot hope to become intellectually emancipated from his obsessive notions about himself and society and life-in-general. He must watch his conduct. He must study his motives. He should be unwilling, except on the rarest occasions, to give himself the benefit of the doubt—as his self-approving conventional-moral nature now teaches him falsely to do, almost always. Toward himself he should be merciless, as analyst, as autobiographer.

Broad-mindedness means resourcefulness; a fund of fruitful alternatives. Intellectual honesty is a method of approach to reality. It is not a predetermined pose. Hence religious dogmas, philosophic finalities, sexual traditions, educational doctrinairism, personal bias, all become loosened and rearranged and informalized, so to speak, by the solvent of intellectual honesty. In this sense, psychoanalysis is a fresh experiment in thinking, honestly, about "sacred" and "forbidden" things. Prepossessions are lightly held; insights become the new creative guides; insights derived from ample first-hand observation of human material.

Dr. Ernest Jones expresses it sagely when he declares: "But a psychoanalytic conscience tends to be more unsparing in the criticism of its owner, as it is more sparing in that of others." An admirable mating of science and humaneness.

We know now that the whole tragedy of human existence is largely beyond individual control.

How shall a being know—there are no infallible signs—when to curb and sublimate his ego and when to project and exploit it? He must experiment. If he experiments, he will make mistakes. His mistakes will be called lapses from the conventional code. The mores are being infringed. Whose moral standard? Certainly not his own. He is still developing his code of behavior.

We are learning to look upon a person of rigid morality as spiritually dead.

Why punish or ostracize a youth whose splendid vitality impels him at many hazards to discover for himself life's buried significance? What other inducement is there for continuing to live richly, hazardously, deeply, except the knowledge that life becomes pregnant with purpose only as one experiments with its amazing potentialities?

The beginning of intelligent conduct is the desire to violate superimposed codes.

To be as moral as our ancestors (and no more!) is to be as blind and bungling and uncreative.

Morality evolves by denying the validity of antecedent moralities. Hence the inevitable tendency of rationalist ethics to push the mind out of its old moorings into the wide profounds of what may significantly be called creative morality.

Creative morality is primarily interested in the expansion of human personality.

Three types of thinkers represent the creative and humanistic attitude to life. Psychoanalysts, dramatists, anthropologists. Will an analyst turn a homosexual or pervert from his door because the latter has "sinned"? Will a dramatist hate his villain and dote on his hero? Will an anthropologist throw a moral fit because the human types he investigates (like the Chuckchees or Kwakiutls or Negritoes) happen to support standards of conduct strikingly unlike his own?

The psychoanalytic doctor is a superman—in his capacity as doctor. He probes causes calmly. He diagnoses impartially. He spends his talent on suggestion and analytic therapy: on counsels of wisdom. Suppose he turned priest and puritanic persecutor. What an incredible attitude for a scientific and humane experimenter with life.

So too the dramatist. He is a lover of life, philosophically. His interest is boundless. He penetrates the depths of passion and without spite or malice—or personal moralist bias—reveals what he there sympathetically discovers. His business is in a real sense psychoanalytical. He, too, probes and diagnoses the ills that afflict man and he succeeds by compassionate appeal to our fund of common sense in making us, however reluctantly, realize the common ties that underlie our common humanity.

Suppose the dramatist turned theologian and rigid moralist? What would the consequences be—for good or evil? We should never behold anything profounder than melodrama! Melodrama is popular to the extent that it distorts the realistic truths concerning good and evil by a fake, that is, romantic, presentation of their white-and-black rôle in life. For melodrama neither uplifts nor enlightens nor diagnoses nor deeply probes the maladies that molest the human soul.

And the anthropology that is properly conjoined with psychoanalysis became an honest science only a short time ago when capable, disillusioned minds set to work to eradicate our vainglorious pride in our self-complacent —and mythically-grounded—superiorities. The hyperbolic tales mischievously retold by curious travelers to strange lands, most of them thickly prejudiced priests—all morbidly moral men—were reëxamined skeptically and critically. The result was a rejection of the stiffly moral attitude toward other groups and the adoption of the creative and cultural attitude toward "primitive" groups.

"Superiority" and "inferiority" as moral epithets were wisely cast out as utterly misleading differentia. The larger view was substituted: the conduct of a group was to be judged, evaluated sympathetically, by ascertaining the group's system of values. The American school of Franz Boas deserves a high credit for this scientific and humane conception of research among different-minded types.[2] When we seek to understand folk in terms of their own familiar social psychology, we are behaving not only scientifically but also humanistically.

Psychoanalysis happily reaffirms the wisdom and soundness of this approach to cultural and personal realities. We come not to judge haughtily, but only to appreciate wisely. Such an attitude is vastly different in its psychological, and therefore in its ethical, bearings from the conventionally snobbish "moral" view; from its acceptance there emerges a whole code of new and liberating values.

[2] More recently the researches of Malinowski, Briffault, Mead, and Radin have wonderfully widened the boundaries of our knowledge and sympathy.

This new "code" I term creative morality. Its differentia are a love of wisdom, an honest, i. e., scientific, desire to understand humans as they are, a scientific spirit of fellowship, sympathy with pain, an experimental attitude toward life. In reality, a psychoanalytic philosophy of behavior.

It is necessary to include a footnote on the ethics of loyalty before summarizing more adequately the nature and value of our unconventional code of ethics, alluded to as creative and humanistic morality.

A genuine morality cannot afford to endorse the narrow loyalities of men. That concession would devitalize it. It is not difficult to understand why exclusivism is a very human need. Man is not at home in the world-at-large. He is tormentedly ill at ease. Only by losing himself in a herd does he contrive to enjoy life. The hours filled with clamorous delights, appropriate to a noisy biped, are the hours when he "lives." Marooned on the sullen shores of solitude, he experiences the pains of inadequacy: his nerve fails him, his brain sags, his outlook grows panicky.

Solitude affrights man. For in solitude the mind is face to face with vastness; a vastness that is inscrutable and awe-inspiring. In the presence of such overwhelming forces, man does not feel quite at home! The cult of loyalty signalizes the human discovery that togetherness is the first law of life. That necessitous law of social life is loaded with mischief. Not content with the easy commingling of workaday life, man strengthens his grip on existence by building special loyalties which he proceeds to characterize as exclusive, unique, superior, different. For the integrity of these allegiances he will fight hard and passionately.

Loyalties afford precisely that expansion of self-importance which delights the empty and envious heart of man. All intense loyalties are caste-tainted, inevitably hostile to candor and truth. All special group loyalties are brazenly snobbish.

People feel distinguished only when they are distinctive. Loyalty yields the thrill of self-importance; and is therefore indispensable to human development. The problem is one of intelligent limits. How much loyalty is good for character? How badly will an excess of loyalty blight character? Perhaps we can arrive at a reasonable delimitation. Common wisdom will ratify the following discriminations: Loyalty is demoralizing when symbol is more dear than thought. Loyalty is beneficial when the symbol is the changing emblem of thought.

If a man finds that loyalty to an institution—fraternity, church, school, state, family—is so spontaneously passionate that any condemnation or criticism of its tenets evokes his impulsive opposition, he may as well recognize the fact that his loyalty is a superstition, immeasurably dangerous to freedom of thought and to that expansion of the human personality which all significant life should favor. From a rationalist standpoint, our test is perfectly fair. That is why it may sound foolish to the zealous loyalists who, for the sweet recompense of surety, will volunteer their whole-hearted, unquestioning allegiance.

The terrible penalty of partisanship is intellectual inadequacy and spiritual blindness.

Loyalties thus fortified by privileged security remain impervious to reason's entreaties. Hence the duty of rationalists to oppose the tyrannies of partial-allegiances. *Any loyalty that denies the utility of skepticism is bad.*

The ethic of loyalism approves and sanctifies the latent snobbishness in the human race, its struggle to achieve caste-consciousness.

How shall we tame the passion-for-exclusiveness?

None of the types of ethics we have thus far discussed is equal to the task of humanizing and rationalizing man's conduct. There remains the ethics of humanism as a fruitful alternative.

That society is most excellent which can boast the greatest number of critical thinkers.

Paradoxical as it may appear at first blush, critical thinkers are the true humanists. Let the reader recall the greatest critical thinkers from Socrates to Freud and he will note the common denominator of *sensitiveness* to life, more especially the life of understanding. And without the unflinching pursuit of wisdom, there can be no hope of amelioration.

It is the critical thinkers, who in behalf of greater freedom and fuller life, courageously uncover the suffocating insincerities of the home, the clap-trap, rah-rah, enthusiasms of the school, the fife-and-drum chauvinisms of the state, the misleading make-believe of the special sect, the smug and sleek delusions of the church, the absurd pretenses of the ego.

By deriding, analyzing, and wisely undermining self-complacency, critical thinkers do effect an expansion in human sympathies. Such broadening of the sympathies—purchased at the cost of a few flimsy fools' paradises lost—is the first requisite of humanist conduct.

Humanism is the essence of that creative morality already alluded to. When, through the process of disillusion, a thinker arrives at the conviction that what humans above all other things need is an insight into their buried

inner life—the life of sacred faiths, passionate prejudices, moral confusion, instinct's vagaries, intellect's illusions—and accompanying that conviction is the (Socratic-Freudian) desire to pursue truth whither it may lead—such a thinker is ready to take the vow of the humanist.

The humanist will know that his primary task is the analysis of conventional morality in all its insidious forms, the revelation of its life-denying elements, the illumination of its contradictions, its primitive origins, the futility of its taboos and inhibitions and pretenses, the need of a creative morality promising liberation and expansion to the too long-suppressed human personality.

Brow-beating ethics inherited from theologic days must be banished from the pulpit and the home and the state.

If virtue be in truth superior to vice, it must establish its claim by the experimental scientific method of demonstration and verification in human affairs, not by the brute method of persecution.

To the conventionally moral folk we may somewhat sharply say: How dare you foist your sham superiorities upon those whose unlike behavior you have willfully and ignoranty disqualified yourselves from judging sympathetically? By your original sin of ostracism and exclusion, have you not, in malice, cut them off from your sympathies? Is there not an amazing impudence in the conduct of persons who believe they can succor and "redeem" those very humans whom they have in the moral premises condemned and outlawed as inferiors?

Who can doubt it longer: is there not in all stereotyped morality a certain inherent duplicity? Maximum glorification for oneself; maximum damnification for the other fellow. Heaven for me. Hell for thee. This is quite literally a hell of a world for the out-caste!

The humanist humbly assumes that the behavior of "wrongdoers" is on the whole neither better nor worse than the behavior of the generality of mankind.

Thus, sincerely dedicated to truth, he must renounce the whole pernicious code of conventionalized morality as essentially theatrical and melodramatic and duplicitous, the arch-foe of civilized decency and fellowship. The humanist will not perpetrate the inhumanity of sitting in superior judgment upon his erring fellow-men. Like the anthropologist he will study various codes of conduct under varying traditional environments. Like the psychoanalyst he will probe the inner life of man patiently and sympathetically. He will understand what Boris Sidis means when he says: "The true education of life is the recognition of evil wherever it is met."

In behaving thus humanely and analytically, the humanist will have accepted the philosophy of a genuine morality. Humanists are lovers of wisdom, friends of mankind, diagnosticians of disease, healers of broken souls. Above all, lovers of wisdom.

"I cannot understand why Wisdom, which is, so to speak, the sediment of everyday experiences, should be denied admission among the acquisitions of knowledge." Freud has given wisdom a scientific status of reputability and wonder.

Creative morality is our inspired guide through the problems of modernity. Under its inspiration, to paraphrase a subtle sentence of Bergson's, the good life is transmuted into a piece of Art.

In his interesting book, *The Freudian Wish,* Professor Holt concludes his analysis of human behavior with the dictum: "Ethics is solely a question, as Epictetus so long

ago said, of 'dealing wisely with the phenomena of existence.' "

Wisely! In that one momentous word is summed up the futility of conventional morality and the liberating promise of psychoanalytic morality.

The pragmatists have been defeated, these last few centuries, because they have not searched for the kingdom, the power, and the glory together, but have sought to achieve power alone; so that the kingdom ceased to be a tangible one, and they knew no glory, except that which flowed out of their pursuit of power. Without vision, the pragmatists perish. And our generation, in particular, who have seen them fall back, one by one, into commercial affairs, into administrative absorption, into a pained abandonment of "reform," into taking whatever fortune thrusts into their laps, into an acquiescence even more pathetic, perhaps, than that of the disabled generation which followed the Civil War—our generation may well doubt the adequacy of their complaisant philosophy. "Things are in the saddle," Emerson said, "and ride mankind." We must overthrow the rider, before we can recover the horse: for otherwise, horse and rider may drive to the devil.—Lewis Mumford, *The Golden Day.*

XV

WHAT IS HUMAN NATURE?

How much easier it would be to answer the question: What is *Inhuman Nature?*

But, in successful and complacent and most pragmatical America, in the year of our Benighted Intelligence, 1929, who would such questions ask as: What is Inhuman Nature? Only a sour philosopher.

Let us beware of the pessimistic philosopher for he may make up despise politics and fall in love with wisdom. What a calamity for 100% Americans. Without politics the Great American People would have nothing to interest and amuse them but Baseball and Pugilism. Just think of that!

Let us now once more bravely face the question: What *is* Human Nature? It is a strange compound, very badly mixed, consisting of these ingredients, to wit:

(1) 60% animal.
(2) 20% savage.
(3) 15% childish.
(4) 5% civilized.

No doubt, the per-centum accorded to the civilized ingredient is far too high. But hope springs eternal in the human breast.

Man is an animal overspecialized in hate and murder, frightened by Nature and by Life, behaving more often

than not like a silly naughty boy, wearing, on special occasions, the silken pajamas of civilization to hide the truth of his anthropoid origin. Man is evolution's worst failure. Nor is Woman evolution's greatest triumph. Only one thing is certain:—she is not what man, in his dream-haunted moments, believes her to be. But that, no doubt, is God's fault.

The only reason we go on thinking ourselves civilized is because we are often under the social compulsion to play at possessing good manners, nice morals, fine character: all of which is sheer pose and sweet-scented make-believe.

Pretense is the real basis of what we barbarians call civilization. Human nature is first of all and primarily a study in *moral make-believe.* Civilization is like a fading lily that grows on a distant dung hill. Even if the lily still exhales a fragrance as of gardens where innocence blooms, we cannot forget the dung hill that ever and anon exudes an ordor as of stables where evil blossoms like poisonous mushrooms begotten in the profane night.

Civilization is more often a stable than a garden. As every thinking heart knows.

What then is human nature? Let us glance at man's record through the ages and see what we can see. He has loaded the earth with sick and defective progeny. That fact alone makes all life the disgusting, almost irremediable thing it is.

There are three other facts that rise like weird mountains to the infinite skies and that belong unforgettably in his noble record. I refer to: pain, prostitution, prejudice.

Man scatters pain with lavish hand wherever he goes.

Vivisection is as congenial to his nature as meat and drink. He enjoys being a tormentor.

Man prostitutes every fine talent and impulse and institution he possesses. His life is tainted in every innermost fiber. As Nietzsche terrifically asserted: Humanity is botched.

Man cannot rise out of the quagmire of prejudice. He hates truths. He worships lies. He cannot transcend prejudice.

Here, then, is a spiritual summary of man's human nature: Man's mind is unimaginative: color-blind; Man's heart is ungenerous: dwarfish; Man's soul is unspiritual: Uriah-Heapy.

But man is greatly to be pitied. He can't help himself. He is caught in traps that confine his human nature most cruelly. We can get the truest picture of man's life by remembering that he is a victim of external and internal pressures that continually threaten to destroy his civilization and to snuff out his precious little life. The external pressure we may call, following the radical economists, *determinism*. The internal pressure we may call, following the radical psychologists, *compulsion*.

The history of human nature is the story of a complicated bit of squirming protoplasm—sometimes wearing a full-dress suit—struggling to maintain a living balance between the pressures external and the pressures internal: betwixt the determinisms and the compulsions.

Anatole France is therefore wise in reminding us of the need of pity and irony—when viewing man's queer life here below.

Let us look at some of the external pressures that weight down man's soul like so many mountains of rubbish.

Here they are in an unforgettable sequence:

(1) *The sinister pressure of overpopulation.* He fills the world's graveyards with his spooning and spawning. The pathetic chump!

(2) *The ghastly pressure of tradition.* Can one imagine anything more grotesque than ancestor worship? Man worships the past because he hasn't enough imagination to create the future. All he can do is to croak about the good old days. Life's challenge is too much for his unimaginative mind.

(3) *The terrible pressure of public opinion.* Public opinion that rules his every motion and emotion from the cradle to the crematory. Who is this horrid giant, Public Opinion, that lays such clammy hands upon our hearts and bids our consciences to scream with terror at the very thought of his presence? We need to psychoanalyze Public Opinion. In the meantime, let us go on bowing down as gracefully as we know how to a False God that exacts more sacrifices then ever the nicest God could possibly be worth. It is Public Opinion that robs each human of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

What are some of the internal pressures that conspire to reduce man to a ludicrous little automaton without originality or courage or genius for beauty or sincere desire for lovely living?

(1) *The superstitious rôle of fear in human behavior.* One need not be a professional psychologist to appreciate in a new astonishing sense the infinite evil that life has suffered since its darkest beginnings among the ape-men because of the victimization of the mind of man by fear.

Fear of spirits, good and evil; fear of darkness; fear of eclipses; fear of gods; fear of dreams; fear of the night with its prowling inimical forces; fear of wrongdo-

ing; fear of the elders of the tribe; fear of sex; fear of Life; fear of Death.

We can learn more about the nature of man, the nature of his behavior, his experience, his customs and his institutions, by studying the rôle of fear in his troubled and unresting life, than we can by reading a thousand conventional volumes on history by as many superficial-minded historians.

History will never be a really profound subject until historians are also great students of psychology and psychopathology. They could easily become so by looking deeply and honestly into their own lives. But a historian who could look deeply and honestly into his own life would no longer be a historian but a philosopher.

The world is desperately in need of philosophers.

(2) *The distressing influence of shame in human life.* This most ancient of internal pressures on natural impulse and the joy of living is responsible for more personal misery, more anxiety and perturbation than any other psychological force in human life, with the possible exception of fear.

The unhappy neurotic twins, fear and shame, symbolize almost everything that has gone wrong in the evolution of personality, in the unfolding of the human spirit.

A frightened mind cannot think sanely or clearly or wisely.

A shamed body cannot feel life sweetly or beautifully or joyously.

The very quintessence of the new psychology (and the new education) is the development of a technique for cleansing the bodies of men and women of shame, for purging their minds of fear.

When that marvelous-necessary work of salvation will

have been even partially completed, the re-born sons and daughters of baffled men and women will look upon each other with delighted eyes, believing in an almost miraculous sense in the power of love and truth to heal human nature and to beautify the world.

And that is precisely what we mean by the new art and science of re-education—which will come to its greatest fulfillment in a society in which communal fellowship has triumphed.

(3) *The strange contradictory nature of impulse.* In one sense, impulse is the fresh spontaneous aspect of human nature which brings to leaping life many fine desires and yearnings in our hearts. Without impulse, we should be mere luminous dry dust, static machines, bereft of marvel and surprise.

In another sense, impulse is the most evil irresponsible force in life. It is wilful, blind, impetuous, always a little drunk, irresponsible, often negativistic, petulant, moody, and most irrational.

If human nature were directed wholly by impulse, civilization would resemble a vast and violent Ward's Island.

It is impulse in the child that makes him want to play and be so deliciously happy all day long. It is impulse in the child that makes him so disconcerting a problem to his parents that they often can think of but one solution of their torture in that child's anarchistic presence, and that is, gently to drop him into the backyard in a moment of courageous carelessness.

Of one thing we may be reasonably certain: without impulse human behavior tends to be stupid. If impulse alone be present, human behavior tends to be crazy. The choices before us are not inspiring. We tend to move

rather irrationally between periods of stale sobriety and moods of refreshing lunacy.

Is there any way of being sane without being bovine? Is there any way of being spontaneous without being a little crazy?

By intelligently bearing in mind the touching truth that man—and woman equally so!—deserves an infinite pity and compassion because his human nature is caught in very powerful external determinisms and very powerful internal compulsions, we will almost be fit to be counted among the children of wisdom of our evil generation.

Let there be light. Radical psychology, supplementing radical sociology, will brilliantly furnish the light we need on the nature of civilization.

Now, we may inquire anew, What is human nature?

Let me make brief reply by quoting a marvelous passage from Bernard Shaw, one of my most distinguished disciples. In that amazing work, *Man and Superman,* Don Juan says to the Devil:

"Pooh! Why should I be civil to them or to you? In this Palace of Lies a truth or two will not hurt you. Your friends are all the dullest dogs I know. They are not beautiful: they are only decorated. They are not clean: they are only shaved and starched. They are not dignified: they are only fashionably dressed. They are not educated: they are only college passmen. They are not religious: they are only pewrenters. They are not moral: they are only conventional. They are not virtuous: they are only cowardly. They are not even vicious: they are only 'frail'. They are not artistic: they are only lascivious. They are not prosperous: they are only rich. They are not loyal, they are only servile; not dutiful, only

sheepish; not public spirited, only patriotic; not courageous, only quarrelsome; not determined, only obstinate; not masterful, only domineering; not self-controlled, only obtuse. Not self-respecting, only vain; not kind, only sentimental; not social, only gregarious; not considerate, only polite; not intelligent, only opinionated; not progressive, only factious; not imaginative, only superstitious. Not just, only vindictive; not generous, only propitiatory; not disciplined, only cowed; and not truthful at all—liars every one of them, to the very backbone of their souls."

That is what human nature means to a Shavian philosopher.

Now it will be pleasant to discover what a poet understands by human nature. Let me quote an exquisite sonnet by Arthur Davison Ficke:

> It needs no maxims drawn from Socrates
> To tell me this is madness in my blood.
> Nor does what wisdom I have learned from these
> Serve to abate my most unreasoned mood.
> What would I of you? What gift could you bring,
> That to await you in the common street
> Sets all my secret ecstasy a-wing
> Into wild regions of sublime retreat?
> And if you come, you will speak common words,
> Smiling as quite ten thousand others smile—
> And I, poor fool, shall thrill with ghostly chords,
> And with a dream my sober sense beguile.
> And yet, being mad, I am not mad alone:
> Alight you come! . . . That folly dwarfs my own.

From the point of view of the psychologist, what more specificially is human nature? Human nature, psychoanalytically interpreted, is a study primarily of the relation

between preoccupation with one's own self and preoccupation with the selves of others. More technically, we may speak of three levels of adjustment to life which human nature reveals as it moves from the infantile to the mature psychology of behavior. The three stages in personal evolution are: Narcissism, Egotism, Humanism.

The little girl child, loving herself in the mirror, is the typical illustration of narcissistic behavior. Women are the grand narcissists.

The adolescent boy, pitting his personality in competitive sports and studious rivalries against others, represents the typical egotistic behavior. His self-love radiates out into a wider circumference and takes on a socialized character. Men are the great egotists.

The prejudice and provincialism of human beings that thwart all attempts at wider fellowship, are the by-product of the excessive overdevelopment, especially within the confining walls of family life, of narcissism and egotism.

There is not the remotest chance of ever building a civilization that is really civilizing, which means in essence, humanizing, unless the loyalties and loves of children go out generously and imaginatively to objects and goals that leap courageously beyond family life out toward the life of humanity.

Humanism, transcending narcissism and egotism, will be the first real stage in what properly deserves to be called, civilization. . . . Humanism cannot come to an adequate fruition except in the new society which socialists and communists and anarchists are thinking, dreaming, writing, and working for.

From the point of view of woman, human nature is the

cry of the tortured mother giving birth to a new life in the lonely night. . .

God's in His Heaven
That's why—
All's Hell on Earth!

To discuss adequately the nature of human nature would require the competent coöperation of specialists in every science from geology and paleontology to sociology and psychology. We shall have to content ourselves with an elementary text. However, I should like to point out the nice inter-relation between psychology and sociology (the profoundest chapter of which is being written by anthropologists) in order to drive home the fruitful approach to problems of human nature embodied in what I shall call the psycho-sociological science of life.

Precisely at what crisal and creative moment in the evolution of life did *human* nature break through its animal accoutrements, its anthropoid limitations, and become specifically human?

No question could be more worth while asking and answering.

Human nature becomes quite definitely human when infancy takes on attributes absent in the animal world and significantly present in the human. The key to the solution of our problem lies in infancy.

Darwin gave us the first satisfactory evidence of the relation between the prolongation of infancy and the origin of a species of definitely human behavior, dependent upon the evocation of maternal attitudes, themselves arising from the continuing helplessness of the child stirring a strange disproportionate sympathy in the mother heart. We might graphically say that human nature is

interiorly maternal: or, more accurately, maternal-infantile.

The distinguished historian Fiske, brilliant student of evolution, built a subtle theory of the meaning of education out of his profound perception of the evolutionary implications of the prolongation of infancy: an event that belongs to the post-anthropoid situation.

Fiske explained the novelty and humanistic import of an infancy prolonged as long as that of the human child: helplessness, organically requiring cautious and sentimental watchfulness on the part of the maternal parent, maturation taking its slow fulfilling time, education consequently reconceived as a kind of sociological continuum out of these plastic biological beginnings.

Thus in Fiske's deep view education would continue until both heredity and heritage had equipped the young individual with the social sympathy and the cultural endowment necessary for pursuing individual status in a complicated competitive world.

Interestingly enough, Adam Smith had long before pondered with acuteness the sentimental and most tender relation between mother and child, the origin of that subtle intuitive symbiosis whereby a mother could feel in the silent night the simplest stirring of her child and could respond with a strange mathematical precision, though seemingly asleep, to her infant's needs.

On the basis of this insight, Adam Smith created a great theory of the moral sentiments which does heroic service to this very day in the sociology of Professor Giddings, who modestly admits his indebtedness for his own rather original theory of "Consciousness of Kind" to this theory.

Giddings assumes that all the vital group activities of

men through the instinctive and unconscious ages (since Pithecanthropus Erectus first opened his frightened eyes upon the terrifying human scene and lit the first communal match in the general darkness) have been made possible by a something in their natures which he mystically characterizes as Consciousness of Kind. Birds of a feather flock together. When in Rome, do as the Romans do. Cats give birth to kittens. Human mothers give birth to human babies (not to pigs!). Politicians like the company of politicians. Catholics do not spend their leisure hours with atheists. Jesus is not at home with Napoleon. The Pope would be ill at ease in a nunnery. Jews do not make good monks. God fears Prometheus.

Giddings could not know when he elaborated his idea that its plausibility ran high because of the overwhelming significance for mind's preferences and aversions of childhood conditioning—as illuminated by the researches of Pavlow and Bechterew, Watson and Lashley, Freud and Adler and company.

Let the innocent-minded reader prepare for a great astonishment in the news that no other than Nicholas Murray Butler (too widely known only as the Mussolini of the educational system who has ruled with Czarlike omnipotence for twenty-five years, Columbia College and University) wrote an important book entitled *The Meaning of Education,* in which after paying his deepest respects to Bismarck's theory of a good government as one which keeps the proletariat in its servile status of acquiescent underlings and wage slaves, he extended Fiske's theory of the prolongation of infancy and made the evidence doubly plausible in favor of the higher education as fulfilling the best possibilities, culturally, of childhood.

This doctrine of infancy has fascinated many fine

minds. Its most remarkable elaboration had to wait for an anthropologist. In his marvelously erudite and epoch-making study, *The Mothers,* Robert Briffault has given a new lease of life to the importance of infancy as the determinant of the specifically human qualities.

Briffault's thesis is radical and profound: it makes the protective and emotionally sensitive relation between mother and child the whole vital basis of the unfoldment of whatever is specificially human and moral and protective and tender in life.

The emotional (and spiritual) dependence of child upon mother sets the pattern not only for love of humans but what mystics call love of God.

More sentimentally stated, it is love that underlies the normal and the neurotic, the simple and the ecstatic, the biological and mystical, behaviors and ideals.

Nor is it possible to omit from our summary the infinite emphasis placed upon infancy by all the modern experimental schools of psychology and of education: the psychoanalysts and the Individual-psychologists and the behaviorists and the Gestaltists. All honor with a new insight and a new affection the potentialities of infancy that outleap in biographic significance either the limiting obscure facts of heredity or the determining influences of the general social environment.

What is *human* nature? Its most colorful and salient characteristics emerge from that infancy which only human infants know because of the special facts of prolongation with its attendant necessities of helplessness and dependence: and the complication of the tender and moral sentiments preparing the basis for a genuine humaneness, a considerable sociality.

A question that belongs in any analysis of human na-

ture is the relative importance of instinct and of habit. Until quite recently biologists and sociologists and psychologists were pretty sure of the fundamental control of the human organism by instinct: instinct rooting in an ancient racial evolution and therefore seemingly knit into the innermost texture of behavior-mechanisms. Who could doubt or want foolishly to deny the life and death importance of at least two instincts: the so-called instincts of self-preservation and of self-propagation?

The instinct hypothesis was most persuasive during that pre-analytic and pre-behavioristic period when an architectural biology and a static Darwinism and a photographic neurology conspired to promulgate the notion of a human organism preformed once for all by laws of heredity and brain capacity beyond significant individual modification.

But the liberating insights of the newer experimenters as embodied in the proven doctrine of "vicarious functioning" (I am especially referring to the brilliant work of Lashley and Franz in America, and of Sherrington and Head in England) and the even more revolutionary conception of conditioning and re-conditioning made every open-minded student of behavior in whatever science revise his fundamental notions.

Instead of envisaging the organism as predetermined and static, we were taught to think of the organism as only loosely preformed, and as essentially a bundle of potentialities, of still-to-be-shaped reaction-patterns, that would depend for their specific responses upon the varying stimuli of the environment, the most important factor in the environment for educational and re-educational purposes being significant persons occupying intimate

authoritative position in the molding of the child's responses.

The dynamic conception of the human organism not only diminishes the high sovereignty of instinct but supports the new suzerainty of habit.

Impulse flexibly replaces instinct and habit flexibly constructs its patterns under the stimulating drive of impulse.

Instinct remains as a valuable category but sufficiently revised to make it a dynamic and fluid reality, an energy capable of many transformations and substitutions, as psychoanalytic psychology very clearly demonstrates.

Heredity can no longer bully the modern mind: it can only limit it somewhat. Environment can no longer intimidate the modern mind: it can only establish reasonable social bounds and pressures that the individual psyche dare not dismiss as unimportant.

Impulse spreads itself cozily between instinct and habit and promises more encouraging possibilities for even the humblest human nature.

Science, psychological and humanistic, can do something with impulse and habit. What can it do with heredity and instinct?

Human nature is therefore newly conceived as flexible and malleable and plastic beyond what had ever been imagined by the static students of life.

Can human nature change? Can human nature be changed? How many interesting and futile debates have not been held over these themes, all biased in favor of the dramatic, fatalistic assumption that human nature must remain as from its predestined beginning, doomed to be its own miserable, evil and unimproving self.

Everyone maliciously enjoys believing that the more

human nature changes, the more it remains the same. There is wonderful sadistic thrill in being able to damn human nature, to think the worst of it.

It takes a strange new kind of scientific courage and psychological wisdom to perceive in human nature vast potentialities as yet untapped by unconscious bungling evolution.

Are we reasonable in believing that human nature can be made infinitely more human (humane) by the techniques of modern experimental science, more particularly by means of psychoanalytic re-education? I think so. At any rate, I believe so.

Bernard Shaw says in *Major Barbara:* "You have made for yourself something that you call a morality or a religion or what not. It doesn't fit the facts. Well, scrap it. Scrap it and get one that does fit. That is what is wrong with the world a present. It scraps its obsolete steam engines and dynamos; but it won't scrap its old prejudices and its old moralities and its old religions and its old political constitutions. What's the result? In machinery it does very well; but in morals and religion and politics it is working at a loss that brings it nearer bankruptcy every year. Don't persist in that folly. If your old religion broke down yesterday, get a newer and a better one for to-morrow."

These sage words are even more applicable to our sluggish and inertia-drugged attitude toward the possibilities of human nature.

Human nature is not a doom: it is an experiment.

SCIENCE

Man, introverted man, having crossed
In passage and but a little with the nature of things this latter century
Has begot giants; but being taken up
Like a maniac with self-love and inward conflicts cannot manage his hybrids.
Being used to deal with edgeless dreams,
Now he's bred knives on nature turns them also inward: they have thirsty points though.
His mind forebodes his own destruction;
Actæon who saw the goddess naked among leaves and his hounds tore him.
A little knowledge, a pebble from the shingle,
A drop from the oceans: who would have dreamed this infinitely little too much?

ROBINSON JEFFERS, *Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems.*

XVI

HUMAN NATURE IN EMBRYO

THERE are those splendid sleepy-minded people who enjoy repeating that there is nothing new under the sun. Such charming intellectual laziness gives the mind a wonderful sense of being very wise when in fact it is only blissfully unconscious. Their state of mind may be compared to that of an only child in the mother's womb, happy but marvelously ignorant. This intra-uterine complacency, self-satisfaction, cow-like equilibrium we humans seek, unfortunately, to perpetuate all our lives.

Why are we so mindless when mind is so fascinating? Why are we so dead when to be alive is so much more inspiring?

Speaking psychologically, we die almost before we have begun to live. Habit, custom, fear; herd opinion, success-mania; sleep; hate, pride; prejudice, envy, jealousy; too much home life, too much security in marriage; dogmas, beliefs and religious training (whether we are hypnotized into worshipping Jesus, Napoleon, Mussolini, or Lenin) are all forms of death.

Not to mention the sick habit of tuning-in every evening, as if such radio-activity were not, in reality, one of the most pleasant and self-indulgent forms of intellectual inactivity.

Why in the name of uncommon sense do we not cultivate more individuality, originality, humor, and love of wisdom? In the course of these discussions and analyses,

some light may be shed on that queer compound of sanity and lunacy, of imbecility and wisdom, called human nature.

I am tempted to say, where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be so ignorant, for bliss is not a proper state of body or mind for knowledge to flourish in. Though I am reliably informed that bliss has some astonishing uses, such as curing insomnia, escaping from the troubled reality of life, forgetting, for the ecstatic moment, the jangling discord that fills the living universe.

Since our theme is psychology, the reader can readily imagine how little bliss there is in store for him (or her), since our most unnatural aim will be, to learn how to think more realistically, more courageously, more truthfully, especially about our own very imperfect, but alas! most honorable selves.

Honest thinking, believe me, is not in the least blissful. As my friend, Bertrand Russell, has so wisely said: Man fears nothing so much as thought, not even death itself.

Why is it so difficult for us to get rid of the spiritual and intellectual crutches that support our most irrational human nature? Perhaps, for the first time in human history, by subtle therapeutical surgery, philosophical physicians can help us to build a new psychological backbone for the better articulation of our desires and dreams.

What is there new, one may cynically ask, in this newest psychology? From my point of view, it would be much easier to ask and answer the question: What is there not new? Man and his world are conceived in an utterly changed way, thanks to the uncanny discoveries of this clinical and pathological psychology.

Here are a few problems that will help to illuminate

the new way of thinking about human nature. I'll put them in the form of questions, for, in truth, every problem is a question put by the curious mind of man and finally answered by the techniques of science and imagination.

Imagination is quite as important as science, though some psychologists—like the behaviorists, for example—being devoid of imagination, deny its value, preferring to kiss the clay feet of science, as if the worship of science were not just as superstitious a ritual as the old childish faith in religion.

Here then, are a few penetrating problems posed by modern psychology:

Is man's conduct primarily rational or irrational?

Which is the profoundest influence in a person's life: biologic heredity or social environment or childhood experience?

To what extent do our experiences in childhood, especially the ones rooting in fear and shame and disgust and worry, determine our behavior and misbehavior in the adult period?

Why is it so difficult for grown-ups to tell the truth about sex to children?

How far can we hold parents responsible for the neurotic habits of their children?

How much improvement is human nature capable of?

What do we mean by re-education?

Is the normal mind sane?

What can mental hygiene do to save the mind from breakdown?

Which is the more fundamental: psychology or economics?

Is psychoanalysis a science?

What is the relation between the inferiority complex and sexual impotence?

In what sense is it true that the conscious mind of man is surprisingly unconscious and the unconscious mind of man incredibly conscious?

Why is the introvert more liable to neurotic breakdown than the extrovert?

Is sex in danger of riding human nature too obsessively these inhibition-cancelling days?

Those who love psychology and speculation concerning human nature will enjoy such problems.

Before psychoanalysis came into the world to disturb our dreams, psychology had been largely confined to universities. That quite naturally means psychology was the special hobby of a few professors. Now, no one has ever accused professors of having any human nature. They are interested in what might be called the grammar of existence rather than in the poetry, the philosophy, or the deep humanity of life.

Therefore, it is not surprising that professorial psychology was concerned mostly with a small dry portion of the total personality, called the intellect. The emotional side of human nature was looked upon with the same sense of horror which is supposed to be appropriate in a nunnery. At least, until psychoanalysis made even nuns and monks discover a new joy in thinking of their bodies and souls. Especially of their souls!

Academic psychology was a very artificial sort of affair, because human nature as a living reality was not studied. Special studies of a very intricate kind were made of how various fragments of the body and of the mind behaved under certain special conditions: for example,

visual acuity was investigated; auditory acuity, color phenomena, memory range, the sense of touch, etc.

As a result of fifty years of such indoor psychologizing almost nothing of first-rate importance to a live study of human nature, as we meet it in reality, had been contributed.

Not until a few brilliant physicians, making a courageous use of the clinic, tried to understand what *troubles the human mind,* what precisely *burdens the human heart,* what hidden secrets there are in the human breast that do not allow a person to rest in peace, day or night: that make him go about worried and anxious and self-enclosed—not until these philosophic physicians, ignoring academic psychology as far too sterile and artificial, probed the *buried life* of men and women, did we even begin to understand what an overwhelming rôle is played in every life by the emotions, especially the emotions centering around fear and love, vanity and curiosity, shame and disgust, sensitiveness and lack of confidence in oneself.

This lack of confidence in oneself is at the bottom of a heap of human unhappiness, now by psychoanalytic interpretation construed to be largely a mental sickness.

Surely we may speak of a fascinating new chapter in the history of human behavior and misbehavior.

If some one should ask: What is the biggest event in the history of human thought from a psychological point of view, I should say it is the realization on the part of an increasing number of intelligent men and women that we must once and for all abandon the melodramatic moral view of life and substitute for it an analytic psychiatric view of life.

It is no longer permissible to damn our fellowmen (and

women) though they constantly provoke and irritate us into doing so.

The whole emphasis is now placed on sheer understanding of the why and wherefore of human conduct.

The most interesting approach to human nature on which the new psychology is shedding considerable light is what is called motivation. Even the law, which in so many ways is cruel and corrupt and fossilized, is beginning to appreciate the value of studying sympathetically the motives that lead human beings to perform the kinds of behavior they do, under strange stress and seeming compulsion, perpetrate.

Parents and teachers and social workers, even priests and ministers and rabbis, not to mention a few magistrates here and there, and now and then a corner policeman, are all beginning to be human, or more accurately, humane, in their attitude toward so-called delinquent children, so-called criminal adults, so-called bad girls, so-called insane people. . . .

And those of us who know that the largest hospital in the world for cases of mental derangement is only a stone's throw from both Houses of Congress, are developing a new and almost comradely sympathy for our legislators in Washington.

We know in our hearts that they can be taken care of in an emergency, though some of us are privately of the opinion that if there were more ambulances available for such patriotic duty many more members of the most distinguished and intellectually noisy legislative body in the uncivilized world could be restored to normalcy by the new psychoanalytic therapy. At any rate, under these circumstances, let us renew our faith in our God-given superiors.

Just because a man is a politician does not argue that he is mentally cracked. He may be religious or merely humorous.

The greatest question in the contemporary world for those of us who have not been spiritually and psychologically shell-shocked by the Great War, and its crazy aftermath, is this: Can we re-fashion the living universe nearer to our hearts' desire?

The new psychology answers: Yes, if we use our heads. We use our heads far too much for the malicious pleasure of cracking open other heads. If we must crack heads open, let us be philosophical about it and begin by cracking our own heads open a little. Perhaps, into that crevice, some new light may penetrate. You never can tell. As Bernard Shaw used to say.

Why are we so reluctant to see that clarity begins at home?

Socrates long ago taught the world the beauty and brilliancy of self-knowledge. Let us call that older self-knowledge, Socratic understanding. Freud more recently has taught the world the beauty and the brilliancy of self-knowledge in a new sense: a knowledge that has its dark and strange roots in that unconscious life of man which begins even before he has opened his eyes upon a world of infinite evil and pain and frustration. Let us call this newer self-knowledge, Freudian understanding.

Can we, however radical or revolutionary our economic philosophy may be, create a civilized and civilizing society without the aid of psychoanalytic psychology? I think not.

We need most urgently to know everything that the new world of thought can teach us concerning human nature: its irrationality, its intellectual blind-spots, its

emotional stupidity, its cruelty and foolishness and self-indulgence, its love of power and prestige, its miserable sense of inferiority with its equally vicious pursuit of superiority as a compensation for what it lacks. We need, as radicals, to be wise to all the queer, obstructive, and self-defeating attributes of human nature that stand in the way of building a more coöperative and a more harmonious society, one founded at last upon freedom and fellowship.

To build the new society we must love truth more than show-off and prestige; knowledge more than the will to power; wisdom more than patriotism. Why are we so blind to the defects that mar our own human nature?

From a radical psychologist's point of view, let me say, à la Karl Marx: Students of all countries unite. You have nothing to lose but your prejudices and pretenses. And a world of wisdom to gain! . . .

The progress of science has now reached a turning point. The stable foundations of physics have broken up: also for the first time Physiology is asserting itself as an effective body of knowledge, as distinct from a scrap-heap. The old foundations of scientific thought are becoming unintelligible. Time, space, matter, material, ether, electricity, mechanism, organism, configuration, structure, pattern, function, all require re-interpretation. What is the sense of talking about a mechanical explanation when you do not know what you mean by mechanics?—Alfred N. Whitehead, *Science and the Modern World.*

XVII

PSYCHOLOGY AND MODERN LIFE

It is exhilarating to note that paradox, like an intractable imp, besets the life of reason. No sooner has the human mind learned to console itself with a certain truth than new evidence arises insidiously to undermine that truth's complacency. It is as though within the heart of truth itself there resides an instability that promises an eternal restless pursuit of The Truth. Truth is very inadequately true. And thereby hangs a tale.

What greater paradox can be found in the history of the so-called science of psychology (the twisted roots of which run back deep into the soil of metaphysics and theology) than the cultivation of a technical precision leading to perfection of experimentation and laboratory technique on the one hand, and on the other hand, the clinical creation of insights and generalizations far outrunning quantitative accuracy and statistical control, but somehow contributing an incredible amount of light on the deeper aspects of human nature?

Academic psychology has given us technical perfection and futility. Its futility emerges from a surprising neglect of the vital aspects of human nature and of life. Clinical psychology—and psychopathology—has provided us with a series of ideas so luminous and creative that a whole new generation of scientific experts are now busy with the perturbing problem of checking up with experimental

and statistical nicety the truth and falsehood embodied in those intuitive and humanistic discoveries.

The Great War—which may be looked upon as a study in psychopathology on the grand scale—furnished the crucial test of the considerable irrelevance of academic psychologizing—except for the overpraised "Intelligence Tests" that may be looked upon as incidentally important to an adequate study of a human nature, the primary reality being the behavioristic and psychoanalytic history of the emotions and the vital import of clinical diagnosis and Freudian insight.

Soon after the Great War was on its turbulent way, piling up havoc of mutilated and incapacitated young lives, a problem of the greatest urgency arose, which we all know by the graphic but misleading epithet of "shell-shock" cases. Traditional psychology hadn't the remotest notion of how to handle these surprising and overwhelming casualties. It must be added, on the grounds of complete historical record, that traditional medicine was equally impotent and almost as blind in this matter. What saved the perilous situation of a vast number of soldiers being steadily withdrawn from active service was the psychiatric technique and wisdom which the psychoanalytic school in particular—drawing for knowledge and inspiration upon the very great work of Charcot and Janet—had been quietly cultivating for the two momentous decades before the War.

Academic traditional psychology had overstressed those aspects of human functioning called conscious, rational, intellectual, volitional. Traditional stereotyped neurology had overemphasized the gross organic aspects of the nervous system as a tangible thing, to the great and fallacious neglect of the psychological and the func-

tional factors in behavior. We might sum up by saying that a sterile psychology had been too preoccupied with the structure of the mind, and an almost equally sterile medicine had been too absorbed in fathoming the structure of the body.

Neither science seemed to be aware of the need of understanding the vital and crucial inter-relations between a human nature and the social environment, between the conscious and the unconscious minds of man, between intellectual and emotional ingredients in human reaction, and, most important of all, between infantile and childhood conditionings and those later behaviors of attraction and avoidance that characterize so many of the maladjustments of boys and girls, of men and women.

Not even the most eminent mind in the fields of traditional psychology and traditional medicine understood the wide ramifications of what came to be known as the behavioristic and psychoanalytic conceptions of human behavior, conceptions that reduced to a status of relative insignificance all the older knowledge concerning the presumed static structure of body and mind. Only a realization of the dynamic and functional aspects of human response to perturbing stimuli—as in the Great War on an incredibly large scale—was able to solve in a most marvelous manner the "mysteries" of the shell-shock cases.

In psychiatric jargon, these cases of "nervous" breakdown were all exemplifications of the psychoanalytic mechanism of "hysterical flight from reality": a profoundly unconscious motivation on the part of frightened human natures to flee from unendurable pain and danger, without inviting the conscious humiliation and sting of the inner charge of cowardice or treason; hence, the sud-

den strange production of overt symptoms—blindness, paralysis, speechlessness, sick disturbance of digestion, deafness, mental and emotional eccentricity and derangement of a most picturesque and alarming character—all of which attested the presence of *functional* maladjustment.

The psychologists and the physicians were impotent in the face of these apparently new and uncanny manifestations of intellectual and neural derangement. Only the psychiatrists of the psychoanalytic persuasion were sufficiently equipped with knowledge of the unconscious motivations of men, especially in time of stress and peril and moral dilemma, to bring therapeutic first-aid to these hysterical young men, and, as Professor Salmon (the distinguished American psychiatrist and psychoanalyst in charge of this whole therapeutic work abroad) later indicated, to heal the vast majority of them of their more palpable symptoms and incapacitating disturbances. This beautiful demonstration of the practical utility of psychoanalytic technique made even the most conservative among the academic psychologists and stereotyped neurologists realize both the incompleteness of their complacent sciences and the promising originality of the newer psychology and the newer medicine as originated and elaborated by the French and the Austrian schools of psychiatry: Charcot, Bernheim, Janet, Freud, Jung, Adler, *et al.*

What are the most basic concepts in psychoanalysis? Almost all students of the subject will agree that, pragmatically speaking, the fundamental prop of the Freudian system is the doctrine of The Unconscious. A lot of controversy, usually meaningless, sometimes provocative, has raged around this logically unpalatable

(but psychologically brilliant) theory of Freud's that man has been throughout the rational and intellectualistic centuries quite wrong in assuming the reign of pure reason in the history of thought, the dominance of consciousness in the significant behaviors of the race.

Though other psychologists and philosophers—like Von Hartmann, Schopenhauer, Herbart, Nietzsche, Butler, James, Sidis, Binet, Prince, Myers—had toyed with this ever fascinating realm of the unconscious and the subconscious, psychology and medicine had to wait for the Freudian genius to give to the unconscious motivations in human nature a clinical clarity, a psychological plausibility, that constitutes a new chapter in the history of the understanding of human nature.

That I may not slide too enthusiastically into partiality, let me quote a rather technical-minded professor of psychology, a statistical expert and splendid academician, who happens to be young enough to be able to absorb, without envy, the psychoanalytic point of view. Professor Thurstone says: "The content of psychoanalysis, psychiatry, and of the so-called new psychology, is much more important than the content with which we have busied ourselves as scientific psychologists. The underlying relation between the life demands of the organism and the behavior by which these life demands are satisfied is the subject of psychoanalytic study, and that relation is more important as a determinant of mental life, personality and conduct, than the stimulus-response relation to which we as scientific psychologists have given most of our effort." [1]

In what reasonable sense may we speak of the unconscious mind of man? If we are afflicted with the sopho-

[1] From *The Psychological Review,* 1924

moric habit of word-juggling and logic-chopping, enamoured of words rather than of realities, we shall of course at once raise objection to what appears to be a deep contradiction in terms: we shall argue that an "unconscious mind" is impossible to conceive and, therefore, cannot exist. Such an objection is verbalistic and artificial and vanishes into the thin air of smart irrelevance so soon as we have gained some first-hand experience of what a human nature is like realistically, clinically, in a state of emotional conflict and psychological malaise. Then we no longer can doubt how real is the combination within the same human being of what we technically call a mind and what we psychoanalytically refer to as the unconscious aspects of that mind's functioning.

You begin to realize how vast is the area of motivation and behavior that lies outside the small luminous focus of conscious awareness. We might say with wonderful accuracy of observation that the mind knows not clearly what is going on within it, possesses very inadequate powers of realization of motive and meaning, is little aware of the sub-intellectual and irrational determinants of its behaviors and values. As the brilliant English psychoanalyst, Dr. Ernest Jones, has so truthfully said: Man uses all the resources at his command to prevent his mind from being fully conscious of itself. Bertrand Russell, most enlightening of our philosophers, has said almost the same thing in his penetrating comment that man actually prefers to face death itself rather than to confront the truth.

The mind is a wider category than consciousness. Consciousness itself is only rarely critically and centrally conscious. The greater part of so-called consciousness is feebly conscious, in a twilight zone of consciousness, thin-

ning out imperceptibly to pre-conscious and sub-conscious and co-conscious and, ultimately, un-conscious phases of awareness and realization. There is very little consciousness in the mind of man.

Among the other indispensable concepts for a wise appreciation of psychoanalysis are these: resistance, rationalization, ambivalence, sublimation, the theory of the libido—and several others which we cannot discuss in a brief exposition. The curious reader is invited to study Freud's piercing book entitled *A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis.*

There are natural impulses and social restraints to guide the life of men and women, in primitive and in civilized societies. Taboo—sacred and constraining moralistic interference with instinctive desire and natural urge —is woven into the oldest texture of human deportment. Out of this precarious situation (since natural impulse and social restraint irk each other always) arises what I shall call the principle of contradiction in human nature. A certain deep disharmony dwells within every person, simply because he is both animal and man, instinctive and intellectual, natural and moral, infantile and mature, emotional and reflective, child and adult—synchronously.

Out of these innermost contradictions of his mixed human nature, why is it a thing to be wondered at that conflict and perturbation and malaise rule his disharmonious life?

Conflict is the warm context in which the Freudian drama (melodrama?) has its picturesque setting. Without this human translation of the logic of contradiction into the psycho-logic and patho-logic of conflict, we should not be in need of psychoanalysis or dynamic

psychiatry or re-education. Conflict, by hypothesis, is a state of the organism in which a contradiction between natural impulse and civilizational taboo has reached the boiling point, so that the mind and the emotions are so overwrought, so loaded with tension and irritability as to find it impossible to go on with the daily routine of fairly normal adjustment (to self and to society), the result being symptom-formation, sickness.

This sickness, arising out of logical contradiction and overflowing into psychological conflict, is technically called "being psychoneurotic." Who among us moderns is not psychoneurotic?

Since the contradictions and conflicts in every sensitive human being involve, in the nature of things, the self-regarding sentiments (to use Professor McDougall's splendid term) and also the self-abasing sentiments, the touchy ego and its intimate self-love, what we observe in psychoneurotic perturbation is a badly fought contest between that part of the ego which is wounded and humiliated by experience and life, and the part of the ego which can't help believing in itself as superior, idealistic, a veritable super-ego—as the Freudian terminology quaintly characterizes it.

The war—internecine in character—between the instinctive ego and the civilized super-ego that goes on more or less tumultuously in every one of us (as troubled children of desire and pretense, each handicapping and somewhat negating the other, under the taboos of social admonition and intrusion) breaks out into queer symptoms like phobias, anxieties, compulsions, suicidal imaginings, excessive shames, irrational and tormenting fears, violent disgusts, evasions of reality, concealments of natural impulse and body's yearning, producing in man and

woman disquiet and discontent of apparently obscure origin. The Freudian psychoanalysis is the most brilliant contribution yet made by medicine or psychology to the analysis and understanding and therapeutic appeasement of this whole array of hysterical and anxiety-haunted symptoms.

It should not surprise us that the conventional mind of man, dominated by pretense and conceit, should oppose with all the might of its self-deluding superiority any attempts to unravel and fetch up from the muddied waters of unconscious motivation the painful truths concerning human behavior at the instinctive and infantile levels. Censorious pride and conscious pretense stand in the way of therapeutic exploration of the whole nature, preferring the continuance of many a distressing symptom to the unpalatable alternative of facing, with keen conscious realization, the uttermost truth about the concealed and distorted underground motivations of behavior.

Hence the enormous attention given to the psychology of *resistance* in the Freudian texts. Resistance, in very simple terms, is that conventional circumlocutory habit of the mind (and of language, most particularly) by the clever aid of which the self-adoring ego screens from its conceited sight the imperfections and follies and conflicts resident within human nature. The intensity and duration of the resistance roughly measure the conscious mind's fear of the revelations sure to arise when the unconscious is tapped and explored. What does the conventional civilized mind fear? The answer psychoanalytically is only too evident: the civilized mind fears a too intimate acquaintance with its many barbarous and sav-

age and far from idealistic practices and desires and dreams.

We fear to know that we live so largely by pretense. We fear to know that we are fundamentally so very primitive. We fear to know that our motives are not always sweet or clean or generous or civilized. In both a Socratic and a Freudian sense, we fear *self-knowledge.* These deep philosophers, as teachers of mankind, repeat and exhort: Know Thyself. But we botched human beings—as Nietzsche so scornfully and correctly called us (himself sick and miserable and botched beyond endurance)—cannot follow so critical and analytical a wisdom. Self-delusion, self-love, self-glorification, are more congenial to our infantile natures. We cannot face the music of reality because reality is so often bitter and disillusionizing and the music that bodies it forth is discordant and dreamless.

Life is a dream, our childish hearts aver. Life is a nightmare, our mature minds declare. What wonder that the dream protects itself so ingeniously and tenaciously against the disillusionment of the nightmare? Psychologically, this ingenious method of the pretense-saturated mind protecting its vanity and infantile integrity against the disenchantment of critical awareness and Freudian disillusionment, is known as *the resistance.*

Brought up in a conventional civilization that sets in every young mind a duality between desire and pretense, instinct and morality, naturalness and etiquette, what happens in adolescence and maturity is quite inevitable: the idealistic part of the ego defends itself against the revelations and promptings of the more primitive infantile ego and subtly builds psychological walls between the disharmonious selves. Out of this tenacious resistance

of the ideal ego springs the universal tendency to rationalization: the assigning of highfalutin' reasons for behavior that is in innermost reality far from idealistic or rational.

Hence that dual attitude which is technically called ambivalence. Love and hate co-exist and precipitate an amount of intellectual and spiritual havoc which only a psychoanalytic wisdom can comprehend in all its mischievousness. The great method, unconsciously invented by civilization for the partial solution of the unceasing conflict between the libidinous nature of man and the repressive inhibitions of a cultivated society, is "sublimation."

Sublimation is the term applied to those substitute-activities that afford a seeming satisfaction to instinctive craving but on a somewhat more socialized plane. In a very important sense, the primary civilizing function of society is the creation of outlets and activities for sublimating. Perhaps culture itself in all its subtle persuasive aspects may be thought of as a work of sublimation: desire and love furnishing the motive power, the drive, the sexual exuberance for culture's unfoldment.

Nature cries out to man: Mate. Culture admonishes: Sublimate.[2]

The Freudian psychology is theoretically remarkable and therapeutically brilliant because it has provided the most penetrating insights thus far available into the contradictions and conflicts and resistances and rationalizations and defense mechanisms and ambivalences and botched sublimations that accompany this duality inherent in the warp and woof of conventional civilization.

[2] If it be our Darwinian doom to mate, and our Freudian doom to sublimate, what wonder that we are psychoneurotics all?

The Adlerian psychology strangely ignores all this marvelous rich material and concentrates upon the inferiority theme. No doubt the child is caught in situations that tend to reaffirm its sense of loneliness and inadequacy in a world so largely governed by adults. That ego-humiliation, as I prefer to call it, is the fertile source of psychoneurotic difficulty, is perfectly clear especially when we study the emotional eccentricities, the negativisms and tantrums and silences and shames and fears, of the child.

The existence of feelings of inferiority, habits of self-depreciation, emotions of disparagement, sensitive evaluations of personal guilt and wrongdoing, is so momentously true and significant that we must give a very close attention to the Adlerian analysis with its stress on the sense of inferiority and the compensatory desire for ego-adequacy. A lot of the emotional, and even sexual, misery of men and women is traceable to a sense of inferiority—in an environment that is in every active feature competitive and extraverted, requiring team work and herd-dominance and a system of rewards and punishments for individual performance.

The mechanism of compensation is interesting. The mind, pained by imperfection, perturbed by competitive incompetence, flees the unhappy fact of inadequacy by creating in reverie an imagined perfection, or devotes a disproportionate energy to a substitute accomplishment that finally takes the place in personal esteem of the original unachieved desire. Thus the mechanism of compensation really includes a number of mechanisms: flight from reality (of pain and personal imperfection), evasion and concealment, delusional substitution, neu-

rotic cleavage, sick sublimation—what Adler calls the "guiding fiction" of the neurotic.

When the person, child or adult, cannot summon the substitute capacity or the intellectual stamina or the social opportunity prerequisite for compensatory fulfillment, he becomes a victim of his limitation, haunted by his imperfection (more imaginary than real, but for all that *only too real to him*), a typical case of neurotic maladjustment.

It is necessary to stress the point that neurotic maladjustment generally has much more to do with internal contradiction and conflict than with external maladaptation. The person who cannot get along with himself, does not feel at ease within his own body or mind, is wretchedly at odds with his own instincts and urges, is conducting a devastating war against part of his own personality.

The neurotic is typically the person who is divided against himself. In daily reality, of course, he unconsciously and everywhere projects out on to others, persons and situations, the cleavage and restless division that rack his soul. By the mechanism of projection he unconsciously seeks and gets a certain brief and intermittent relief from his internal torture by dramatizing out his miserable dualities and conflicts, in the world at large. The paranoid tendency in human nature, with its associated fear-sense of persecution cloaking itself in an elaborate suspicion concerning the motives of others (self-accusation and consciousness of guilt unconsciously projecting themselves out into life and reality that somehow help to give the illusory sense to the neurotic that the fault is not truly his) is one of the most disturbing tendencies in the mind of man. Alfred Adler has illuminated the strange bond (bondage) between the ingrown

feeling of inferiority and the associated mechanisms of paranoid thinking.

The psychology of Carl Jung deserves a deeper appreciation and treatment than it will receive here. In general, let me say that Jung's emphasis on the existence of psychological types is one of the most enlightening contributions made to contemporary dynamic psychology. There is the type of person who from earliest childhood has manifested patterns of behavior, ways of thinking and dreaming, that are clearly unlike the habits and values and attitudes of the type of mind that splashes over into the surrounding milieu with exuberance and zest and confident gesture.

The introvert and the extravert are fairly well-defined types in the history of thought and action. Think of the deep-lying differences between the mind of the historian and the mind of the philosopher, the one addicted to quantitative summary and enumeration, the other specializing in qualitative analysis and intensive evaluation. This distinction is full of meaning for the Jungian psychology.

Think of the startling differences between the dreamer and the doer! There is a sensitiveness in certain human beings which makes them recoil from an external reality that jars and wounds, an exquisiteness that seeks a compensatory solace in a private internal world of fantasy and imagined perfection. There is your classic introvert! Now behold your average extraverted human, not in the least haunted by the music of perfection, untroubled by the major pessimisms and disharmonies, at home in a world of imperfections and callous cruelties, pretty nicely adjusted to "life." How can we doubt that Jung's types are genuinely different in many vital particulars?

Jung with the increasing years has moved away from psychoanalysis and specific therapeutical technique, loving with a great scholar's devotion the wider, more intangible aspects of the mind's unconscious evolution as manifested in mythologies and mysticisms and occult philosophies. He seems not to be interested in either the Freudian or the Adlerian contributions, contenting himself with a few fine disciples here and there who tend to be mystical rather than scientific, theoretical rather than therapeutical.

A final word on a rather new emphasis in psychology that will be coming into its own in due time: I refer to the so-called Gestalt Psychology, the brilliant creators of which are Wertheimer, Köhler, Koffka. The Gestalt point of view is important for at least two reasons. It splendidly corrects the more traditional theory that envisaged psychological problems too analytically, fragmentarily, partially, statically.

The Gestalt theoreticians stress totality, personality, the organism as a whole, living context, configurations, correlated structures in the mind,the synthetic point of view in thinking. It is not difficult to appreciate the final kinship between the Gestalt viewpoint and those other promising new ideas in physical and psychological science that deal with the *organismic* conception of behavior.

Another vital ingredient in the Gestalt psychology is the appreciation of human response that lies closer to the psychoanalytic than to the behavioristic doctrines. Subconscious motivations and functionings are honored in the psychology of these Gestaltists. The inner life of man is not neglected nor derided. The intuitive and introspective and subjective aspects of human nature

are given a significant status. Not only behavior but experience also, not only habit but value too, are accepted as important in any full-fledged modern psychology.

The Gestalt psychology is remarkable in the sense that it sticks close to experimental technique (closer than psychoanalysis does or can, considering the infinite complexity of its subject matter) and yet is hospitable to factors and forces both in human nature and the social milieu that behaviorism most crudely evades and ignores.

In swift summary, we may say that these newer psychologies are brilliant in theory, immeasurably important in individual and social practice, giving us insights into human nature and into the psychological texture of civilization and culture the like of which we have never known before in the history of thought.

The most remarkable contribution is without question the Freudian. The unconscious motivations of human behavior are now wonderfully clear and meaningful to us. We understand in a new sense how irrational man is. We know now why civilized man is so psychoneurotic. What greater tribute can be paid to psychoanalytic insight and therapy than to say that out of these first aids to self-knowledge a great mental hygiene movement has been established which promises to revolutionize education and medicine and psychology and sociology—life itself?

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